# A SELECT COLLECTION

QF.

# OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

ORIGINALLY PÜBLISHED BY ROBERT DODSLLY IN THE YEAR 1744

#### FOURTH EDITION,

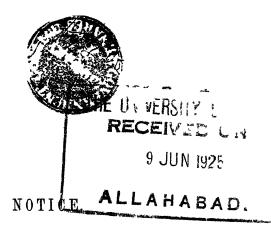
NOW FIRST CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, RIVISED 4ND ENLARGIPD
WITH THE NOTES OF ALL THE COMMENTATORS
AND NEW NOTES

BY

W CAREW HAZLITT

VOLUME THE FOURTH

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER, 196 STRAND
AND 185 FLEET STREET.
1874.



SINCE the Preface to this Work appeared, a very important augmentation of the new matter has been decided on, and the following early Dramas, never hitherto reprinted, have already been transcribed for insertion in our series under their respective dates. All are of the greatest rarity, and each, in its own way, seemed to possess literary and illustrative value —

Life and Death of Jack Straw, 1593

\*\* The first diamatisation of the story of Wat Tyles

Mucedorus, 1598

Look About You, 1600

The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality, 1602

The London Chanticleers, 1659

Lady Alimony, or, The Alimony Lady, 1659

Both of the two last named are earlier than the period of publication.

On the other hand, new collected editions of Randolph and Suckling have quite recently been

announced, and, in consequence, the "Muses' Looking-Glass," by the former, and Suckling's "Goblins," will be excluded from the present Collection, agreeably to the principle explained in our Preface.

W. C H.

KENSINGTON, May 1, 1874

# DAMON AND PITHIAS.

# EDITIONS

For the titles of the two old copies, see Hazliti's "Handbook," p 177

# MR HAZLITT'S PREFACE.1

RICHARD EDWARDS (the elder), a Somersetshire man, was born about the year 1523, and is said to have received his education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, whence "in youthful years," as he himself narrates, in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," but not until after August 1544, "his young desires pricked him forth to serve in court, a slender, tall young man" What his service at court may have been, does not appear, and he relinquished it for a time in 1547, when he was nominated a Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford, then newly founded by Henry VIII., and created M.A. Here, among other studies, he applied himself to that usic, under George Etheridge, with a view, probably, to further service at court On his return to London, he entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, and ultimately was constituted by Queen Elizabeth a Gentle-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [This preface was found among my father's dramatic collectanes, formed about 1850, and I have printed it with a few additions.—W. C. H.]

man of the Chapel Royal, and, in 1561, Master of the Children or singing boys of that establishment Warton, after stating that Edwards "united all those arts and accomplishments which minister to popular pleasantry," which may be very true, adds what (as Collier points out) is unquestionably a mistake, that the children of the chapel were first formed by him into a company of players; for they had regularly acted plays long before

In 1566, Edwards attended the Queen in her visit to Oxford, where he composed a play called "Palamen and Arcite," which was acted before Her Majesty in Christ Church Hall

Stow, in his "Chronicle," mentions the name of the play, and adds that "it had such tragical success as was very lamentable; for at that time, by the fall of a wall and a paire of staires & great prese (press) of the multitude, three men were slain" "At night" (Sept. 21), writes Anthony Wood, "the Queen heard the first part of an English play, named Palamon & Arcyte, made by M. Richard Edwards, a gentleman of her Chapel, acted with very great applause, in Christ Church Hall, at the beginning of which play, there was, by part of the stage which fell, three persons slain, besides five that were hurt Afterwards the actors performed their parts so well, that the Queen laughed heartly thereat, and gave the author of the play great thanks for his pains" (quoted by Collier, "Annals of the Stage,"

<sup>1</sup> It was acted on the 2d and 3d September 1566.

1. 191) "Her Majesty also presented eight guineas to one of the young performers who gave her peculiar satisfaction It is fair to add, in behalf of good Queen Bess, that from Peshall's 'History of the University,' it would seem that the Queen was not present on the occasion of the accident" He died on the 31st October in the same year, according to Hawkins, and in Turbervile's Poems, printed in 1567, are two elegiac compositions on his decease, one by Turbervile himself, the other by Thomas Twine, the translator of Virgil.1

"Edwards," writes Collier,2 "enjoyed a very high reputation as a dramatic poet, but he seems to have owed much of it to the then comparative novelty of his undertakings" Thomas Twine, in an epitaph upon his death, calls him-

"The flower of our realm And Phoenix of our age,"

and specifically mentions two of his plays, " Damon and Pythias" and "Palamon and Arcyte," adding, however, that he had written more equally fit for the ears of princes-

> "Thy tender Tunes and Rimes Wherein thou woont'st to play, Eche princely Dame of Court and Towne, Shall beare in minde alway Thy Damon and his Friend, Arcyte and Palemon,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Warton's "H E P.," by Hazlitt, iv., 215-16.] 2 "Annals of the Stage," in , 1

With moe full fit for princes' eares, Though thou from earth art gone, Shall still remain in fame," &c

He is mentioned in Webbe's "Discourse of English Poetry," 1586, and Puttenham, in his "Art of English Poesie," 1589, tells us that the Earl of Oxford (of whose dramatic productions there is no other trace) and Edwards deserve the highest prize for "comedy and interlude; and Lord Buckhurst and Master Edward Ferrys [George Ferrers] for tragedy." Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598, repeats the applause given by Puttenham, with the omission of the word "interlude," then out of fashion, terming Edwards "one of the best for comedy"

"The earliest notice we have of Edwards as a dramatic poet," continues Collier, "occurs in 1564-5, when a tragedy by him, the name of which is not given, was performed by the children of the chapel, under his direction, before the Queen at Richmond This might possibly be his 'Damon and Pythias,' termed by Lord Burghley, in the uncertain phraseology of that time, 'a tragedy,' or it might be one of the other dramatic performances of which, according to Twine, Edwards was the author. 'Damon and Pythias,' however, is the only extant specimen of his talents in this department of Poetry." Besides his dramatic productions, Edwards was the author of several poems in "The Paradyse of Daynty Devises" (1576), the sundry pithie and learned inventions of which, indeed, are announced in the title to have been "devised and written for the most part by" M. Edwards, sometime of her Majesties Chapel" Two of these learned inventions are given by Ellis, in his "Specimen of Early English Poets," vol. ii, and one of them in especial has aroused the enthusiasm of Mr Haslewood by the happiness of the illustration, the facility, elegance, and tenderness of the language, and the exquisite turn of the whole! "When he was in extremitie of his sickness," writes Wood, narrating our author's death, "he composed a noted poem, called 'Edwards' Soul Knil' (knell), or the 'Soul Knil of M. Edwards,' which was commended for a good piece. In support of this tradition, Anthony quotes Gascoigne, whereas Gascoigne, on the contrary, only refers to the story for the purpose of indiculing the idea that the 'Knil' was written under any such circumstances" 2

Among the Cotton MSS in the British Museum are four poems by Edwards, one of which is addressed to some court beauties of his time, 3 one of these also is given by Mr Ellis in his "Specimens" A part of his song "In Commendation of Musick," in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," is given by Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," act iv, sc. 5 "Where gripying grief the hart would wound," &c Ritson mentions "An Epytaphe of the lord of Pembroke" by Mr Edwards (1569-70); but

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> "British Bibliographer," Introduction to the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," p vi The reader may also be referred to Brydges' "Restituta," 1, 367, "Brit Bibl" 1, 494, "Censura Literaria," first edit, vii, 350.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Warton's "H E P," by Hazlitt," iv, 215]

<sup>3</sup> See " Nugæ Antiquæ," vol 11, p. 392, ed 1804.

this is merely said to be written by a Mr Edwardes, and was not, at any rate, from the pen of the author of "Damon and Pithias." 1

"Among the books of my friend, the late Mr William Collins, of Chichester, now dispersed," writes Warton,<sup>2</sup> "was a collection of short comic stolles in prose, printed in the black letter, and, in the year 1570, 'Set forth by Maister Richard Edwardes, Mayster of Her Maiesties Revels' There is a mistake in assigning this office to Edwards, for Sir Thomas Cawarden and Sir Thomas Benger were successively Masters of the Revels in our author's time However, among these tales was that of the 'Induction of the Tinker' in Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew,' and perhaps," writes Warton, "Edwards' stoly book was the immediate source from which Shakespeare, or rather, the author of the old 'Taming of the Shrew' drew that diverting apologue"

The drama here repunted from the earliest known edition of 1571,3 collated with that of 1582, may have been the same as the tragedy performed before Queen Elizabeth by the children of the chapel at Christmas,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [As to the song of the "Willow Garland," mentioned by Warton as by Edwards, see "H E P" by Hazlitt, iv, 216]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> "History of English Poetry," by Hachtt, iv, p 21 [A writer in the "Shakespeare Society's Papers," vol 11., printed from what he supposed to be a fragment of a later impression of this book the story of the "Waking Man's Dream," which is also to be found narrated in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> [See Warton's "H E P" by Hazlitt, iv, 214 Warton is very positive in asserting that the first edition was

1564-5 "Although," writes Collier, "Edwards continued in this play to employ rhymes, he endeavoured to get rid of some part of its monotony, by varying the length of his lines, and by not preserving the cæsura. It was nearly new, at the date when this piece was written, to bring stories from profane history upon the stage. 'Damon and Phythias' was one of the earliest attempts of the kind, and at any other period, and without the Queen's extraordinary commendation, it may at least be doubted whether Edwards would have acquired an equal degree of notoriety.

not in 1571, but in 1570, yet no such edition is at present known The play, however, having been licensed in 1567 (Collier's "Extr. from Stat Reg" 1., 166), it is extremely probable that it was published even before 1570]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>A specimen of the elegy on Edwards by Turbervile printed in the editions of his poems in 1567 and 1570, is here subjoined

<sup>&</sup>quot;Epitaph on Maister Edwards, sometime Maister of the Children of the Chappell, and Gentleman of Lyn colnes Inne of Court—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Ye Learned Muses nine, and sacred Sisters all,
Now lay your cheereful Cithrons downe and to lamenting fall
Rent off those gailandes greene, doe laurch leaves away,
Remove the myrtill from your browes, and stint on strings to play,
For he that led the daunce, the chiefest of your traine,
I meane the man that Edwards height, by cruell death is slaine
Ye courtyers chaunge your cheere, lament in wailfull wise,
For now your Orphens hath resignd in clay his Carcas hes
O ruth, he is bereft, that whilst he hined heere,
For Poet's Pen and passing Wit, could haue no Englishe Peere
His vanie in Verse was such, so stately eke his stile,
His feate in forging sugred Songs, with cleane and curious file,
As all the learned Greekes and Romaines would repine,
If they did live againe, to vewe his Verse with scornefull eine"

## THE SPEAKERS' NAMES

Aristippus, a Pleasant Gentleman

CARISOPHUS, a Parasite

Damon, PITHIAS, Two Gentlemen of Greece

STEPHANO Servant to Damon and Pithias

WILL, Aristippus' Lackey

Jack, Carisophus' Lackey

SNAP, the Porter

Dionysius, the King

EUBULUS, the King's Councillo:

GRONNO, the Hangman

GRIM, the Collier.

#### THE PROLOGUE

On every side, whereas I glance my roving eye, Silence in all ears bent I plainly do espy But if your eager looks do long such toys to see,

As heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad to be.

Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought,

Is frustrate quite of toying plays A sudden change is wrought

For lo, our author's muse, that masked in delight, Hath forc'd his pen against his kind 1 no more such sports to write

Muse he that lust (right worshipful), for chance hath made this change,

For that to some he seemed too much in young desires to range:

In which, right glad to please, seeing that he did offend,

Of all he humbly pardon craves his pen that shall amend

And yet (worshipful audience) thus much I dare avouch.

In comedies the greatest skill is this, rightly to touch All things to the quick, and eke to frame each person so.

That by his common talk you may his nature rightly know.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Nature.

A roister ought not preach, that were too strange to hear,

But as from virtue he doth swerve, so ought his words appear.

The old man is sober, the young man rash, the lover triumphing in joys

The matron grave, the harlot wild, and full of wanton toys

Which all in one course they no wise do agree,

So correspondent to their kind their speeches ought to be.

Which speeches well-pronounc'd, with action lively framed,

If this offend the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,

Which hath our author taught at school, from whom he doth not swerve.

In all such kind of exercise decorum to observe

Thus much for his defence (he saith), as poets earst have done.

Which heretofore in comedies the self-same race did run

But now for to be brief, the matter to express,

Which here we shall present, is this Damon and Pithias

A rare ensample of friendship true, it is no legendhe,

But a thing once done indeed, as histories do descry,

Which done of yore in long time past, yet present shall be here,

Even as it were in doing now, so lively it shall appear

Lo, here in Syracuse th' ancient town, which once the Romans won,

Here Dionysius palace, within whose court this thing most strange was done

Which matter mix'd with mirth and care, a just name to apply,

As seems most fit, we have it termed a tragical comedy

comeay

Wherein talking of courtly toys, we do protest this flat,

We talk of Dionysius court, we mean no court but that

And that we do so mean, who wisely calleth to mind The time, the place, the author, lere most plainly shall it find.

Lo, thus I speak <sup>2</sup> for our defence, lest of others we should be shent.

But, worthy audience, we you pray, take things as they be meant,

Whose upright judgment we do crave with heedful ear and eye

To hear the cause and see th' effect of this new tragical comedy

Authours, first edition

<sup>2</sup> Spake, second

# DAMON AND PITHIAS.1

#### Here entereth ARISTIPPUS

-ARISTIPPUS. Tho' strange (perhaps) it seems to some.

That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become:
A philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,
But now to the courtly behaviour my life I frame
Muse he that list, to you of good skill,
I say that I am a philosopher still
Loving of wisdom is termed philosophy,<sup>2</sup>

The emendation introduced was suggested by Mr Collier, who remarks ] "In the next line the author expressly speaks of lovyng of wisdom, as if intending to employ the words he flad used before"

¹Although it is obvious that great pains were taken by Mr Reed and others (to say nothing of Dodsley) in the collation of this dramatic piece, yet they left it in a very imperfect state. In the course of it not less than fifty important variations and errors have been detected, consisting of words omitted, and words accidentally inserted, independently of errors of the press, for which of course an editor was not responsible. It is hoped that it will be now found more uniformly correct, although the editor can scarcely flatter himself that the reprint may not be still found defective—Gollier

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Philosophie, both editions The alteration by Mr Dodsley [But Dodsley does not seem to have perceived that by the change he converted the text into nonsense The original reads—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Lovers of wisdom are termed philosophie"

Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I? For in loving of wisdom proof doth this trv. That frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi I am wise for myself then tell me of troth, Is not that great wisdom, as the world go'th? Some philosophers in the street go ragged and torn, And feed on vile roots, whom boys laugh to scorn But I in fine silks haunt Dionysius' palace, Wherein with dainty fare myself I do solace I can talk of philosophy as well as the best, But the strait kind of life I leave to the rest And I profess now the courtly philosophy, To crouch, to speak fair, myself I apply, To feed the king's humour with pleasant devices, For which I am called Regius canis But wot ye who named me first the king's dog? It was the rogue Diogenes, that vile grunting hog. Let him roll in his tub, to win a vain praise In the court pleasantly I will spend all my days, Wherein what to do I am not to learn, What will serve mine own turn, I can quickly discern

All my time at school I have not spent vainly, Fean help one is not that a good point of philosophy?

## Here entereth CARISOPHUS

CARISOPHUS I beshrew your fine ears, since you came from school,

In the court you have made many a wise man a fool

And though you paint out your feigned philosophy, So God help me, it is but a plain kind of flattery, Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sort, That none but Aristippus now makes the king sport.

Ere you came hither, poor I was somebody, The king delighted in me, now I am but a noddy

ARISTIPPUS In faith, Carisophus, you know

yourself best,

But I will not call you noddy, but only in jest, And thus I assure you, though I came from school To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's fool.

Or to fill his ears with servile squirrility <sup>1</sup>
That office is yours, you know it right perfectly
Of parasites and sycophants you are a grave <sup>2</sup>
bencher.

The king feeds you often from his own trencher, I envy not your state, nor yet your great favour, Then grudge not at all, if in my behaviour I make the king merry with pleasant urbanity, Whom I never abused to any man's injury.

CARISOPHUS By Cock, sir, yet in the court you

do 3 best thrive,

For you get more in one day than I do in five.

ARISTIPPUS. Why, man, in the court do you not see Rewards given for virtue to every degree? To reward the unworthy—that world is done: The court is changed, a good thread hath been spun Of dog's wool heretofore, and why because it was liked.

And not for that it was best trimmed and picked. But now men's ears are finer, such gross toys are not set by,

Therefore to a trimmer kind of mirth myself I apply:

Wherein though I please, it cometh not of my desert.

But of the king's favour

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Scurrility] <sup>2</sup> Great, second edition

Omitted in second edition.
VOL. IV.

CARISOPHUS It may so be; yet in your prosperity

Despise not an old courtier Carisophus is he, Which hath long time fed Dionysius' humour Diligently to please still at hand . there was never

rumour

Spread in this 1 town of any small thing, but I Brought it to the king in post by and by

Yet now I crave your friendship, which if I may attain,

Most sure and unfeigned friendship I promise you again

So we two link'd in friendship, brother and brother, Full well in the court may help one another

ARISTIPPUS By'r Lady, Carisophus, though you know not philosophy,

Yet surely you are a better courtier than I.

And yet I not so evil a courtier, that will seem to despise

Such an old courtier as you, so expert and so wise But where as you crave mine, and offer your friendship so willingly.

With heart I give you thanks for this your great courtesy

Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nail, Whiles life lasteth, never to fail.

CARISOPHUS. A thousand thanks I give you, O friend Aristippus

ARISTIPPUS Ofriend Carisophus.

CARISOPHUS How joyful am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now?

ARISTIPPUS None so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God a vow, I speak as I think, believe me

<sup>1</sup> The, second edition.

CARISOPHUS. Sith we are now so friendly joined. it seemeth to me.

That one of us help each other in every degree Prefer you my cause, when you are in presence, To further your matters to the king let me alone in your absence

ARISTIPPUS Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish

But I pray you tell me thus much by the way. Whither now from this place will you take your journey?

CARISOPHUS. I will not dissemble, that were against friendship,

I go into the city some knaves to nip

For talk, with their goods to increase the king's treasure.

In such kind of service I set my chief pleasure: Farewell, friend 1 Aristippus, now for a time ARISTIPPUS Adieu, friend Carisophus-In good faith now.

Of force I must laugh at this solemn vow Is Aristippus link'd in friendship with Carisophus? Quid cum tanto asino talis philosophus?

They say, Morum semilitudo consuit 2 amicitias;

Then how can this friendship between us two come to pass?

We are as like in condition as Jack Fletcher and his bolt ,3

Omitted in second edition <sup>2</sup> [The original has consultat ]

<sup>3</sup> A Fletcher is a maker of arrows, from fleche an arrow. The Fletcher's Company had several charters granted to them, though at present, I believe, they have only a no minal existence. Aristippus means to say, that he differs as much in disposition from Carisophus, as Jack the arrowsmath varies in quality from a bolt or arrow of his own making —S.

I brought up in learning, but he is a very dolt As touching good letters, but otherwise such a crafty knave,

If you seek a whole region, his like you cannot have

A villain for his life, a varlet dyed in grain,

You lose money by him, if you sell him for one knave, I for he serves for twain.

A flattering parasite, a sycophant also,

A common accuser of men, to the good an open foe

Of half a word he can make a legend of hes,
Which he will avouch with such tragical cries,
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth
Whereas indeed, to be hanged by and by,<sup>2</sup>
He cannot tell one tale, but twice he must he
He spareth no man's life to get the king's favour,
In which kind of service he hath got such a
savour.<sup>3</sup>

That he will never leave Methink then that I Have done very wisely to join in friendship with him, lest perhaps I

Coming in his way might be nipp'd, for such knaves in presence

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> So, in [Fulwell's] "Leke [will] to Leke, quoth the Devil to the Collier" [1568].

<sup>&</sup>quot;There thou mayst be called a knave in grane, And where knaves be scant thou mayst go for twayne"

See a note on "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," vol. 1 edition 1778, p 176 - S

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> i e, If he were hanged for it, he could not tell one tale without telling two lies. Yet Mr Collier would change where to were he

<sup>3</sup> This whole line is omitted in the later of the two old copies, and as Mr Reed and his friend remarked in their notes sometimes even the variation of letters, it is singular that they should have passed over this circumstance without observation —Collier.

We see oft times put honest men to silence. Yet I have played with his beard in knitting this knot,

I promis'd friendship, but, you love few words— I spake it, but I meant it not <sup>1</sup>

Who marks this friendship between us two Shall judge of the worldly friendship without any

Shall judge of the worldly friendship without any more ado

It may be a right pattern<sup>2</sup> thereof, but true friendship indeed

Of nought but of virtue doth truly proceed But why do I now enter into philosophy, Which do profess the fine kind of courtesy? I will hence to the court with all haste I may, I think the king be stirring, it is now bright day. To wait at a pinch still in sight I mean, For wot ye what? a new broom sweeps clean 3 As to high honour I mind not to climb, So I mean in the court to lose no time Wherein, happy man be his dole, I trust that I Shall not speed worst, and that very quickly.

Exit

<sup>1</sup> Meane, second edition.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ed 1571 has patron

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> This was proverbial See [Hazlitt's] "Collection of Proverbs," p 291

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> A proverbial expression often found in ancient writers. Heywood has it "Happy man, happy dole" See Dyce's Glossary to his second edition of Shakespeare, p 201 Dole. Mr Steevens observes (Notes to "The Taming of the Shrew," act., sc. 1), is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. It is generally written be his dole, though Ray, p. 116, gives it as in the second 4to by his dole. Shakespeare also uses the phrase in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

Again, in "Hudibras," p. 1, c 3, 1 637-

<sup>&</sup>quot;Let us that are unhurt and whole. Fall on, and happy man be s dole"

## Here entereth DAMON and PITHIAS like mariners

Damon O Neptune, immortal be thy praise,
For that so safe from Greece we have pass'd the seas
To this noble city Syracuse, where we
The ancient reign of the Romans may see
Whose force Greece also heretofore hath known,
Whose virtue the shrill trump of fame so far hath
blown

PITHIAS My Damon, of right high praise we ought to give

To Neptune and all the gods, that we safely did arrive

The seas, I think, with contrary winds never raged so.

I am even yet so seasick, that I faint as I go, Therefore let us get some lodging quickly. But where is Stephano?

#### Here entereth STEPHANO

STEPHANO Not far hence · a pox take these mariner-knaves,

Not one would help me to carry this stuff, such drunken slaves

1 think be accursed of the gods' own mouths

DAMON Stephano, leave thy raging, and let us enter Syracuse,

We will provide lodging, and thou shalt be eased of thy burden by and by

STEPHANO Good master, make haste, for I tell you plain,

This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much pain.

PITHIAS Come on thy ways, thou shalt be eased, and that anon. [Execut.

## Here entereth Carisophus

CARISOPHUS It is a true saying, that oft hath been spoken,

The pitcher goeth so long to the water, that it 1 cometh home broken

My own proof this hath taught me, for truly, sith I In the city have used to walk very slyly

Not with one can I meet, that will in talk join with me,

And to creep into men's bosoms, some talk for to snatch,

But which, into one trip or other, I might trimly them catch,

And so accuse them—now, not with one can I meet,

That will join in talk with me, I am shunn'd like a devil in the street

My credit is crack'd, where I am known, but I hear say,

Certain strangers are arrived they were a good prey,

If happily I might meet with them, I fear not, I, But in talk I should trip them, and that very finely

Which thing, I assure you, I do for mine own gain,

Or else I would not plod thus up and down, I tell you plain

Well, I will for a while to the court, to see

What Aristippus doth, I would be loth in favour he should overrun me,

He is a subtle child, he flattereth so finely, that I fear me

<sup>1</sup> He, first edition.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Bosome, second edition

He will lick the fat from my lips, and so outwear 1 me

Therefore I will not be long absent, but at hand, That all his fine drifts I may understand [Exit

#### Here entereth WILL and JACK

WILL I wonder what my master Aristippus means now-a-days,

That he leaveth philosophy, and seeks <sup>2</sup> to please King Dionysius with such merry toys In Dionysius' court now he only joys.

As trim a courtier as the best.

As trim a courtier as the best,

Ready to answer, quick in taunts, pleasant to jest, A lusty companion to devise with fine dames,

Whose humour to feed his wily wit he frames

JACK By Cock, as you say, your master is a minion.

A foul coil he keeps in this court, Aristippus alone

Now rules the roost with his pleasant devices,

That I fear he will put out of conceit my master Carisophus.

WILL Fear not that, Jack, for, like brother and brother,

They are knit in true friendship the one with the other,

They are fellows, you know, and honest men both, Therefore the one to hinder the other they will be loth

JACK Yea, but I have heard say there is falsehood in fellowship,

In the court sometimes one gives another finely the slip.

Original, outwery.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Seeketh, second edition.

Which when it is spied, it is laugh'd out with a scoff,1

And with sporting and playing quickly shaken off. In which kind of toying thy master hath such a grace,

That he will never blush, he hath a wooden face But, Will, my master hath bees in his head, If he find me here prating, I am but dead. He is still trotting in the city, there is somewhat

in the wind,

His looks bewray his inward troubled mind

Therefore I will be packing to the court by and by, If he be once angry, Jack shall cry, woe the pie!

WILL By'r Lady, if I tarry long here, of the same sauce shall I taste,

For my master sent me on an errand, and bad me make haste,

Therefore we will depart together [Exeunt

#### Here entereth STEPHANO.

STEPHANO Offtimes I have heard, before I came hither,

That no man can serve two masters together;
A sentence so true, as most men do take it,
At any time false that no man can make it.
And yet by their leave, that first have it spoken,
How that may prove false, even here I will open:
For I, Stephano, lo, so named by my father,
At this time serve two masters together,
And love them alike the one and the other
I duly obey, I can do no other
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me.
To him I stand bound, yet serve I another,

<sup>1</sup> Grace, second edition.

<sup>2</sup> Quietly, first edition.

Whom Damon my master loves as his own brother

A gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with virtue, whom vice never defamed
These two, since at school they fell acquainted,
In mutual friendship at no time have fainted
But loved so kindly and friendly each other,
As though they were brothers by father and
mother.

Pythagoras learning these two have embraced, Which both are in virtue so narrowly laced, That all their whole doings do fall to this issue, To have no respect but only to virtue: All one in effect, all one in their going, All one in their study, all one in their doing. These gentlemen both, being of one condition Both alike of my service have all the fruition. Pithias is joyful, if Damon be pleased If Pithias is served, then Damon is eased. Serve one, serve both (so near 1), who would win them

I think they have but one heart between them In travelling countries we three have contrived <sup>2</sup> Full many a year, and this day arrived At Syracuse in Sicilia, that ancient town, Where my masters are lodged, and I up and down Go seeking to learn what news here are walking, To hark of what things the people are talking

<sup>[</sup>ie, So near are they]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> To contrive in this place signifies to wear away, to spend, from contero, Lat So in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," act 1, so 2—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Please you we many contrive this afternoon ""

Totum hunc contrivi diem—S See also the Notes of Dr Warburton and Dr Johnson on the above line in Shakespeare

I like not this soil, for as I go plodding, I mark there two, there three, their heads always nodding,

In close secret wise, still whispering together If I ask any question, no man doth answer But shaking their heads, they go their ways

speaking,

I mark how with tears their wet eyes are leaking Some strangeness there is, that breedeth this mus-

Well, I will to my masters, and tell of their using. That they may learn, and walk wisely together I fear we shall curse the time we came hither

Exit

## Here entereth ARISTIPPUS and WILL.

ARISTIPPUS Will, didst thou hear the ladies so talk of me?

What alleth them? from their nips! shall I never be free?

WILL Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the court do plainly report,

That without mention of them you can make no sport:

They are your plain-song to sing descant upon,<sup>2</sup> If they were not, your mirth were gone

Therefore, master, jest no more with women in any

wise,
If you do, by Cock, you are like to know the price

ARISTIPPUS By'r Lady, Will, this is good counsel plainly to jest

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Taunts or sarcasms See Johnson —N

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Plain-song is planus cantus, uniform modulation Descant is musical paraphrase See a Note on "The Midsummer Night's Dream," vol. iii, p. 63, and another on "King Richard III." vol. vii., p. 6, edit 1778.—S.

Of women, proof hath taught me is not the best I will change my copy, howbeit I care not a quinch, I know the gall'd horse will soonest winch: But learn thou secretly how privily they talk Of me in the court among them slyly walk, And bring me true news thereof

WILL I will, sir master, thereof-have no doubt,

for I

Where they talk of you will inform you perfectly Aristippus Do so, my boy if thou big it finely to pass,

For thy good service thou shalt go in thine old coat at Christmas [Execunt.

## Enter DAMON, PITHIAS, STEPHANO

DAMON Stephano, is all this true that thou hast told me?

STEPHANO Sir, for lies hitherto ye never controll'd me

O, that we had never set foot on this land,
Where Dionysius reigns with so bloody a hand!
Every day he showeth some token of cruelty,
With blood he hath filled all the streets in the city.
I tremble to hear the people's murmuring,
I lament to see his most cruel dealing
I think there is no such tyrant under the sun.
O, my dear masters, this morning what hath he
done!

DAMON. What is that? tell us quickly.
STEPHANO As I this morning pass'd in the street.
With a woful man (going to his death) did I meet,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Spenser has this word which, as Dr Johnson observes, appears to be the same as winch. It should seem to be expressive of some slight degree of pain, and in this instance to mean the same as if the speaker had said, I care not a fillip—S

Many people followed, and I of one secretly Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die [Who] whispered in mine ear, nought hath he done but thus,

In his sleep he dreamed he had killed Dionysius <sup>1</sup> Which dream told abroad, was brought to the king in post,

By whom, condemned for suspicion, his life he hath lost

Marcia was his name, as the people said.

PITHIAS My dear friend Damon, I blame not Stephano

For wishing we had not come hither, seeing it is so, That for so small cause such cruel death doth ensue

DAMON My Pithias, where tyrants reign, such cases are not new.

Which fearing their own state for great cruelty,<sup>2</sup> To sit fast as they think, do execute speedily All such as any light suspicion have tainted

STEPHANO (aside) With such quick carvers I list not be acquainted

DAMON. So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion still,

When one is made away, they take occasion another to kill

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Dionysius the tyrant is said to have punished with death one of his subjects for dreaming he had killed him. This was hardly more iniquitous than the execution of the gentleman, who having a white deer in his park, which was killed by Edward the Fourth, wished the deer, horns and all, in the belly of him that counselled the king to kill it, whereas in truth no man counselled the king to it or than the attainder and execution of Algernon Sydney, on the evidence of private and unpublished papers, without any proof, or even a suggestion, of their intended publication."—Principles of Penal Law, c. 11

<sup>2</sup> With ciueltie, second edition

Ever in fear, having no trusty friend, void of all peoples' love,

And in their own conscience a continual hell they prove

PITHIAS As things by their contraries are always best proved,

How happy then are merciful princes, of their people beloved!

Having sure friends everywhere, no fear doth touch them

They may safely spend the day pleasantly, at night secure dormunt in utranque aurem,

O my Damon, if choice were offered me, I would choose to be Pithias,

As I am Damon's friend, 1ather than to be king Dionysius

STEPHANO And good cause why; for you are entirely beloved of one,

And as far as I hear, Dionysius is beloved of none.

Damon That state is most miserable, thrice happy are we,

Whom true love hath joined in perfect amity

Which amity first sprung—without vaunting be it spoken, that is true—

Of likeness of manners, took root by company, and now is conserved by virtue;

Which virtue always though 1 worldly things do not frame,

Yet doth she achieve to her followers immortal fame

Whereof if men were careful for virtue's sake only, They would honour friendship, and not for commodity

But such as for profit in friendship do link,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Through, both editions. The alteration by Mr Dodsley

When storms come, they slide away sooner than a man will think.

My Pithias, the sum of my talk falls to this issue, To prove no friendship is suie, but that which is grounded on virtue

PITHIAS My Damon, of this thing there needs no proof to me.

The gods forbid, but that Pithias with Damon in all things should agree

For why is it said, Amicus alter ipse,

But that true friends should be two in body, but one in mind?

As it were transformed into another, which against kind

Though it seem, yet in good faith, when I am alone,

I forget I am Pithias, methink I am Damon Stephano That could I never do, to forget myself, full well I know,

Wheresoever I go, that I am pauper Stephano. But I pray you, sir, for all your philosophy,

See that in this court you walk very wisely

You are but newly come hither, being strangers, ye know,

Many eyes are bent on you, in the streets as ye go.

Many spies are abroad, you can not be too circumspect

DAMON Stephano, because thou art careful of me, thy master, I do thee praise,

Yet think this for a surety no state to displease By talk or otherwise my friend and I intend we will here,

As men that come to see the soil and manners of all men of every degree

Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,1

<sup>1</sup> Is lyke unto a stage, second edition.

Whereon many play their parts the lookers-on,

the sage

Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern

STEPHANO Good faith, sir, concerning the people they are not gay,

And as far as I see, they be

they sav.

For the most part, whatsoever you ask them The soil is such, that to live here I cannot like

DAMON Thou speakest according to thy learning, but I sav.

Omne solum forti partia,1 a wise man may live everywhere,

Therefore, my dear friend Pithias, Let us view this town in every place,

And then consider the people's manners also

PITHIAS As you will, my Damon, but how say you, Stephano?

Is it not best, ere we go further, to take some repast?

STEPHANO In faith, I like this question, sir for all your haste.

To eat somewhat I pray you think it no folly;

It is high dinner time, I know by my belly DAMON Then let us to our lodging depart when

dinner is done.

We will view this city as we have begun

## Here entereth Carisophus

CARISOPHUS Once again in hope of good wind, I hoise up my sail,

<sup>1</sup> This sentence stands in the old copies, Omnis solum fortis patria - Collier. [But Mr Collier printed patrice]

I go into the city to find some prey for mine avail
I hunger while I may see these strangers that lately
Arrived I were safe, if once I might meet them
happily

Let them back that lust at this kind of gain, He is a fool that for his profit will not pain

Though it be joined with other men's hurt, I care not at all

not at all

For profit I will accuse any man, hap what shall But soft, sirs, I pray you hush: what are they that comes here?

By their appeared and countenance some strangers they appear.

I will shroud myself secretly, even here for a while, To hear all their talk, that I may them begule.

# Here entereth DAMON and STEPHANO

STEPHANO A short horse soon curried 1, my belly waxeth thinner,

I am as hungry now, as when I went to dinner. Your philosophical diet is so fine and small,

That you may eat your dinner and supper at once, and not suifeit at all

DAMON Stephano, much meat breeds heaviness thin diet makes thee light.

STEPHANO I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never run the faster

DAMON I have had sufficiently discourse of amity, Which I had at dinner with Pithias, and his pleasant company

Hath fully satisfied me . it doth me good to feed mine eves on him

STEPHANO Course or discourse, your course is very coarse, for all your talk,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See [Hazhtt's] "Proverbs," p [336] VOL. IV

You had but one bare course, and that was pick, rise, and walk

And surely, for all your talk of philosophy,

I never heard that a man with words could fill his belly

Feed your eyes, quoth you? the reason from my wisdom swerveth.

I stared on you both, and yet my belly starveth
DAMON Ah, Stephano, small diet maketh a fine
memory

STEPHANO I care not for your crafty sophistry, You two are fine, let me be fed like a gross knavestill,

I pray you heence me for a while to have my will,

At home to tarry, whiles you take view of this city!

To find some odd victuals in a corner I am very witty.

DAMON At your pleasure, sir · I will wait on myself this day,

Yet attend upon Pithias, which for a purpose tarrieth at home.

So doing, you wait upon me also

STEPHANO With wings on my feet I go [Exit Damon Not in vain the poet saith, Naturam funca expellas, tamen usque recurret,

For train up a bondman never to so good a behaviour.

Yet in some point of servility he will savour

As this Stephano, trusty to me his master, loving and kind.

Yet touching his belly a very bondman I him find He is to be borne withal, being so just and true,

I assure you, I would not change him for no new.

But methinks this is a pleasant city,

The seat is good, and yet not strong, and that is great pity.

CARISOPHUS (aside) I am safe he is mine own DAMON The an subtle and fine, the people should be witty,

That dwell under this climate in so pure a legion A tilmmer plat I have not seen in my peregrination Nothing misliketh me in this country.

But that I heard such muttering of cruelty

Fame reporteth strange things of Dionysius,

But kings' matters passing our reach, pertain not to us

CARISOPHUS Dionysius quoth you? since the world began,

In Sicilia never reigned so cruel a man

A despiteful tyrant to all men, I marvel, I, That none makes him away, and that suddenly.

DAMON My friend, the gods forbid so cruel a thing

That any man should lift up his sword against the king '

Or seek other means by death him to prevent, Whom to rule on earth the mighty gods have sent But, my friend, leave off this talk of King

Dionysius
CARISOPHUS Why, sir i he cannot hear us.
DAMON What then i An nesces longus regibus

esse manus?

It is no safe talking of them that strikes afai off
But leaving kings' matters, I pray you show me
this courtesy,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The seat means the situation See, in Dr Johnson's Dictionary, intances of it from Raleign, Hayward, Bacon, and B Jonson —N

So Duncan, in "Macbeth," says-

<sup>&</sup>quot;This castle hath a pleasant seat"

To describe in few words the state of this city A traveller I am, desirous to know The state of each country, wherever I go. Not to the huit of any state, but to get experience thereby

It is not for nought, that the poet doth cry,
Dic mili musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et ui bes <sup>1</sup>
In which verses, as some writers do scan,
The poet describeth a perfect wise man
Even so I, being a stranger, addicted to philosophy,
To see the state of countries myself I apply

CARISOPHUS Sir, I like this intent, but may I ask your name without scorn?

DAMON. My name is Damon, well known in my country, a gentleman born

CARISOPHUS You do wisely to search the state of each country

To bear intelligence thereof, whither you lust He
is a spy,
[Aside

Sir, I pray you, have patience awhile, for I have to do hereby:

View this weak part of this city as you stand, and I very quickly

Will return to you again, and then will I show The state of all this country, and of the court also. Damon. I thank you for your courtesy. [Exit

Caris This chanceth well, that I Met with this gentleman so happily, Which, as it seemeth, misliketh something, Else he would not talk so boldly of the king,

<sup>1</sup> This quotation is given as follows in both the old copies—
"Dic mihi musa virum capta post tempora Troja,

Multorum homines mores qui vidit et urbes."

Query—Was it meant by the author that Damon should misquote?—Collier. [Surely not]

And that to a stranger but lo, where he comes in haste

## Here entereth Carisophus and Snap

Carisophus This is the 1 fellow Snap, snap him up away with him

SNAP Good fellow, thou must go with me to the court

DAMON To the court, sir? and why?

CARISOPHUS Well, we will dispute that before the king Away with him quickly

DAMON Is this the countery you promised me, and that very lately?

CARISOPHUS Away with him, I say

DAMON Use no violence, I will go with you quietly [Exeunt omnes.

# Here entereth ARISTIPPUS

ARISTIPPUS Ah, surah, by'i Lady, Austippus likes Dionysius' court very well,

Which in passing joys and pleasures doth excel Where he hath dapsiles conas, geniales lectos, et auro

Fulgentem tyranni zonam 2

I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the iron was hot.

When I spied my time, I was not squeamish to crave. God wot!

But with some pleasant toy 3 I crept into the king's bosom,

Aristippus was not intended for a blunderer.—S.

3 Tyoe, first edition

<sup>1</sup> This is he, &c first edition

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> z e. Plentiful suppers, luxurious couches, and the king's purse full of gold at command. [In the original this is printed so as to be absolute nonsense]

For which Dionysius gave me Auri talentum magnum—

A large reward for so simple services

What, then? the king's praise standeth chiefly in bountifulness

Which thing though I told the king very pleasantly,

Yet can I prove it by good writers of great antiquity

But that shall not need at this time, since that I have abundantly.

When I lack hereafter, I will use this point of philosophy

But now, whereas I have felt the king's liberality, As princely as it came, I will spend it as regally. Money is current, men say, and current comes of

Currendo
Then will I make money run, as his nature requireth, I trow.

For what becomes a philosopher best, But to despise money above the rest?

And yet not so despise it, but to have in store

Enough to serve his own turn, and somewhat more

With sundry sports and taunts yesternight I delighted the king,

That with his loud laughter the whole court did ring,

And I thought he laugh'd not merrier than I, when I got this money.

But, mumbudget, for Carisophus I espy

In haste to come hither. I must handle the knave finely

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A cant term for be silent; mum and budget are the words made use of by Slender and Ann Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

#### Here entereth CARISOPHUS

O Carisophus, my dearest friend, my trusty companion!

What news with you? where have you been so long? Carlsophus My best beloved friend Aristippus, I am come at last.

I have not spent all my time in waste

I have got a prey, and that a good one, I trow.

ARISTIPPUS What prey is that? fain would I know

CARISOPHUS Such a crafty spy I have caught, I • date say,

As never was in Sicilia before this day,

Such a one as viewed every weak place in the city, Surviewed the haven and each bulwark in talk very witty

And yet by some words himself he did bewray
ARISTIPPUS I think so in good faith, as you did
handle him

CARISOPHUS I handled him clerkly, I joined in talk with him courteously

But when we were entered, I let him speak his will, and I

Suck'd out thus much of his words, that I made him say plainly,

He was come hither to know the state of the city, And not only this, but that he would understand The state of Dionysius' court and of the whole land Which words when I heard, I desired him to stay,

Till I had done a little business of the way

Promising him to return again quickly, and so did convey

Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaff, which came and upsnatched him,

Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge dispatched him,

After I ran to Dionysius, as fast as I could, And bewrayed this matter to him, which I have you told,

Which thing when he heard, being very merry before.

He suddenly fell in dump, and foaming like a boar, At last he swore in great rage, that he should die By the sword or the wheel, and that very shortly I am too shamefast for my travail and toil I crave nothing of Dionysius, but only his spoil

Little hath he about him, but a few motheaten crowns of gold.

Ch a pouch'd them up already, they are sure in hold. And now I go into the city, to say sooth,

To see what he hath at his lodging to make up my mouth.1

ARISTIPPUS My Carrsophus, you have done good service, But what is the spy's name?

CARISOPHUS He is called Damon, born in Greece, from whence lately he came.

ARISTIPPUS By my troth, I will go see him, and speak with him too, if I may.

CARISOPHUS Do so, I pray you; but yet by the way,

As occasion serveth, commend my service to the king

ARISTIPPUS. Dictum sapients sat est friend Carisophus, shall I forget that thing?

No, I warrant you though I say little to your face, I will lay on with my mouth for you to Dionysius, when I am in place

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [To make up his plunder or prize-money From the old French bouge]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The first edition reads—

<sup>&</sup>quot;I wyll lay one mouth for you to Dionysius," &c, which was altered in the second edition as it stands in the text.—Collier

[Aside] If I speak one word for such a knave, hang me [Exit.

CARISOPHUS Our fine philosopher, our trim leained elf.

Is gone to see as false a spy as himself Damon smatter, as well as he of crafty philosophy, And can turn cat in the pan't very prettily:

But Carisophus hath given him such a mighty

check,

As I think in the end will break his neck
What care I for that? why would? he then pry,
And learn the secret estate of our country and city?
He is but a stranger, by his fall let others be wise,
I care not who fall, so that I may rise
As for fine Aristippus, I will keep in with him,
He is a shrewd fool to deal withal, he can swim,
And yet by my troth, to speak my conscience plainly,
I will use his friendship to mine own commodity?

A proverbial expression, of which it is difficult to give a satisfactory explanation, though the meaning of it is sufficiently obvious. A gentleman, who formerly wrote in The Gentleman's Magazine under a feigned name, supposes the word cat should be changed to cate; "an old word for a cake or other aumalette which being usually fixed, and consequently turn'd in the pan, does therefore very aptly express the changing of sides in politics or religion, or, as we otherwise say, the turning one's coat Gentleman's Magazine, 1754, p of Another writer, however, gives the following [very absurd] explanation of it—"Capitan, to turn capitan, from a people called Catipani, in Calabria and Apulia, who got an ill name by reason of their perfidy, very falsely by us called Cat in pan"—Hold. p 172

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Should, second edition

<sup>3</sup> Commodity is interest So in the former part of this play, p 198—

<sup>&</sup>quot;They would honour friendship, and not for commodity." and see "King John," act u, se 2-

<sup>&</sup>quot;Commodity, the bias of the world"

While Dionysius favoureth him, Aristippus shall be mine,

But if the king once flown on him, then good night, Tomalin

He shall be as strange, as though I never saw him before

But I tarry too long, I will prate no more Jack, come away

Jack At hand, sir

CARISOPHUS At Damon's lodging, if that you see

Any stir to arise, be still at hand by me Rather than I will lose the spoil, I will blade 1 to out [Execunt.

## Here entereth PITHIAS and STEPHANO

PITHIAS What strange news are these! ah, my Stephano,

Is my Damon in prison, as the voice doth go?
STEPHANO. It is true, O cruel hap! he is taken for a spy,

And as they say, by Dionysius' own mouth condemned to die

PITHIAS To die! Alas! For what cause ?
STEPHANO A sycophant falsely accused him
other cause there is none

But, O Jupiter, of all wrongs the revenger,

Seest thou this unjustice, and wilt thou stay any longer

From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire, To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?

Alas! Master Pithias, what shall we do,

 $<sup>^{1}</sup>$  [A rare word in this sense, for it appears to stand for blab ]

Being in a strange country, void of friends and acquaintance too?

Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this day, To see thy true master unjustly made away?

PITHIAS Stephano, seeing the matter is come to

this extremity,

Let us make viitue our friend of mere necessity. Run thou to the court, and understand secretly As much as thou canst of Damon's cause, and I Will make some means to entirat Aristippus He can do much, as I hear, with King Dionysius Stephano I am gone, sir Ah, I would to God

my travail and pain

Might restore my master to his liberty again!
PITHIAS Ah woful Pithias! sith now I am alone,
What way shall I first begin to make my moan?
What words shall I find apt for my complaint?
Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril. Of
force I must now faint

But, O music, as in joyful times thy merry notes did borrow,

So now lend me thy yearnful tunes to utter my sorrow

Here PITHIAS sings and the regals 2 play

Awake, ye woful wights,
That long have wept in woe.
Resign to me your plaints and tears,
My hapless hap to show

<sup>1</sup> [Original reads tunes The emendation was first suggested by Mr Colher]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Regale sorta di strumento simile all' organo, maminore —Baretti Dizion Ital, ed Ing Bacon distinguishes be tween the regal and the organ in a manner which shows them to be instruments of the same class. "The sounds that produce tones are ever from such bodies as have their parts

My woe no tongue can tell,

No pen can well descry

O, what a death is this to hear,

Damon my friend must die '

The loss of worldly wealth
Man's wisdom may restore,
And physic hath provided too
A salve for every sore
But my true friend once lost,
No art can well supply
Then, what a death is this to hear,
Damon my friend must die'

My mouth, refuse the food,

That should my limbs sustain

Let sorrow sink into my breast,

And ransack every vein.

Ye Furies, all at once

On me your torments try.

Why should I live, since that I hear!

Damon my friend must 2 die !

Gripe me, you greedy grief
And present pangs of death,
You sisters three, with cruel hands
With speed come 3 stop my breath

and pores equal, as are nightingale mpes of regals or organs"—Nat Hist cent ii, see 102 But, notwithstanding these authorities, the appellative regal has given great trouble to the lexicographer, whose sentiments with regard to its signification are collected and brought into one point of view by Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," vol ii, p 448, from whence this note is extracted See also a note by the Hon Daines Barrington to "Hamlet," act iii, sc. 2, in the edition of Shakspeare, 1773, omitted in that of 1778

<sup>1</sup> Seeing, second edit.

<sup>3</sup> Now, first edit.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Should, first edit

Shi ine me in clay alive,
Some good man stop mine eye
O death, come now, seeing I hear
Damon my friend must die

He speaketh this after the song.

In vain I call for death, which heareth not my complaint

But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to faint?

Multum juvat in re mala animus bonus

I will to the court myself, to make friends, and that presently

I will never for sake my friend in time of misery— But do I see Stephano amazed lither to run?

#### Here entereth STEPHANO

Stephano O Pithias, Pithias, we are all undone' Mine own ears have sucked in mine own sorrow, I heard Dionysius swear, that Damon should die to-monow

PITHIAS How camest thou so near the presence of the king,

That thou mightest hear Dionysius speak this thing?

STEPHANO By friendship I gat into the court, where in great audience

I heard Dionysius with his own mouth give this cruel sentence

By these express words . that Damon the Greek, that crafty spy,

Without further judgment to-morrow should die Believe me, Pithias, with these ears I heard it myself

PITHIAS. Then how near is my death also! Ah, woe is me!

Ah my Damon, another myself, shall I forego thee?

STEPHANO. Sir, there is no time of lamenting now: it behoveth us

To make means to them which can do much with Dionysius,

That he be not made away, ere his cause be fully heard; for we see

By evil report things be made to princes far worse than they be.

But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great favour with king Dionysius,

Entreat him to speak a good word to the king for us,

And in the mean season I will to your lodging to see all things safe there.

PITHIAS. To that I agree: but let us slip aside his talk to hear.

# Here entereth ARISTIPPUS.

ARISTIPPUS. Here is a sudden change indeed, a strange metamorphosis,

This court is clean altered: who would have thought this?

Dionysius, of late so pleasant and incrry,

Is quite changed now into such melancholy,

That nothing can please him: he walketh up and down,

Fretting and chaffing, on every man he doth frown;

In so much that, when I in pleasant words began to play,

So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me up so short.

I perceive it is no safe playing with lions, but when it please them:

If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease them.

And so perhaps get a clap, mine own proof taught me this,

That it is very good to be merry and wise

The only cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that wicked man,

Which lately took Damon for a spy, a poor gentleman,

And hath incensed the king against him so despitefully,

That Dionysius hath judged him to-morrow to die

I have talk'd with Damon, whom though in words
I found very witty,

Yet was he more curious than wise in viewing this city

But truly, for aught I can learn, there is no cause why

So suddenly and cruelly he should be condemned to die

Howsoever it be, this is the short and long,

I date not gainsay the king, be it right or wrong

I am sorry, and that is all I may or can do in this case

Nought availeth persuasion, where froward opinion taketh place

PITHIAS Sir, if humble suits you would not despise.

Then bow on 1 me your pitiful eyes

My name is Pithias, in Greece well known,

A perfect friend to that wotul Damon,

Which now a poor captive in this court doth he, By the king's own mouth, as I hear, condemned to die.

For whom I crave your mastership's goodness, To stand his friend in this his great distress

<sup>1</sup> Unto, second edit

Nought hath he done worthy of death; but very fondly,

Being a stranger, he viewed this city:

For no evil practices, but to feed his eyes.

But seeing Dionysius is informed otherwise,

My suit is to you, when you see time and place, To assuage the king's anger, and to purchase his

grace:

In which doing you shall not do good to one only, But you shall further two, and that fully.

ARISTIPPUS. My friend, in this case I can do

you no pleasure.

PITHIAS. Sir, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPUS. I am of the court indeed, but none of the council.

PITHIAS. As I hear, none is in greater favour with the king, than you at this day.

ARISTIPPUS. The more in favour, the less I dare say.

PITHIAS. It is a courtier's praise to help strangers in misery.

ARISTIPPUS. To help another, and hurt myself, it is an evil point of courtesy.

PITHIAS. You shall not hurt yourself to speak for the innocent.

ARISTIPPUS. He is not innocent, whom the king judgeth nocent.

PITHIAS. Why, sir, do you think this matter past all remedy?

ARISTIPPUS. So far past, that Dionysius hath sworn, Damon to-morrow shall die.

PITHIAS. This word my trembling heart cutteth in two.

Ah, sir, in this woful case that 2 wist I best to do?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Too, first edit.] <sup>2</sup> [Wh

<sup>2 [</sup>What, both eds.]

ARISTIPPUS Best to content yourself, when there is no remedy,

He is well relieved that foreknoweth his misery Yet, if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus, The chiefest councillor about King Dionysius Which pitieth Damon's case in this great extremity, Persuading the king from all kind of ciuelty

PITHIAS The mighty gods preserve you for this

word of comfort

Taking my leave of your goodness, I will now resort To Eubulus, that good councillor.

But hark! methink I hear a trumpet blow

ARISTIPPUS The king is at hand, stand close in the prease <sup>1</sup> Beware, if he know

You are friend to Damon, he will take you for a spy also

Farewell, I dare not be seen with you.

# Here entereth King Dionysius, Eubulus the Councillor, and Gronno the Hangman

Dionysius Gronno, do my commandment strike off Damon's irons by and by

Then bring him forth, I myself will see him executed presently

GRONNO O mighty king, your commandment will I do speedily

DIONYSIUS Eubulus, thou hast talked in vain, for sure he shall die

Shall I suffer my life to stand in peril of every spy ? EUBULUS That he conspired against your person, his accuser cannot say

He only viewed your city, and will you for that make him away?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Crowd.

DIONYSIUS What he would have done, the guess is great he minded me to huit,

That came so slyly to search out the secret estate of my court

Shall I still he in fear? no, no I will cut off such imps betime,

Lest that to my farther danger too high they climb EUBULUS Yet have the mighty gods immortal fame assigned

To all worldly princes, which in mercy be inclined DIONYSIUS Let tame talk what she list, so I may live in safety

EUBULUS The only mean to that is, to use mercy, DIONYSIUS A mild prince the people despiseth EUBULUS A cruel king the people hateth

DIONYSIUS Let them hate me, so they fear me
EUBULUS That is not the way to live in safety.
DIONYSIUS My sword and power shall purchase
my quietness

EUBULUS That is sooner procured by mercy and gentleness

DIONYSIUS Dionysius ought to be feared
EUBULUS Better for him to be well beloved
DIONYSIUS Fortune maketh all things subject
to my power

EUBULUS Believe her not, she is a light goddess, she can laugh and low'r

DIONYSIUS A king's praise standeth in the revenging of his enemy

EUBULUS A greater praise to win him by clemency.

DIONYSIUS To suffer the wicked to live it is no mercy

EUBULUS To kill the innocent it is great cruelty DIONYSIUS Is Damon innocent, which so craftily undermined Carisophus,

To understand what he could of king Dionysius?

Which surviewed the haven and each bulwark in the city,

Where battery might be laid, what way best to approach? shall I

Suffer such a one to live, that worketh me such despite?

No, he shall die, then I am safe a dead dog cannot bite

EUBULUS But yet, O mighty king,1 my duty bindeth me

To give such counsel, as with your honour may best agree

The strongest pillars of princely dignity,

I find, 1s<sup>2</sup> justice with melcy and prudent liberality. The one judgeth all things by upright equity.

The other rewardeth the worthy, flying each extremity

As to spare those which offend maliciously,
It may be called no justice, but extreme mjury. So upon suspicion of each thing not well-proved,
To put to death presently whom envious flattery accused.

It seemeth of tyranny, and upon what fickle ground all tyrants do stand,

Athens and Lacedemon can teach you, if it be rightly scann'd

And not only these citizens, but who curiously seeks

The whole histories of all the world, not only of Romans and Greeks.

Shall well perceive of all tyrants the ruinous fall, Their state uncertain, beloved of none, but hated of all

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;King" is omitted in the first edition, and supplied by the second —Collies
2 This, first edition

Of merciful princes to set out the passing felicity
I need not enough of that even these days do
testify

They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound,

they dread no enemy,

They are feared and loved, and why? they rule with justice and mercy,

Extending justice to such as wickedly from justice have sweived.

Mercy unto those who in 1 opinion of simpleness have mercy deserved

Of liberty nought I say, but only this thing,

Liberty upholdeth the state of a king

Whose large bountifulness ought to fall to this issue,

To reward none but such as deserve it for viitue Which merciful justice if you would follow, and provident liberality,

Neither the caterpillars of all courts, et fruges consumere nati.

Parasites with wealth puff'd up, should not look so high,

Nor yet for this simple fact poor Damon should die

Dionysius With pain mine ears have heard this vain talk of mercy

I tell thee, fear and terror defendeth kings only Till he be gone, whom I suspect, how shall I live quietly.

Whose memory with chilling horror fills my breast day and night violently?

My dreadful dreams of him bereaves my rest; on bed I lie

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old editions have, where opinion simplenesse have, &c Simpleness, ignorance—ie, who have deserved mercy, having offended from not knowing better]

Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yield his throat to Damon's sword

This quaking dread nothing but Damon's blood can stay

Better he die, than I to be tormented with fear alway

He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto It is lawful, for kings, as they list, all things to do.

# Here GRONNO [and SNAP] bring in DAMON, and PITHIAS meeteth him by the way

PITHIAS O my Damon!

Damon O my Pithias! seeing death must part us, farewell for ever

PITHIAS O Damon, O my sweet friend!

SNAP Away from the prisoner what a prease have we here ?

Gronno As you commanded, O mighty king, we have brought Damon

DIONYSIUS Then go to make ready. I will not stir out of this place,

Till I see his head stroken off before my face

GRONNO It shall be done, sir [To Damon]
Because your eyes have made such a-do

I will knock down this your lantern, and shut up your shop-window too

DAMON O mighty king, where as no truth my innocent life can save,

But that so greedily you thirst 1 my guiltless blood to have,

Albeit (even in thought) I had not ought against your person

<sup>1</sup> Thrust, first edition

Yet now I plead not for life, ne will I crave your pardon

But seeing in Greece my country, where well I am known,

I have worldly things fit for mine alliance, when 1 am gone,

To dispose them, ere I die, if I might obtain leisure,

I would account it (O king) for a passing gleat pleasure

Not to prolong my life thereby, for which I reckon not this,

But to set my things in a stay and surely I will not miss,

Upon the faith which all gentlemen ought to embrace,

To return again, at your time to appoint, to yield my body here in this place

Grant me (O king) such time to despatch this inquiry,1

And I will not fail when you appoint, even here my life to pay <sup>2</sup>

DIONYSIUS A pleasant request! as though I could trust him absent,

Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present And yet though I sware the contrary, do that I require,

Give me a pledge for thy return, and have thine own desire

He is as near now as he was before [Aside Damon There is no surer nor greater pledge than the faith of a gentleman

DIONYSIUS It was wont to be, but otherwise now the world doth stand.

<sup>1 [</sup>Old edit, injuite]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Yeelde speedily, second edition

Therefore do as I say, else presently yield thy neck to the sword

If I might with my honour, I would recall my word

PITHIAS Stand to your word, O king, for kings ought nothing say,

But that they would perform in perfect deeds alway

A pledge you did require, when Damon his suit did meve.

For which with heart and stretched hands most humble thanks I give

And that you may not say but Damon hath a friend, That loves him better than his own life, and will do to his end.

Take me, O mighty king my life I pawn 1 for his Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day to miss

DIONYSIUS What art thou, that chargest me with my word so boldly here?

PITHIAS I am Pithias, a Greek born, which hold Damon my friend full dear

DIONYSIUS Too dear perhaps, to hazard thy life for him what fondness 2 moveth thee ?

PITHIAS No fondness at all, but perfect amity. DIONYSIUS A mad kind of amity! advise thyself well if Damon fail at his day.

Which shall be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to me his life to pay?

PITHIAS Most willingly, O mighty king if Damon fail let Pithias die

DIONYSIUS Thou seemest to trust his words, that pawnest thy life so frankly

<sup>1</sup> To pawne second edition

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Folly Thus Spenser, in his Sonnets,

<sup>&</sup>quot;Fondes; it were for any, being free, To covet fetters, though they golden be"

PITHIAS What Damon saith, Pithias believeth assuredly.

DIONYSIUS Take heed, for [your] life 1 wordly men break promise in many things

PITHIAS Though wordly men do so, it never haps amongst friends

DIONYSIUS What callest thou friends? are they not men, is not this true?

PITHIAS. Men they be, but such men as love one another only for virtue

DIONYSIUS For what virtue dost thou love this spy, this Damon?

PITHIAS For that virtue which yet to you is unknown

DIONYSIUS Eubulus, what shall I do <sup>q</sup> I would despatch this Damon fain,

But this foolish fellow so chargeth me, that I may not call back my word again

EUBULUS The reverent majesty of a king stands chiefly in keeping his promise.

What you have said this whole court beareth witness, Save your honour, whatsoever you do

DIONYSIUS For saving mine honour, I must forbear my will: go to.

Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee

For two months he is thine, unbind him, I set him free,

Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon,

Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon

Whether he die by the way, or he sick in his bed, If he return not then, thou shalt either hang or lose thy head.

<sup>1</sup> Old editions read, Take heede . for life wordly, &c.

PITHIAS For this, O mighty king, I yield immortal thanks O joyful day!

DIONYSIUS Gronno, take him to thee: bind him, see him kept in safety.

If he escape, assure thyself for him thou shalt

Eubulus, let us depart, to talk of this strange thing within

EUBULUS I follow [Exeunt

GRONNO Damon, thou servest the gods well today, be thou of comfort

As for you, sir, I think you will be hanged in sport You heard what the king said, I must keep you safely

By Cock, so I will, you shall rather hang than I.

Come on your way

PITHIAS My Damon, farewell, the gods have thee in keeping

DAMON O my Pithias, my pledge, farewell, I

part from thee weeping

But joyful at my day appointed I will return again, When I will deliver thee from all trouble and pain, Stephano will I leave behind me to wait upon thee in prison alone,

And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this misery, will walk home

Ah my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my friend, farewell

PITHIAS Farewell, my Damon

DAMON Loth am I to depart. Sith sobs my trembling tongue doth stay,

O music, sound my doleful plaints, when I am gone my way.

[Exit Damon.

GRONNO. I am glad he is gone, I had almost wept too. Come, Pithias,

So God help me, I am sorry for thy foolish case Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so fondly?

PITHIAS It is no venter my friend is just, for whom I desire to die

Gronno Here is a madman! I tell thee, I have a wife whom I love well,

And if ich would die for hei, chould ich weie in hell

Wilt thou do more for a man than I would for a woman?

PITHIAS Yea, that I will

GRONNO Then come on your ways, you must to prison haste

I fear you will repent this folly at last

PITHIAS That shalt thou never see But O music, as my Damon requested thee,

Sound out thy doleful tunes in this time of calamity,

[Event Here the reyals play a mourning song, and DAMON cometh in in mariner apparel and STEPHANO with him.

DAMON Weep no more, Stephano, this is but destiny

Had not this happ'd, yet I know I am born to die: Where or in what place, the gods know alone,

To whose judgment myself I commit Therefore leave off thy moan,

And wait upon Pithias in prison till I return again, In whom my joy, my care and life doth only remain

STEPHANO O my dear master, let me go with you, for my poor company

Shall be some small comfort in this time of misery Damon O Stephano, hast thou been so long with me.

And yet dost not know the force of true amity? I tell thee once again, my friend and I are but one Wait upon Pithias, and think thou art with Damon Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away.

The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journey

Therefore farewell, Stephano, commend me to my friend Pithias,

Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this woful case

STEPHANO Falewell, my dear master, since your pleasure is so

O cruel hap! O poor Stephano!

O cursed Causophus, that first moved this tragedy !—

But what a noise is this ? is all well within, thow ye?

I fear all be not well within, I will go see -

Come out, you weasel are you seeking eggs in Damon's chest?

Come out, I say, wilt thou be packing? by Cock, you were best

CARISOPHUS How durst thou, villain, to lay hands on me?

STEPHANO Out, sir knave, or I will send ye Ait thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully.

But wilt thou rob him also, and that openly?

CARISOPHUS The king gave me the spoil to take mine own wilt thou let me ? 1

Scephano Thine own, villain twhere is thine authority t

CARISOPHUS I am authority of myself, dost thou not know !

STEPHANO By's Lady, that is somewhat, but have you no more to show t

Carisophus What, if I have not?

STEPHANO Then for an earnest penny take this blow

<sup>1</sup> Hinder me

PITHIAS It is no venter my friend is just, for whom I desire to die

GRONNO Here is a madman ! I tell thee, I have a wife whom I love well,

And if ich would die for her, chould ich were in hell

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CARISOPHUS The king gave me the spoil to take mine own wilt thou let me? 1

STEPHANO Thine own, villain! where is thine authority?

CARISOPHUS I am authority of myself, dost thou not know ?

STEPHANO By's Lady, that is somewhat, but have you no more to show ?

CARISOPHUS What, if I have not?

STEPHANO Then for an earnest penny take this blow

<sup>1</sup> Hinder me

I shall bombast you, you mocking knave, chill put pro in my purse for this time <sup>1</sup>

CARISOPHUS. Jack, give me my sword and target JACK I cannot come to you, master, this knave

doth me let. Hold, master.

STEPHANO. Away, Jackanapes, else I will col-'phise you <sup>2</sup> by and by:

Ye slave, I will have my pennyworths of thee therefore, if I die

About, villain!

CARISOPHUS O citizens, help to defend me

STEPHANO Nay, they will 1 ather help to hang thee. Carisophus Good fellow, let us reason of the

matter quietly beat me no more

STEPHANO Of this condition I will stay, if thou swear, as thou art an honest man,

Thou wilt say nothing to the king of this when I am gone

CARISOPHUS I will say nothing, here is my hand, as I am an honest man

STEPHANO Then say on thy mind I have taken a wise oath on him, have I not, trow ye?

To trust such a false knave upon his honesty?

As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the king,

And break his oath for this never a whit—but, my framion, I tell you this one thing

<sup>2</sup> Originals have colpher you I believe we should read, colaphize—i e, box or buffet Colaphizer, Fr See Cotgrave's "Dictionary"—Steevens

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [I do not understand the allusion The sense seems to be, I will beat you, come what may—I will put prudence in my purse or pocket ]

<sup>3</sup> i e, Loose companion So Spenser—
"Might not be found a ranker f, anion"

<sup>&</sup>quot;A faire framon fit for such a pheere"—S

Again, in "The First Part of King Edward IV," sign C, p 5 "Hees a franke fi anion, a merrie companion, and loves a wench well"

If you disclose this, I will devise such a way. That whilst thou livest, thou shalt remember this

day

CARISOPHUS You need not devise for that, for this day is printed in my memory.

I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I

die

But seeing of courtesy you have granted that we should talk quietly.

Methinks in calling me knave you do me much injury

Stephano Why so, I pray thee heartly ? CARISOPHUS Because I am the king's man keeps the king any knaves?

STEPHANO He should not, but what he doth, it

is evident by thee.

And as far as I can learn or understand.

There is none better able to keep knaves in all the land

CARISOPHUS O su, I am a courtier, when courtiers shall hear tell.

How you have used me, they will not take it well STEPHANO Nay, all night countiers will ken me thank, 1 and wot you why?

Because I handled a counterfest courtier in his

kind so finely

What, sir 2 all are not courtiers that have a counterfert show.

In a troop of honest men some knaves may stand. ye know,

Such as by stealth creep in under the colour of honestv.

Which sort under that cloak do all kinds of villainv. A right courtier is virtuous, gentle, and full of

urbanity.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See Note to "Gammer Gurton's Needle," vol. 111, p 198

Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of villainy But such as thou art, fountains of squirrility and vain delights,

Though you hang by the court, you are but flatt'ning

parasites,

As well deserving the light name of courtesy,

As the coward knight the true praise of chivalry. I could say more, but I will not, for that I am

your well-willei

In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier but a caterpillar,

A sycophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave Whether I will or no, these names you must have

How well you deserve this by your deeds it is known,

For that so unjustly thou hast accused poor Damon, Whose woful case the gods help alone

CARISOPHUS. Sir, are you his servant, that you pity his case so ?

STEPHANO No, bum troth, goodman Grumb, his name is Stephano

I am called Onaphets, I fineeds you will know The knave beginneth to sift me, but I turn my

name in and out,

Cretizo cum Cretense,<sup>2</sup> to make him a lout [Aside. CARISOPHUS What mumble you with yourself, Master Onaphets <sup>2</sup>

STEPHANO I am reckoning with myself how I may pay my debts

CARISOPHUS You have paid me more than you did owe me

<sup>1</sup> [stephano spelled backwards]
<sup>2</sup> Read Κρητιξω Vide Erasm Adag The Cretans were famous for double dealing Cretizare, however, is a word employ'd by lexicographers, instead of mentin—Steepens

STEPHANO. Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I will pay you more, if I know

Either you talk of that is done, or by your sycophantical envy

You plick forth Dionysius the sooner, that Damon may die

I will so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattle in thy skin

Remember what I have said, Onaphets is my name.

[Exit

CARISOPHUS The sturdy knave is gone, the devil him take!

He hath made my head, shoulders, arms, sides, and all to ache

Thou whoreson villain boy, why didst thou wait no better?

As he paid me, so will I not die thy debtor

Strikes him.

JACK Master, why do you fight with me? I am not your match, you see

You durst not fight with him that is gone, and will you wreak your anger on me?

CARISOPHUS Thou villain, by thee I have lost mine honour.

Beaten with a cudgel like a slave, a vacabone, or a lazy lubber,

And not given one blow again Hast thou handled me well?

Jack Master, I handled you not, but who did handle you very handsomely, you can tell Carisophus Handsomely! thou crack-tope <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Crack rope was a common term of contempt in old plays.

"You codshed, you cracke tope, you chattering pye"
—Aprils and Tripman, sign B

Again in that very rare play, "The Two Italian Gentlemen"-

JACK Yea, sir, very handsomely I hold you a groat,

He handled you so handsomely, that he left not one mote in your coat

Carisophus Ö, I had firk'd him trimly, thou villain, if thou hadst given me my sword

JACK It is better as it is, master, believe me,

If he had seen your weapon, he would have been fiercer.

And so perhaps beat you worse, I speak it with my heart,

You were never at the dealing of fence-blows, but you had four away for your part

It is but your luck, you are man good enough, But the Welsh Onaphets was a vengeance-knave, and rough

Master, you were best go home and rest in your bed,

Methinks your cap waxeth too little for your head

Carisophus. What ' doth my head swell ?

JACK Yea, as big as a codshead, and bleeds too

CARISOPHUS I am ashamed to show my face with this hue

JACK No shame at all, men have been beaten far better than you

CARISOPHUS I must go to the chirurgeon's, what shall I say, when I am a-dressing <sup>2</sup>

Jack You may say truly you met with a knave's blessing [Exeunt

<sup>&</sup>quot;Then let him be led through every streete in the town, That every cracks ope may fling rotten egs at the clown"

<sup>--</sup>Collier [See also Tarlton's "Jests," 1611 ("Old English Jest-Books," 11, p 211)]

#### Here entereth ARISTIPPUS

ARISTIPPUS By mine own experience I prove true that many men tell,

To live in court not beloved, better be in hell What crying out, what cursing, is there within of Carisophus, .

Because he accused Damon to King Dionysius! Even now he came whining and crying into the court for the nonce,

Showing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's sconce

Which strange name when they heard every man laugh'd heartily,

And I by myself scann'd his name secretly, For well I knew it was some mad-headed child That invented this name, that the log-headed knave might be beguil'd

In tossing it often with myself to and fro,
I found out that Onaphets backward spelled Stephano

I smiled in my sleeve, how to see by turning his name he dress'd him,

And how for Damon his master's sake with a wooden cudgel he bless'd him

None pitied the knave, no man nor woman, but all laugh'd him to scorn

To be thus hated of all, better unborn

Far better Aristippus hath provided, I trow,

For in all the court I am beloved both of high and low

I offend none, insomuch that women sing this to my great praise,

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res
But in all this jollity one thing 'mazeth me,
The strangest thing that ever was heard or known,
Is now happened in this court by that Damon,
YOL IV

Whom Carisophus accused Damon is now at liberty,

For whose return Pithias his friend lieth in prison, alas, in great jeopardy

To-morrow is the day, which day by noon if Damon return not, earnestly

The king hath sworn that Pithias should die,

Whereof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,

Wishing that Damon may not return, till he hath paid His life for his friend Hath it been heretofore ever said,

That any man for his friend would die so willingly? O noble friendship! O perfect amity!

Thy force is here seen, and that very perfectly

The king himself museth hereat, yet he is far out of square,

That he trusteth none to come near him not even his own daughters will he have

Unsearch'd to enter his chamber, while 1 he hath made barbers his beard to shave,

Not with knife or razor, for all edge-tools he fears.

But with hot burning nutshells they singe off his hairs.

Was there ever man that lived in such misery ?
Well, I will go in—with a heavy and pensive heart,
too.

To think how Pithias, this poor gentleman, to-morrow shall die [Exit

#### Here entereth JACK and WILL.

Jack. Well, by mine honesty, I will mar your monkey's <sup>2</sup> face, if you so fondly prate

WILL. Jack, by my troth, seeing you are without the court-gate.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old edition, which] <sup>2</sup> [Old editions have monckes]

If you play Jack-napes, in mocking my master and despising my face,

Even here with a pantable I will you disgrace, And though you have a far better face than I,

Yet who is better man of us two these fists shall try,

Unless you leave your taunting

JACK Thou began'st first, didst thou now not say even now,

That Carrsophus my master was no man but a cow,

In taking so many blows, and gave 2 never a blow again?

WILL I said so indeed, he is but a tame ruffian, That can swear by his flask and twich-box,<sup>3</sup> and God's precious lady,

And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick
These barking whelps were never good biters,
Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters
But seeing you egg me so much, I will somewhat
more recite.

I say, Carrsophus thy master is a flatt'ring parasite,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old editions have pantacle] I suppose he means to say a pantagle—i e, a slipper Perhaps he begins his attack with a kick—S The second edition reads—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Even heere with a faire pantacle I will you disgrace,"

an epithet not found in the oldest copy, and hardly consistent with the supposition that pantacle means pantofle—Collier [Probably, a slap on the face]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Geve, second edition

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> More properly touch box While match-locks, instead of fire locks, to guns were used, the touch-box, at which the match was lighted, was part of the accountement of a soldier

"When she his flask and touch box set on fire"

Line of an author, whose name I cannot at this time recollect —Steerens

Gleaning away the sweet from the worthy in all the court.

What tragedy hath he moved of late? the devil take him! he doth much huit

JACK I pray you, what is Aristippus thy master, is not he a parasite too,

That with scoffing and jesting in the court makes so much a-do?

WILL He is no parasite, but a pleasant gentleman full of courtesy

Thy master is a churlish lout, the hen of a dungfork, as void of honesty

As thou art of honour

JACK Nav. if you will needs be prating of my master still.

In faith I must cool you, my friend, dapper Will Take this at the beginning Strikes him

WILL Praise well your winning, my pantable is as ready as yours

JACK By the mass, I will box you WILL By Cock, I will fox you

JACK Will, was I with you?

WILL Jack, did I fly ?

JACK Alas, pretty cockerel, you are too weak. WILL In faith, doating dottrel, you will civereak

## Here entereth SNAP

SNAP Away, you crack-ropes, are you fighting at the court-gate?

A Dottrel is a silly kind of bird which imitates the actions of the fowler, till at last he is taken If the fowler stretches out a leg, the bird will do so to So, in Butler's "Character of a Fantastic (Remains, vol 11, p 132)" "He alters his gate with the times, and has not a motion of his body that (like a Dottiel) he does not borrow from somebody else " See also Jonson's "Devil is an Ass," iv, 6, and Dyce's "Beaumont and Fletcher," 111, 79, and v . 64

And I take you here again, I will swinge you both what!

JACK I beshrew Snap the tipstaff, that great knave's heart, that lither did come,

Had he not been, you had cried ere this, Victus, victas, victum

But seeing we have breathed ourselves, if ye list, Let us agree like friends, and shake each other by

the fist

WILL Content am I, for I am not malicious, but on this condition,

That you talk no more so broad of my master as here you have done

But who have we here? 'tis Coals I spy ' coming yonder

JACK. Will, let us slip aside and view him well

## Here entereth GRIM the Collier, whistling

GRIM What devil! ich ween the porters are drunk, will they not dup? the gate to-day?

[To] take in coals for the king's own mouth, will nobody stir, I say?

Ich might have kain tway hours longer in my bed, Cha tarried so long here, that my teeth chatter in my head

JACK Will, after our falling out wilt thou laugh merrily?

WILL Ay, marry, Jack, I pray thee heartly

JACK. Then follow me, and hem in a word now and then—

What brawling knave is there at the court-gate so early?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Original here has Cobex epi Colliers used to be nicknamed Carry coals See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," p 98]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Do up, open ]
<sup>3</sup> [For the supply of the court, or Bouche de la cour.]

WILL It is some brainsick villain, I durst lay a

penny

Jack Was it you, isir, that cried so loud, I trow, And bid us take in coals for the king's mouth even now?

GRIM 'Twas I, indeed

Jack Why, sir, how dare you speak such petty treason?

Doth the king eat coals at any season?

Grim Here is a gay world boys now sets old men to school

I said well enough what, Jack-sauce, think'st cham a fool?

At bakehouse, butt'ry-hatch, kitchen, and cellar,

Do 2 they not say for the king's mouth?
WILL What, then, goodman collier?

GRIM What, then seeing without coals thee

cannot finely dress the king's meat,
May I not say, take in coals for the king's mouth,
though coals he do not eat ?

JACK James Christe! came ever from a collier an answer so trim?

You are learned, are you not, father Grim ?

GRIM Grim is my name indeed, cham not learned, and yet the king's collier

This vorty winter cha been to the king a servitor, Though I be not learned, yet cha mother-wit enough, whole and some

WILL So it seems, you have so much motherwit, that you lack your father's wisdom

GRIM Mass, cham well-beset, here's a trim cast of murlons <sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Doth, second edition

<sup>1</sup> It was you, first edition

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> i e, A cast of that species of hawks that were called Merlins —Steevens He calls them [merlins, which he might

What be you, my pretty cockerels, that ask me these questions?

JACK Good faith, Master Grim, 1 if such merlins on your pouch may light,

They are so quick of wing, that quickly they can carry it out of your sight,

And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs one day,

And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon to your pay 2

But to tell you the truth, we are the porter's men, which early and late

Wait on such gentlemen as you, to open the courtgate

GRIM Are ve servants then?

WILL. Yea, sir, are we not pretty men?

GRIM Pretty men, quoth you a nay, you are strong men, else you could not bear these breeches

WILL Are these such 3 great hose? in faith, goodman collier, you see with your nose

perhaps have been supposed to pronounce] Murlons on account of their size Merlins were the smallest species of hawks Turbervile says, "These merlyns are very much like the haggart falcon in plume, in seale of the foote, in beake and talons. So as there seemeth to be no oddes or difference at all betwirt them save only in the bignesse, for she hath like demeanure, like plume, and very like conditions to the falcon, and in hir kind is of like courage, and therefore must be kept as choycely and as daintly as the falcon." The merlin was chiefly used to fly at small birds, and Latham says, it was particularly appropriated to the service of ladies.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Father Grimme, second edition

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Something seems to have dropped out of the text here to this purport]

<sup>3</sup> Adopted into the original text from the second edition —Collier

By mine honesty, I have but one lining in one hose, but seven ells of rug 1

GRIM This is but a little, yet it makes thee seem a great bug

JACK How say you, goodman collier, can you find any fault here ? 2

GRIM Nay, you should [not] find fau't, marry, here's trim gear!

Alas, little knave, dost not sweat <sup>1</sup> thou goest with great pain,

These are no hose, but water-bougets,3 I tell thee plain.

Good for none but such as have no buttocks
Did you ever see two such little Robin ruddocks <sup>4</sup>
So laden with breeches? chill say no more, lest I
offend

Who invented these monsters 5 first, did it to a ghostly end,

To have a mail ready to put in other folks' stuff, We see this evident by daily proof

One preached of late not far hence in no pulpit, but in a wain-cart,

That spake enough of this, but for my part, Chill say no more your own necessity

In the end will force you to find some remedy

JACK Will,6 hold this railing knave with a talk,

when I am gone

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [A play on the similarity between rug and rogue]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> What fault can you see heere? second edition <sup>3</sup> [Small casks, buckets]

<sup>4</sup> i.e., Robin red breasts Shakespeare uses ruddock for red breast in "Cymbeline"—S Again, in Nash's "Lenten Stuff," 1599 "He eft soons defined unto me, that the red herring was this old tickle cob, or magister fac totum, that brought in the red ruddocks, and the grummel seed as thick as oatmeal, and made Yarmouth for Argent to put down the city of Argentine"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Hose at, second edition <sup>6</sup> Well, first edition

I will fetch him his filling ale for his good sermon [Exit

WILL Go thy way, Father Grim, gaily we'll you do say,

It is but young men's folly, that list to play,

And mask awhile in the net of their own device, When they come to your age, they will be wise

GRIM Bum troth, but few such loisters come to my years at this day,

They be cut off betimes, eie they have gone half their journey.

I will not tell why let them guess that can, I mean somewhat thereby

Enter Jack with a pot of wine, and a cup to drink on

JACK Father Grim, because you are stirring so early,

I have brought you a bowl of wine to make you merry

GRIM Wine, marry! this is welcome to colliers, chill swap't off by and by

Chwas stirring so early, that my very soul is dry JACK. This is stoutly done will you have it warmed, Father Grim?

GRIM No, it is warm enough, it is very lousious 1 and trim

'Tis musselden,2 ich ween, of fellowship let me have another spurt.

Ich can drink as easily now, as if I satin my shirt JACK By Cock, and you shall have it, but I will begin, and that anon,

Je bois a vous mon compagnon 8

<sup>1 [</sup>Luscious ]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> An intended mistake for muscadine —S

<sup>3</sup> Jebit avow mon companion Both 4tos -S.

GRIM J'ai vous pleigé, petit Zawne 1

JACK Can you speak French? here is a trim collier, by this day!

GRIM What man inch learned this, when ich was a soldier.

When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yerk a whip trimly,

Better than these boy-colhers, that come to the court daily

When there were 2 not so many captious fellows as now,

That would torup 3 men for every trifle, I wot not how

As there was one Damon, not long since taken for a spy,

How justly I know not, but he was condemned to die

WILL (aside) This wine hath warmed him, this comes well to pass,

We shall know all now, for in Vino veritas

Father Grim, who accused this Damon to King Dionysius i

GRIM A vengeance take him! 'twas a gentleman, one Master Crowsphus?

WILL Crowsphus ' you clip the king's language, you would have said Carisophus

But I perceive now either the wind is at the south, Or else your tongue cleaveth to the roof of your mouth

GRIM A murrain take thilk wine, it so intoxicate my brain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ihar vow pleadge pety Zawne Both 4tos [Zawne appears to be a loose application of Zani quasi noodle, though here, perhaps, the meaning is rather mimic]

<sup>2</sup> Was, second edition.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> [Interrupt? See Nares, edition 1859, in v]

That to be hanged by and by I cannot speak plain

JACK You speak knavishly plain, seeing my
master you do mock

In faith, ere you go, I will make you a lobcock

Ande

Father Grim, what say they of this Damon abroad <sup>7</sup> GRIM All men are sorry for him, so help me God.

They say a false knave 'cused him to the king wrongfully,

And he is gone, and should be here to-morrow to die,

Or else his fellow, which is in prison, his room shall supply

Chill not be his half for vorty shillings, I tell you plain,

I think Damon be too wise to return again.

WILL Will no man speak for them in this woful case?

GRIM No, chill warrant you, one Master Stippus is in place,

Where he may do good, but he frames himself so, Whatsoever Dionysius willeth, to that he will not say no

"Tis a subtle vox, he will not tread on thorns for none.

A merry harecop 1 'tis, and a pleasant companion, A right courtier, and can provide for one

JACK Will, how like you this gear 1 your master Aristippus also

At this collier's hand hath had a blow! But in faith, Father Grim, cannot ye colliers Provide for yourselves far better than courtiers?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Coppe, in Chaucer, is used for the top of anything, and here seems intended to signify the head, or, as the common phrase is, a hair brained fellow

GRIM Yes, I trow black colliers go in threadbare coats.

Yet so provide they, that they have the fair white greats

Ich may say in counsel, though all day I moil in dirt.

Chill not change lives with any in Dionysius' court For though their apparel be never so fine, Yet sure their credit is far worse than mine

And, by Cock, I may say, for all their high looks, I know some sticks full deep in merchants' books And deeper will fall in, as fame me tells,

As long as instead of money they take up hauks' hoods and bells

Whereby they fall into a swelling disease, which colliers do not know,

'T'ath a mad name it is called, ich ween, Centum pro cento

Some other in courts make others laugh merily, When they wail and lament their own estate secretly

Friendship is dead in court, hypocrisy doth reign, Who is in favour now, to-morrow is out again. The state is so uncertain that I, by my will,

Will never be courtier, but a collier still
WILL It seemeth that colliers have a very 1 trim

life
GRIM Colliers get money still · tell me of troth,
Is not that a trim life now, as the world go'th?
All day though I toil with my main and might,

With money in my pouch I come home merry at night,

And sit down in my chair by my wife fair Alison, And turn a crab in the fire,<sup>2</sup> as merry as Pope John

<sup>1</sup> Merre, second edition

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> See "Gammer Gurton's Needle," vol. 111, p 189, note.

JACK That pope was a merry fellow, of whom folk talk so much

GRIM H'ad to be merry withal, h'ad gold enough in his hutch

JACK Can gold make men merry? they say, who can sing so merry a note,

As he that is not able to change a groat ? 1

GRIM Who sings in that case, sings never in tune I know for my part,

That a heavy pouch with gold makes a light heart,

Of which I have provided for a dear year good store,

And these benters,<sup>2</sup> I trow, shall anon get me more

WILL By serving the court with coals, you gain'd all this money

GRIM By the court only, I assure ye

JACK After what sort, I pray thee tell me ?

GRIM Nay, there bate an ace (quod Bolton 3), I can wear a horn and blow it not

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [See Rimbault's "Little Book of Songs and Ballads," 1851, p 83]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Benne is the French word for a sack to carry coals See Cotgrave

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton, is among the Proverbs published by Mi Ray That gentleman adds, "Who this Bolton was I know not, neither is it worth enquiring One of this name might happen to say, Bate me an ace, and, for the coincidence of the flist letters of the two words Bate and Bolton, it grew to be a proverb We have many of the like original, as vg Sup, Simon, &c, Stay, quoth Stringer, &c There goes a story of Queen Elizabeth, that being presented with a Collection of English Proverbs, and told by the author that it contained all the English Proverbs, nay, replied she, Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton which Proverb being instantly looked for, happened to be wanting in his Collection" [See Hazlitt's] "Proverbs," p [80] This story of Queen Elizabeth forms the point of an epigram by

JACK By'r Lady, the wiser man

GRIM Shall I tell you by what sleight I got all this money?

Then ich were a noddy indeed, no, no, I warrant ye

Yet in few words I tell you this one thing, He is a very fool that cannot gain by the king

WILL Well said, Father Grim you are a wily collier and a brave,

I see now there is no knave like to the old knave. GRIM Such knaves have money, when sourtiers have none

But tell me, is it true that abroad is blown?

JACK What is that?

GRIM Hath the king made those fair damsels his daughters,

To become now fine and trum barbers?

JACK Yea, truly, to his own person

GRIM Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands,

I would give one sack of coals to be wash'd at their hands,

If ich came so near them, for my wit chould not give three chips,

If ich could not steal one swap at their lips

JACK Will, this knave is drunk, let us dress him Let ue rifle him so, that he have not one penny to bless him,

And steal away his debenters 1 too. [Aside Will Content invent the way, and I am ready,

H P (probably Henry Parrot) in a collection called "The Mastive," 1615-

<sup>&</sup>quot;A pamphlet was of proverbs penn'd by Polton Wherein he thought all sorts included were, Until one told him, Bate m' an ace, quoth Bolton Indeed (said he) that proverb is not there"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Sacks of coal, more properly, benters, as just above ]

JACK. Faith, and I will make him a noddy.

Aside

Father Grim, if you pray me well, I will wash you and shave you too,

Even after the same fashion as the king's daughters

αo

In all points as they handle Dionysius, I will dress you trim and fine,

GRIM Chuld vain learn that come on then, chill give thee a whole pint of wine

At tavern for thy labour, when 'cha money for my benters here

> [Here WILL fetcheth a barber's bason, a pot with water, 2 a razor, and cloths, and a pair of spectacles

JACK Čome, mine own Father Grim, sit down GRIM Mass, to begin withal, here is a trim chair JACK What, man, I will use you like a prince Sir boy, fetch me my gear

WILL Here, sir

JACK Hold up, Father Grim.

GRIM Me-seem my head doth swim

JACK My costly perfumes make that. Away with this, sir boy be quick

Aloyse, aloyse, how pretty it is ! is not here a good face ?

A fine owl's eyes, a mouth like an oven
Father, you have good butter-teeth full seen
[Aside] You were weaned, else you would have
been a great calf

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In the former edition, Mr Dodsley had altered this to pay mee wel
<sup>2</sup> [Urine]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Aloue, French is to allow, to approve, to praise I know of no other word that resembles that in the text Alosed, in Chaucer, is praised—S [Possibly, Hallo, hallo' may be the true reading]

Ah trim lips to sweep a manger ' here is a chin, As soft as the hoof of an hoise

GRIM Doth the king's daughters rub so hard?

JACK Hold your head straight, man, else all will be marr'd

By'r Lady, you are of good complexion, A right Croyden sanguine, beshrew me

Hold up, Father Grim Will, can you bestir ye?

GRIM Methinks, after a marvellous fashion you do besmear me

JACK It is with unguentum of Daucus Maucus, that is very costly

I give not this washing-ball to everybody

After you have been dress'd so finely at my hand, You may kiss any lady's lips within this land

Ah, you are trimly wash'd ' how say you, is not this trim water?

GRIM It may be wholesome, but it is vengeance sour

Jack. It scours the better Sir boy, give me my razor

WILL Here at hand, sir

GRIM God's arms! 'tis a chopping knife, 'tis no razor

Jack It is a razor, and that a very good one, It came lately from Palermo, 2 it cost me twenty crowns alone

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> From the manner in which this expression is used by Sir John Harington, in "The Anatomie of the Metamorphosis of Ajax," 1596, sig L, 7, it seems as though it was intended for a sallow hue "Both of a complexion inclining to the oriental colour of a Cooyden sanguine"

The 4tos read Pallarrime The razors of Palermo were anciently famous They are mentioned in more than one of our old plays, and particularly in "The Wounds of Civill War," by Thomas Lodge, 1594, "Neighbour shaipen the edge tole of your wits upon the whetstone of indiscretion, that your wordes may shine like the rasers of Palermo"—S

Your eyes dazzle after your washing, these spectacles put on

Now view this razor, tell me, is it not a good one?

Grim They be gay barnacles, yet I see never the better

JACK Indeed they be a young sight, and that is the matter,.

But I warrant you this lazor is very easy

GRIM Go to, then, since you begun, do as [it] please ye

JACK Hold up, Father Grim

GRIM. O, your razor doth hurt my lip

JACK No, it scrapeth off a pimple to ease you of the pip

I have done now, how say you? are you not well?
GRIM Cham lighter than ich was, the truth to
tell

JACK Will you sing after your shaving ?

GRIM Mass, content, but chill be poll'd first, eie I sing

JACK Nay, that shall not need, you are poll'd near enough for this time

GRIM Go to then lustily, I will sing in my man's voice

Chave a troubling base buss

JACK You are like to bear the bob, for we will give it

Set out your bussing base, and we will quiddle upon it [GRIM singeth Buss

JACK sings. Too nidden and too nidden.

WILL sings. Too midden and toodle toodle doo midden,

Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

GRIM Why, my fellows, think ich am a cow, that you make such toying?

JACK Nay, by 'r Lady, you are no cow, by your singing, yol. IV.

Yet your wife told me you were an ox

Grim. Did she so ? 'tis a pestens quean,1 she is full of such mocks

But go to, let us sing out our song merrily.

The Song at the shaving of the Collier.

Jack Suchbarbers Godsend you at all times of need.
WILL That can dress you [so] finely, and make such quick speed,

JACK Your face like an inkhoin now shineth so

gay—

Will That I with your nostrils of force must needs play,

With too nidden and too nidden

JACK. With too nidden and todle todle doo nidden.

Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

WILL With shaving you shine like a pestle of port 2

JACK Here is the trimmest hog's flesh from London
to York

WILL. It would be trim bacon to hang up awhile, JACK To play with this hoglin of course I must smile,

With too nidden and too nidden.

WILL With too nidden and todle, &c

GRIM Your shaving doth please me, I am now your debtor.

WILL Your wife now will buss you, because you are sweeter

GRIM Near would I be polled, as near as cham shaven

Will Then out of your jerkin needs must you be shaken.

With too nidden and too nidden, &c.

<sup>1</sup> He means a pestilence quean -S

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> A pestle of porke-1.e, gammon of bacon -Minsheu.

GRIM. It is a trim thing to be wash'd in the court WILL. Their hands are so fine, that they never do hurt

GRIM Me-think ich am lighter than ever ich was WILL. Our shaving in the court hath brought this to pass.

With too nidden and too nidden

JACK With too nidden and todle todle doo midden

Is not Gram the collier most finely 1 shaven?

GRIM. This is trimly done now chill pitch my coals not far hence.

And then at the tavern shall bestow whole tway Exit GRIM pence

JACK Farewell, [by] Cock. Before the collier again do us seek.

Let us into the court to part the spoil, share and share [a]like Exeunt.

WILL. Away then

## Here entereth GRIM

GRIM Out alas, where shall I make my moan? My pouch, my benters, and all is gone, Where is that villain that did me shave? H' ath robbed me, alas, of all that I have

### Here entereth SNAP

SNAP Who crieth so at the court-gate? GRIM. I, the poor collier, that was robbed of late.

SNAP Who robbed thee?

GRIM. Two of the porter's men that did shave me

<sup>1</sup> Trimly, second edition

SNAP Why, the porter's men are no barbers GRIM. A vengeance take them, they are quick carvers

SNAP What stature were they of?

GRIM As little dapper knaves, as they trimly could scoff

SNAP They are lackeys, as near as I can guess them

GRIM Such lackeys make me lack, an halter beswinge them !

Cham undone, they have my benters too

SNAP Dost thou know them, if thou seest them? GRIM Yea, that I do

SNAP Then come with me, we will find them out, and that quickly

GRIM I follow, mast tipstaff, they be in the court, it is likely

SNAP. Then cry no more, come away. [Exeunt

## Here entereth Carisophus and Aristippus

CARISOPHUS If ever you will show your friendship, now is the time,

Seeing the king is displeased with me of my part without any crime

ARISTIPPUS. It should appear, it comes of some evil behaviour,

That you so suddenly are cast out of favour

CARISOPHUS Nothing have I done but this, in talk I overthwarted Eubulus.

When he lamented Pithias' case to King Dionysius. Which to-morrow shall die, but for that false knave Damon,

He hath left his friend in the buars, and now is gone

We grew so hot in talk, that Eubulus protested plainly,

Which 1 held his ears open to parasitical flattery And now in the king's ear like a bell he rings,

Crying that flatterers have been the destroyers of kings

Which talk in Dionysius' heart hath made so deep impression,

That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no condition

And some words brake from him, as though that he Began to suspect my truth and honesty,

Which you of filendship I know will defend, how so ever the world goeth

My friend—for my honesty will you not take an oath?

ARISTIPPUS To swear for your honesty, I should lose mine own

CARISOPHUS Should you so, indeed? I would that were known

Is your void friendship come thus to pass ?

ARISTIPPUS I follow the proverb Amicus usque ad ar as

CARISOPHUS Where can you say I ever lost mine honesty?

ARISTIPPUS You never lost it, for you never had it, as far as I know

CARISOPHUS Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom I trust so well ?

ARISTIPPUS Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell

CARISOPHUS Will you not stretch one point, to bring me in favour again?

ARISTIPPUS I love no stretching, so I may breed mine own pain

CARISOPHUS. A friend ought to shun no pain, to stand his friend in stead

<sup>[1 1</sup> e, Dionysius, to which Dodsley changed it ]

ARISTIPPUS. Where true friendship is, it is so in very deed.

CARISOPHUS Why, sir, hath not the chain of true friendship linked us two together?

Aristippus The chiefest link lacked thereof, it must needs dissever

CARISOPHUS What link is that? fain would I know

ARISTIPPUS Honesty

CARISOPHUS Doth honesty knit the perfect knot in true friendship?

ARISTIPPUS Yea, truly, and that knot so knit will never slip

CARISOPHUS. Belike, then, there is no friendship but between honest men

ARISTIPPUS Between the honest only; for, America inter bonos, saith a learned man.

CARISOPHUS Yet evil men use friendship in things unhonest, where fancy doth serve.

ARISTIPPUS That is no friendship, but a lewd liking; it lasts but a while

CARISOPHUS What is the perfectest friendship among men that ever grew?

ARISTIPPUS Where men love\*one another, not for profit, but for virtue

CARISOPHUS Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart ?

ARISTIPPUS They must needs, for in two bodies they have but one heart

CARISOPHUS Friend Aristippus, deceive me not with sophistry:

Is there no perfect friendship, but where is virtue and honesty ?

ARISTIPPUS What a devil then meant Carrsophus

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Bonns, both 4tos

To join in friendship with fine Aristippus?

In whom is as much virtue, truth and honesty,

As there are true feathers in the three Cranes of
the Vintree. 1

Yet their <sup>2</sup> feathers have the shadow of lively feathers, the truth to scan,

But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an honest man

To be plain, because I know thy villainy, In abusing Dionysius to many men's injury,

Under the cloak of friendship I play'd with his head,

And sought means how thou with thine own fancy might be led

My friendship thou soughtest for thine own commodity,

As worldly men do, by profit measuring amity:
Which I perceiving, to the like myself I framed,
Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be
blamed.

If you ask me, Quare? I answer, Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare.

To speak more plainer, as the proverb doth go, In faith, Carisophus, cum Ci etense cretizo.

Yet a perfect friend I show myself to thee in one thing,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sometimes called New Queen Street, where there seems to have been the sign of the three Cranes. Ben Jonson mentions this place in "The Devil is an Ass," act i so 1

<sup>&</sup>quot;From thence shoot the bridge child, to the Cranes of the Vintry, And see there the gimblets how they make their entry!"

Stow says it was a place of some account for the Costermongers who had warehouses there; and it appears from Dekker's "Belman of London," sig. E 2, that the beggars of his time called one of their places of rendezvous by this name [See Herbert's edition of Ames, p 367-8]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> These, first edition

I do not dissemble, now I say I will not speak for thee to the king.

Therefore sink in thy soriow, I do not deceive thee, A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee [Exit

CARISOPHUS He is gone is this friendship, to

leave his friend in the plain field?

Well, I see now I myself have beguled, In matching with that false fox in amity,

Which hath me used to his own commodity

Which seeing me in distress, unfeignedly goes his ways

Lo, this is the perfect friendship among men nowa-days.

Which kind of friendship toward him I used secretly,

And he with me the like hath required me craftily, It is the gods' judgment, I see it plainly,

For all the world may know, Incide in foream quam feer

Well, I must content myself, none other help I know.

Until a merrier gale of wind may hap to blow

## Enter EUBULUS

EUBULUS Who deals with kings in matters of great weight,

When froward will doth bear the chiefest sway, Must yield of force, there need no subtle sleight, Ne painted 1 speech the matter to convey No prayer can move, when kindled is the ire The more ye quench, the more increased 2 the fire. This thing I prove in Pithias' woful case, Whose heavy hap with tears I do lament:

<sup>1</sup> Vaunted, second edition

<sup>2</sup> Increased 1s, old editions.

The day is come, when he, in Damon's place, Must lose his life—the time is fully spent. Nought can my words now with the king prevail, Against the wind and striving stream I I sail. For die thou must, alas! thou seely Greek. Ah Pithias, now come is thy doleful hour. A perfect friend, one 2 such a world to seek. Though bitter death shall give thee sauce full sour, Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name. Among the gods within the book of fame. Who knoweth his case, and will not melt in tears? His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.

## Then the Muses sing

Alas, what hap hast thou, poor Pithias, now to die!
Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us
cause to cry

EUBULUS Methink I hear, with yellow rented

hairs,

The Muses frame their notes, my state to moan 3 Among which sort, as one that mourneth with heart, In doleful times myself will bear a part

MUSES Woe worth the man which for his death, &c

EUBULUS With yellow rented hairs, come on, you Muses nine,

Fill now my breast with heavy tunes, to me your plaint resign

<sup>2</sup> [None such, old editions The meaning seems to be, a perfect friend—'tis a world to seek one such]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Streams, second edition.

<sup>3</sup> Both the old copies have it "my state to moan," which may be right, and the substitution [to thy, which was made in the earlier editions] should not have been made without notice—Collica

For Pethias I beward, which presently must die, Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us cause, &c.

MUSES Woe worth the man which for his, &c.

EUBULUS. Was ever such a man, that would die for his friend?

I think even from the heavens above the gods did him down send

To show true friendship's power, which forc'd thee now to die

Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c. Muses. Woe worth the man, &c

EUBULUS What tiger's whelp was he, that Damon did accuse?

What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death doth not refuse?

O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragedy!
Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c
MUSES [Woe] worth the man, &c

EUBULUS. Thou young and worthy Greek, that showeth such perfect love,

The gods receive thy simple ghost into the heavens above:

Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye. Woe worth the man, which for his death, &c

MUSES We worth the man, which for thy death hath given us cause to cry

EUBULUS Eternal be your fame, ye Muses, for that in musery

Ye did vouchsafe to strain your notes to walk.

My heart is rent in two with this miserable case,

Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth to see this
place

At all points ready for the execution of Pithias. Need hath no law: will <sup>1</sup> I or nil I, it must be done, But lo, the bloody minister is even here at hand

#### Enter GRONNO.

Gronno, I came hither now to understand,
If all things are well appointed for the execution
of Pithias

The king himself will see it done here in this place.
GRONNO Sir, all things are ready, here is the place, here is the hand, here is the sword.
Here lacketh none but Pithias, whose head at a

word.

If he were present, I could finely strike off—You may report that all things are ready

EUBULUS. I go with an heavy heart to report it Ah woful Pithias!

Full near now is thy misery. [Exit

GRONNO I marvel very much, under what constellation

All hangmen are born, for they are hated of all, beloved of none

Which hatred is showed by this point evidently. The hangman always dwells in the vilest place of the city

That such spite should be, I know no cause why, Unless it be for their office's sake, which is cruel and bloody.

Yet some men must do it to execute laws.

Me-think they hate me without any just cause

But I must look to my toil, Pithias must lose his head at one blow,

Else the boys will stone me to death in the street, as I go.

Whether I will or not. See Note 23 to "Grim the Collier of Croydon."

But hark, the prisoner cometh, and the king also. I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forego

## Here entereth Dionysius and Eubulus

DIONYSIUS Bling forth Pithias, that pleasant companion,

Which took me at my word, and became pledge for Damon

It pricketh i fast upon noon, I do him no injury, If now he lose his head, for so he requested me, If Damon return not, which now in Greece is full merry

Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by

He thought belike, if Damon were out of the city, I would not put him to death for some foolish pity. But seeing it was his request, I will not be mock'd, he shall die,

Bring him forth

# Here entereth SNAP 2

SNAP Give place, let the piisoner come by, give place

DIONYSIUS How say you, sir, where is Damon, your trusty friend?

You have play'd a wise part, I make God a vow You know what time a day it is, make you ready

PITHIAS. Most ready I am, mighty king, and most ready also

For my true friend Damon this life to forego, Even at your pleasure

<sup>1</sup> ie, It rideth fast upon noon. The word is used by Spenser and many of our ancient writers

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> With Pithias in his custody, and Stephano, as is evident from the rest of the scene—Collier

DIONYSIUS A true friend 'a false traitor, that so breaketh his oath '

Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loth

PITHIAS I am not loth to do whatsoever I said, Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismay'd. The gods now I know have heard my fervent prayer.

That they have reserved me to this passing great honour.

To die for my filend, whose faith even now I do not mistiust,

My friend Damon is no false traitor, he is true and just

But sith he is no god, but a man, he must do as he may,

The wind may be contrary, sickness may let him, or some misadventure by the way,

Which the eternal gods turn all to my glory,

That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die

He breaketh no oath which doth as much as he can,

His mind is here, he hath some let, he is but a man That he might not return of all the gods I did lequire,

Which now to my joy do 2 grant my desire

But why do I stay any longer, seeing that one man's death

May suffice, O king, to pacify thy wrath? O thou minister of justice, do thine office by and by, Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die

Stephano, the right pattern of true fidelity,

Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon, and of him crave liberty

<sup>1</sup> Hinder him

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Doth, both 4tos.

When I am dead, in my name, for thy trusty services

Hath well deserved a gift far better than this

O my Damon, farewell now for ever, a true friend, to me most dear;

Whiles life doth last, my mouth shall still talk of thee,

And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witness of amity,

Shall hover about the place, wheresoever thou be DIONYSIUS Eubulus, this gear is strange, and yet because

Damon hath fals'd his faith, Pithias shall have the law.

Gronno, despoil him, and eke dispatch him quickly.

Gronno It shall be done, since you came into this place,

I might have stroken off seven heads in this space.

By'r Lady, here are good garments, these are mine, by the rood!

It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good

Now, Pithias, kneel down, ask me blessing like a pretty boy,

And with a trice thy head from thy shoulders I will convey.

# Here entereth DAMON running, and stays the sword

DAMON. Stay, stay! for the king's advantage, stay!

O mighty king, mme appointed time is not yet fully pass'd;

Within the compass of mine hour, lo, here I come at last.

A life I owe, and a life I will you pay

O my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friend!

Ah! woe is me! for Damon's sake, how near were thou to thy end!

Give place to me, this room is mine, on this stage must I play

Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionysius his blood to pay

GRONNO Are you come, sir? you might have tarried, if you had been wise

For your hasty coming you are like to know the price

PITHIAS O thou cruel minister, why didst not thou thine office ?

Did I not beg thee make haste in any wise?

Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twice?

Not to due for my friend is present death to me, and alas!

Shall I see my sweet Damon slain before my face?

What double death is this? but, O mighty Dionysius,

Do true justice now weigh this aright, thou noble Eubulus,

Let me have no wrong, as now stands the case Damon ought not to die, but Pithias.

By misadventure, not by his will, his hour is past, therefore I,

Because he came not at his just time, ought justly to die

So was my promise, so was thy promise, O king, All this court can bear witness of this thing.

DAMON Not so, O mighty king to justice it is contrary,

That for another man's fault the innocent should die:

Ne yet is my time plainly expired, it is not fully noon

Of this my day appointed, by all the clocks in the town

PITHIAS Believe no clock, the hour is past by the sun

DAMON Ah my Pithias, shall we now break the bonds of amity?

Will you now overthwart me, which heretofore so well did agree?

PITHIAS My Damon, the gods forbid but we should agree,

Therefore agree to this, let me perform the promise made for thee

Let me die for thee · do me not that injury,

Both to break my promise, and to suffer me to see thee die,

Whom so dearly I love this small request grant me, I shall never ask thee more, my desire is but friendly

Do me this honour, that fame may report triumphantly,

That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented to die

DAMON That you were contented for me to die, fame cannot deny,

Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villainy, To report that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias for him guiltless to die,

Therefore content thyself, the gods require thy constant faith.

None but Damon's blood can appease Dionysius' wrath

And now, O mighty king, to you my talk I convey; Because you gave me leave my worldly things to stay,

To requite that good turn, ere I die, for your behalf this I say,

Although your regal state dame Fortune decketh so,

That like a king in worldly wealth abundantly ye flow,

Yet fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants tread, A thousand sundry cares and fears do haunt their restless head

No trusty band, no faithful friends do guard thy hateful state,

And why? whom men obey for deadly fear, sure them they deadly hate

That you may safely reign, by love get friends, whose constant faith

Will never fail, this counsel gives poor Damon at his death

Friends are the surest guard for kings, gold in time does 1 wear away,

And other precious things do fade, friendship will never decay

Have friends in store therefore, so shall you safely sleep,

Have friends at home, of foreign foes so need you take no keep

Abandon flatt'ring tongues, whose clacks truth never tell,

Abase the ill, advance the good, in whom dame virtue dwells,

Let them your playfellows be but O, you earthly kings,

Your sure defence and strongest guard stands chiefly in faithful friends.

<sup>1</sup> Doo, first edition. The reading of both the old copies in this place is

<sup>&</sup>quot;Golden.time doo wear away"

If it were worth while to remark the difference between doo and doos, it might have been as well not to make the change in the text without notice, although it is probably right—Collier.

Then get you friends by liberal deeds, and here I make an end

Accept this counsel, mighty king, of Damon, Pithias' friend

O my Pithias! now farewell for ever, let me kiss thee, ere I die,

My soul shall honour thee, thy constant faith above the heavens shall fly

Come, Gronno, do thine office now, why is thy colour so dead?

My neck is so short, that thou wilt never have honesty in striking off this head 1

DIONYSIUS Eubulus, my spirits are suddenly appalled, my limbs wax weak

This strange friendship amazeth me so, that I can scarce speak.

PITHIAS O mighty king, let some pity your noble heart meve,

You require but one man's death, take Pithias, let Damon live

EUBULUS. O unspeakable friendship!

DAMON. Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why

My constant friend Pithias for Damon's sake should die.

<sup>1</sup> s.e. Thou wilt derive no credit from striking off a head so disadvantageously placed for the purpose of decollation in the dexterous execution of any undertaking, whether hon ourable or the contrary Honesty seems here to be used with the French meaning —Siecrens In this instance the author appears to have had before him the speech which Sir Thomas More made at his execution Hall, in his "Chronicle," p 226, says, "Also the hangman kneled downe to him askyng him forgiuenes of his death (as the maner is), to whom he sayd I forgeue thee, but I promise thee that thou shalt neuer haue honestee of the strykyng of my head, my necke is so short."

Alas, he is but young, he may do good to many.

Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let me die?

GRONNO My hand with sudden fear quivereth

PITHIAS O noble king, show mercy upon Damon, let Pithias die

DIONYSIUS Stay, Gronno, my flesh trembleth Eubulus, what shall I do <sup>2</sup>

Were there ever such friends on earth as were these two?

What heart is so cruel that would divide them asunder?

O noble friendship, I must yield, at thy force I wonder

My heart this rare friendship hath pierc'd to the root,

And quenched all my fury this sight hath brought this about,

Which thy grave counsel, Eubulus, and learned persuasion could never do

[To DAMON and PITHIAS] O noble gentlemen, the immortal gods above

Hath made you play this tragedy, I think, for my behoof

Before this day I never knew what perfect friendship meant

My cruel mind to bloody deeds was full and wholly bent

My fearful life I thought with terror to defend, But now I see there is no guard unto a faithful

ut now I see there is no guard unto a faithful friend,

Which will not spare his life at time of present need

O happy kings, who in 1 your courts have two such friends indeed!

<sup>1</sup> The two old copies have it,

<sup>&</sup>quot;O happie kinges within your courtes," &c -Collier

I honour friendship now, which that you may plainly see,

Damon, have thou thy life, from death I pardon thee,

For which good turn, I crave, this honour do me lend,

O friendly heart, let me link with you, to you<sup>1</sup> make me the third friend

My court is yours, dwell here with me, by my commission large,

Myself, my realm, my wealth, my health, I commit to your charge

Make me a third friend, more shall I joy in that thing,

Than to be called, as I am, Dionysius the mighty king

DAMON O mighty king, first for my life most humble thanks I give,

And next, I praise the immortal gods that did your heart so meve,

That you would have respect to friendship's heavenly lore,

Foreseeing well he need not fear which hath true friends in store.

For my part, most noble king, as a third friend, welcome to our friendly society,

But you must forget you are a king, for friendship stands in true equality

DIONYSIUS. Unequal though I be in great possessions,

Yet full equal shall you find me in my changed conditions.

Tyranny, flattery, oppression, lo, here I cast away, Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my joy. True friendship will I honour unto my life's end,

<sup>1</sup> Two to, second edition

My greatest glory shall be to be counted a perfect friend.

PITHIAS For this your deed, most noble king, the gods advance your name,

And since to friendship's lore you list your princely heart to frame,

With joyful heart, O king, most welcome now to me,

With you will I knit the perfect knot of amity. Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here your friend.

That you may know of amity the mighty force, and eke the joyful end:

And how that kings do stand upon a fickle ground, Within whose realm at time of need no faithful friends are found.

DIONYSIUS Your instruction will I follow, to you myself I do commit

Eubulus, make haste to fet new apparel, fit

For my new friends

EUBULUS I go with joyful heart O happy
day ' [Aside] [Exit

GRONNO I am glad to hear this word. Though their lives they do not lese,

It is no reason<sup>1</sup> the hangman should lose his fees. These are mine, I am gone with a trice [Exit

### Here entereth EUBULUS with new garments

DIONYSIUS Put on these garments now, go in with me, the jewels of my court.

DAMON and PITHIAS We go with joyful hearts. STEPHANO. O Damon, my dear master, in all this joy remember me.

DIONYSIUS My friend Damon, he asketh reason

<sup>1</sup> No reason, first edition.

DAMON. Stephano, for thy good service be thou free. [Exeunt Dion 1]

STEPHANO O most happy, pleasant, joyful, and

triumphant day!

Poor Stephano now shall live in continual play <sup>2</sup>
Vive le roy, with Damon and Pithias, in perfect
amity.

Vive tu, Stephano, in thy pleasant liberality .8

Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest won.

I am a free man, none so merry as I now under the sun.

Farewell, my lords, now the gods grant you all the sum of perfect amity,

And me long to enjoy my long-desired liberty [Exit.

### Here entereth Eubulus beating Carisophus.

Away, villain 'away, you flatt'ring parasite '

Away, the plague of this court thy filed tongue, that forged lies,

No more here shall do hurt · away, false sycophant ! wilt thou not?

CARISOPHUS. I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's pleasure

Why whip ye me alone? a plague take Damon and Pithias! since they came hither,

I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas! I know not whither

Yet, Eubulus, though I be gone, here after time shall try,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This direction means that Dionysius, Damon, Pithias, and all others go out, excepting Stephano.—Collier.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Old copies, joy.]
<sup>3</sup> [Freedom]

There shall be found even in this court as great flatterers as I

Well, for a while I will forego the court, though to my great pain

I doubt not but to spy a time, when I may creep in again [Exit

EUBULUS. The serpent that eats men alive, flattery, with all her brood,

Is whipp'd away in princes' courts, which yet did never good

What force, what mighty power true friendship may possess,

To all the world Dionysius' court now plainly doth express

Who since to faithful friends he gave his willing ear, Most safely sitteth on his seat, and sleeps devoid of fear

Purged is the court of vice, since friendship ent'red in,

Tyranny quals, he studieth now with love each heart to win

Virtue is had in price, and hath his just ieward, And painted speech, that gloseth for gain, from gifts is quite debarr'd

One loveth another now for virtue, not for gain, Where virtue doth not knit the knot, there friendship cannot reign,

Without the which no house, no land, no kingdom can endure,

As necessary for man's life as water, air, and fire, Which frameth the mind of man all honest things to do

Unhonest things friendship ne craveth, ne yet consents thereto

In wealth a double joy, in woe a present stay, A sweet companion in each state true friendship is alway. A sure defence for kings, a perfect trusty band, A force to assail, a shield to defend the enemies' cruel hand,

A rare and yet the greatest gift that God can give to man,

So rare, that scance four couple of faithful friends have been, since the world began

A gift so strange and of such price, I wish all kings to have;

But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave, True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith.

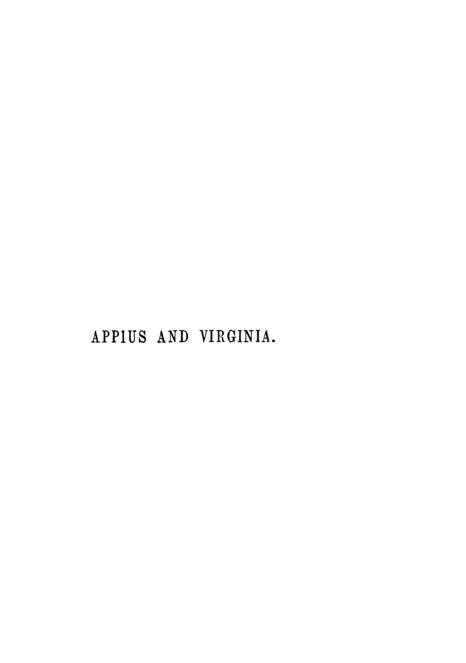
The giver of all friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth

## The Last Song.

The strongest guard that kings can have,
Ane constant friends their state to save:
True friends are constant both in word and deed,
True friends are present, and help at each need.
True friends talk truly, they glose for no gain,
When treasure consumeth, true friends will remain,
True friends for their true prince refuseth not their death.

The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth.

Long may she govern in honour and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health;
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire;
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith,
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen
Elizabeth.



[The reader does not probably require to be told that Chaucer has taken up the story of the "Wicked Judge Applus" in the "Doctor of Physic's Tale," and there is a diama by Webster on the same subject, written many years before it was published in 1654, and included in all the editions of that writer's works ]

#### THE PLAYERS' NAMES.1

Virginius.	Conscience
MATER.	JUSTICE
Virginia	CLAUDIUS.
Haphazard.	Rumour
Mansipulus	Comfort
Mansipula	REWARD
Subservus	DOCTRINA
Appius	Memory

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This list is inserted in the centre of the title page of the old copy. [The title runs as follows "A new Tragicall Comedie of Apius and Virginia Wherein is lively expressed a rare example of the vertue of Chastitie by Virginias Constancy in wishing rather to be slaine at her owne Fathers handes, then to be dishonored of the wicked Iudge Apius By R B The players' names (as above) Imprinted at London by William How for Richard Ihones 1575"]

# MR COLLIER'S PREFACE.

THE "Tragical Comedy of Appius and Virginia" deserves especial notice, as probably [one of] our earliest extant dramatic productions publicly represented, the plot of which is derived from history. Sackvilles "Ferrex and Porrex" was acted before the Queen at Whitehall, and Edwards' "Damon and Pithias" also at Court, while the interlude of "Thersites" merely adopts the name of a historical personage as an indication of character, without reference to any events in which he was concerned. "Appius and Virginia" is besides curious as holding a middle station between the old moralities and historical plays [while it still retains the allegorical character in some degree]

The performance was printed in 1575, but acted most likely as early as 1563. The initials R B on the title-page would apply to more than one writer about that date. It is a work of great rarrity, the only known copy being in the British Museum. It would be singular therefore that it has hitherto almost escaped notice, were it not evident that there are so many plays in the

Garnick Collection which have never been read by the editors of Shakespeare Mr Malone makes one reference to "Appius and Virginia" in a note on "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but he misquotes both the words and the date.

There is internal evidence that it was publicly represented, and with reference to this point, we find in one place a curious instance of the ancient simplicity of the construction of an open stage, and of the directions to the actors "Here let Virginius go about the scaffold" This was the "scaffold hie" on which Herod, according to Chaucer ["Miller's Tale"] was accustomed to rant Hawkins [Orig. Engl Dr I vii] tells us that this temporary erection, in Parfre's "Candlemas Day," was called "the Stage," but he erred from misquotation. In the following piece we are expressly informed that Haphazard was the Vice, regarding which character see Douce's "Illustr of Shakesp" ii, 304, &c 1

[In the former edition nearly all the corruptions of the old copy, which was edited and printed with the grossest carelessness, were allowed to remain. A few still stand which baffle our ingenuity]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> It was well to reprint this singular production, if only to rescue it from the ravages of time. The old copy has received damage, and is fast decaying the beginnings of the nine following lines have crumbled away, but it has not been difficult to restore the words, or parts of words lost.

#### THE PROLOGUE

Qui <sup>1</sup> cupis æthereas et summas scandere sedes, Vim simul ac fraudem discute, care, tibi

Fraus hie nulla juvat, non fortia facta juvabunt Sola Dei tua te trahet tersa fides

Qui placet in terris, intactæ paludis instar, Vivere Virginiam nitore, virgo, sequi

Quos tulit et luctus, discas [et] gaudia magna, Vitæ dum Paicæ scindere fila parent

Huc ades, O virgo pariter moritura, sepulchro, Sic ait, et facies pallida morte mutat.

Who doth desire the trump of fame to sound unto the skies,

Or else who seeks the holy place where mighty Jove he lies,

He must not by decentful mind, nor yet by puissant strength,

But by the faith and sacred life he must it win at length,

And what she be that virgin's life on earth would gladly lead

The floods that Virginia did fall I wish her to read Her dolor and her doleful loss, and yet her joys at death

Come, Virgins pure, to grave with me, quoth she with latest breath

You Lordlings, all that present be this Tragedy to hear,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [These Latin lines are full of false grammar, sense, and quantities, of which some are beyond conjecture]

Note well what zeal and love herein doth well appear ·

And, ladies, you that linked are in wedlock bands for ever.

Do imitate the life you see, whose fame will perish never

But Virgins you, O Ladies fair, for honour of your name

Do lead the life apparent here to win immortal fame Let not the blinded God of Love, as poets term him so,

Nor Venus with her venery, nor lechers, cause of woe, Your Virgins' name to spot or file dear dames, observe the life 1

That fair Virginia did observe, who rather wish[ed] the knife

Of father's hand her life to end, than spot her chastity

As she did wail, wail you her want, you maids of courtesy

If any by example here would shun that great annoy Our Author would rejoice in heart, and we would leap for joy

Would gods that our endeavours may as well to please your ears,

As is our author's meaning here, then were we void of fears

But patiently we wish you bear with this our first attempt,

Which surely will to do our best, then yield us no contempt

And as you please in patient wise our first for to receive.

Ere long a better shall you win, if God do grant us leave

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy has like]

## APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

#### Enter VIRGINIUS

Before the time that fortune's lot did show each fate his doom,

Or bird or beast, or fish or fowl, on earth had taken room.

The gods they did decree to frame, the thing is ended now,

The heavens and the planets eke, and moist from air to bow

Then framed they the man from mould and clay and gave him time to reign,

As seemed best their sacred minds to run and turn again,

They framed also, after this, out of his tender side

A piece of much formosity with him for to abide

From infancy to lusty youth, and so to reign awhile,

And well to live, till Œtas he unwares do him beguile

Therewith to see these gifts of them on grounded cave to view,

And daintily to deck them up, which after they may rue

Therefore I thank the gods above that yield to me such fate

To link to me so just a spouse, and eke so loving mate

By her I have a virgin pure, an imp of heavenly race

Both sober, meek and modest too, and virtuous in like case

To temple will I wend therefore to yield the gods their praise,

For that they have thus luckily annexed to my days

But stay behold the peerless sparks, whereof my tongue did talk,

Approach in presence of my sight, to church I deem they walk

But stay I will, and shroud me secretly awhile To see what wit or counsel grave proceedeth from their style.

## Here entereth MATER and VIRGINIA

The pert and pricking prime of youth ought chastisement to have,

But thou, dear daughter, needest not, thyself doth show thee grave

To see how Phœbus with his beams hath youth so much infested,<sup>1</sup>

It doth me woe to see them crave the thing should be detested <sup>2</sup>

I draw to grave and nought can leave of thee to be desired,

As much as duty to thy dear, as reason hath required

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, infected]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Old copy, detected]

My sovereign 1 lord and friendly pheer 2 Virginius, father thine,

To nurse as doth become a child, when bones are buried mine

VIRGINIA <sup>3</sup> Refell your mind of mourning plaints, dear mother, test your mind

For though that duty dainty were, dame nature will me bind

So much to do, and further force of Gods that rule the skies,

The Globe, and eke the Element, they would me else despise

MATER Then if the gods have granted thee such grace to love thy sne,

When time shall choose thee out a make, be constant, I require

Love, live, and like him well, before you grant him grace or faith,

So shall your love continue long experience thus he saith

VIRGINIA I grant, dear Dame, I do agree, When time shall so provide, But tender youth and infancy Doth rather wish me bide
What, should I lose Diana's gift
And eke the spring to shun,
By which Acteon fatally
His final race did run?
Should I as abject be esteemed
Throughout Parnassus hill,
Or should my virgin's name be filed,
It were too great a skill

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, Thy sufferent]
2 [Old copy, feare]

<sup>•</sup> The old copy gives this line to Virginius fee, The earth Old copy, Glope?

VOL IV

But yet it is unspotted, lo, Right well I do conceive, When wedlock doth require the same, With parents' love and leave Yet obstinate I will not be, But willing will me yield, When you command, and not before, Then duty shall me shield

Virginius Ah gods, that rule and leign in heavens, in seas, in floods, in lands,

Two couples such, I surely deem, you never made with hands

Ah gods, why do ye not compel each dame the like to show,

And every imp of her again her duty thus to know? I cannot stay my tongue from talk, I needs must call my dear

O spouse, well-met, and daughter too, what news? how do you cheer?

MATER O'dear Virginius, joy to me, O peerless spouse and mate,

In health, I praise the gods, I am, and joyful for thy state

Virginia, my daughtei dear, How standeth all with thee ?

VIRGINIA Like happy state, as mother told.

Virginius Like joyful sight to me 1

By the gods, wife, I joy me that have such a treasure,

Such [a] gem and such [a] jewel, surmounting all measure

Such a happy spouse, such a fortunate dame, That no blot or stain can impair her fame, Against such an imp and graff of my tree, As clear doth surmount all others that be

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy gives this line to Virginia]

MATER Nay, 1ather, dear spouse, how much is

my case,

To be now advanced by such happy grace,
Doth daily distil my husband so loving,
Granting and giving to all thing behoving,
Joying in me and in the fruit of my womb
Who would not requite it, the gods yield their
doom,

And if it be I, the gods do destroy me, Rather than sin so sole should annoy me

Virginius O wife, refell thy wishing for woe, Myself thy fau't right well do know And rather I wish myself to be slain Than thou or thy daughter ought woe should sustain

VIRGINIA O father, my comfort, O mother, my lov,

O dear and O sovereign, do cease to employ Such dolorous talking where dangers are none Where joys are attendant, what needeth this moan? You matron, you spouse, you nurse and you wife, You comfort, you only the sum of his lite You husband, you [sweet]heart you joy, and you

pleasure,
You king and you kaiser too her only treasure
You father, you mother, my life doth sustain,
I your babe, I your bliss, I your health am again Forbear then your dolor, let mirth be frequented.
Let sorrow depart, and not be attempted

VIRGINIUS O wite, O spouse, I am content

MATER O husband

VIRGINIA O father, we do consent [Sing here

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy has keyser to, ber ]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [In the old copy this line runs thus—

<sup>&</sup>quot;I babe, and I blisse, your I ealth am agains"

## All sing this

The trustrest treasure in earth, as we see, Is man, wife, and children in one to agree, Then friendly and kindly let measure be mixed. With reason in season, where friendship is fixed.

## VIRGINIUS [sings]

When nature nursed first of all, young Alexander learned,

Of whom the poets mention make, in judgment so discerned,

O, what did want, that love procused, his vital end well near?

This is the hope, where parents love their children, do not jear,

## All sing this

The trustrest treasure in earth, as we see Is man, wife, and children, &c

# MATER [sings]

What time King Nisus would not let his daughter to be taught,

Of any one correcting hand to virtue 3 to be brought, She, void of duty, cut his locks and golden ti esses clear, Whereby his realm was overrun, and she was paid her his e.

# All sing this.

The trustrest treasure in earth, as we see, Is man, wife, and children, &c

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In the old copy the word earth is repeated <sup>2</sup> [Old copy, When ]

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads "to nurtue to be brought," but it is probably a misprint

# VIRGINIA [sings].

When Dædalus from Crete did fly With Icarus his joy. He nought regarding father's words, Did seek his own annoy: He mounted up into the skies, Whereat the gods did frown. And Phæbus sore his wings did fry, And headlong flings him down.

### All sing this.

The trustiest treasure in earth, as we see, Is man, wife, and children, &c.

## VIRGINIUS [sings again].

Then sith that partiality doth partly discord move, And hatred oftentimes doth creep, where overmuch we love;

And if we love no whit at all, the faming trump will sound.

Come, wife, come, spouse, come, daughter dear, lct measure bear the ground.

### All sing this.

The trustiest treasure in earth, as we see,
Is man, wife, and children in one to agree;
Then friendly and kindly let measure be mixed
With reason in season, where friendship is fixed.

Exeunt.<sup>1</sup>

Here entereth HAPHAZARD the Vice.

Very well, Sir, very well, Sir; it shall be done, As fast as ever I can prepare:

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, Exit, but all three leave the stage.]

Who dips1 with the devil, he had need have a long spoon,

Or else full small will be his fare

Yet a proper gentleman I am, of truth ·

Yea, that may ye see by my long side-gown.

Yea, but what am I? a scholar, or a schoolmaster, or else some youth

A lawyer, a student, or else a country clown

A broom-man, a basket-maker, or a baker of pies,

A flesh or a fishmonger, or a sower of lies?

A louse o a louser, a leek or a lark,

A dreamer, a drumble, a fire or a spark a

A cartiff, a cutthroat, a creeper in corners, A hairbrain, a hangman, or a grafter of homers?

By the gods, I know not how best to devise,

My name or my property well to disguise

A merchant, a May-pole, a man or a mackerel,

A crab or a crevis, a crane or a cockerel?

Most of all these my nature doth enjoy, Sometime I advance them, sometime I destroy

A maid or a mussel-boat, a wife or a wild duck? As bold as blind bayard, as wise as a wood-cock.

As fine as fi'pence, as proud as a peacock,

As stout as a stockfish, as meek as a meacock.

As big as a beggar, as fat as a fool,

As true as a tinker, as rich as an owl

With hey-trick, how troll, trey-trip and trey-trace, Troll-hazard with a vengeance, I beshrew his

knave's face,

For tro and troll-hazard keep such a range, That poor Haphazard was never so strange: But yet, Haphazard, be of good cheer, Go play and repast thee, man, be merry to-yere <sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> [A sleepy-head or a stupid ]
<sup>3</sup> [For the future ]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [The ordinary proverb runs, "Who sups," &c.]

Though victual be dainty and hard for to get, Yet perhaps a number will die of the sweat <sup>1</sup> Though it be in hazard, yet happily I may, Though money be lacking, yet one day go gay.

#### Enter MANSIPULUS

When, Maud, with a pestilence! what, mak'st thou no haste?

Of barberry <sup>2</sup> incense belike thou wouldest taste! By the gods, I have stayed a full great while;

My lord he is near at hand by this at the churchstile,

And all for Maud mumble-turd, that mangpodding madge,

By the gods, if she hie not, I'll give her my badge

### [Enter Mansipula]

MANSIPULA What, drake-nosed drivel, begin you to flont <sup>1</sup>

I'll fry you in a faggot-stick, by Cock, goodman lout. You boaster, you bragger, you brawling knave, I'll pay thee thy forty-pence, thou brawling slave. My lady's great business belike is at end, When you, goodman dawcock, lust for to wend You cod's-head, you crack-rope, you chattering pie, Have with ye, have at ye, your manhood to try

[Beat and hustle him]

HAPHAZARD What! hold your hands, masters. What! fie for shame, fie!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This allusion to the *sweat*, a word anciently used as synonymous with the *plague*, seems to fix the date, when "Appius and Virginia" was written, in 1563. according to Camden's Annals, there was then "a raging plague in London"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Old copy, Bayberry]

What culling, what lulling, what stir have we here? What tugging, what lugging, what pugging by the

What, part and be friends, and end all this strife Mansipulus Nay, 1 ather I wish her the end of my knife

MANSIPULA Draw it, give me it, I will it receive.

So that for to place it I might have good leave By the gods, but for losing my land, life and living, It should be so placed he should have ill-thiring

MANSIPULUS By the gods, how ungraciously the vixen she chatteth

MANSIPULA And he even as knavishly my answer he patteth

HAPHAZARD Here is nought else but railing of words out of reason,

Now tugging, now tattling, now muzzling in season For shame! be contented, and leave off this brawling

MANSIPULUS Content, for I shall repent it for this my tongue-wralling

MANSIPULA Thou knave, but for thee, ere this time of day

My lady's fair pew had been strawed <sup>1</sup> full gay, With pimroses, cowships, and violets sweet, With mints and with marigolds, and margoram

meet, Which now lieth uncleanly, and all 'long of thee That a shame recompense thee for hindring of

me !

MANSIPULUS Ah pretty prank-parnel, the cushion and book.

Whereon he should read and kneel are present, here look.

<sup>1 [</sup>Strown ]

My lord, when he seeth me, he will cast such an eve. As pinch will my heart near ready to die

And thus wise and thus wise his hand will be walking,

With thou, piecious knave away, get thee packing. [Here let him [pretend to] fight

HAPHAZARD Nay then, by the mass, it's time to be knacking

No words at all, but to me he is pointing

Nay, have at you again you shall have your anointing

MANSIPULA Body of me, hold, if ye can! What, will you kill such a proper man?

HAPHAZARD Nay, sure I have done, when women do speak

Why would the knave my patience so break? MANSIPULUS Well, I must be gone, there is no

remedy.

For fear my tail makes buttons, by mine honesty HAPHAZARD For reverence on your face, your nose and your chin

By the gods, have ye heard such an unmannerly

villain ?

Mansipula I never heard one so rank of rudeness

MANSIPULUS In faith, it is but for lack of lewdness 1

But here I burn day-light, while thus I am talking. Away, come, Mansipula, let us be walking

Mansipula. Contented, Mansipulus, have with thee with speed

HAPHAZARD. Nay, stay yet, my friends, I am not agreed.

MANSIPULA. We date not tarry, by God, we swear

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Knowledge, perception ]

HAPHAZARD. Nay, tarry, take comfort with you for to bear

It is but in hazard, and if you be miss'd,
And so it may happen you feel not his fist
Perhaps he is stay'd by talk with some friend.
It is but in hazard then sing, ere you wend
Let hope be your helper, your care to defend
MANSIPHLIES By hap or by hazard we sing, ele

MANSIPULUS. By hap or by hazard we sing, eie we crv.

Then sing, let us say so, let soriow go by.

MANSIPULA We can be but beaten, that is the

worst

#### Enter Subservus

What how, Mansipulus! thou knave, art thou curs'd? My lord standeth talking, and I gape for thee Come away, with a wannion! run, haste and hie Mansipulus Nay, hearken, Subservus, stay, I pray thee

Let us have a song, and then have with thee

Let us have a song, and then have with thee Subservus. Content, if thou hie thee

## Sing here all

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard of threat'ning, The worst that can hap, lo, in end is but beating

# MANSIPULUS [sings].

What, if my lording do chance for to miss me, The worst that can happen is, cudgel will kiss me. In such kind of sweetness, I swear by God's mother, It will please me better, it were on some other.

[ALL] With third third, with thimp thimp,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that
doth come.

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c.

# MANSIPULA [sings]

If 1 case that my lady do threaten my case,
No cause to contrary, but bear her a space,
Until she draw home, lo, where so she will use me,
As Doctors doth doubt it, how I should excuse me
[All] With thinch thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that
doth come
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c

## Subservus [sings]

What, if your company cause me have woe,
I mind not companions so soon to forego
Let hope hold the helmet, till brunt it be past,
For blows are but buffets and words but a blast.

[ALL] With thirth thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that
doth come
Hope so, and hap so, in harard, &c.

## HAPHAZARD [sings]

Then let us be merry, it is but by hap,
A hazardly chance may harbour a clap
Bestir ye, be merry, be glad and be joying,
For blows are but buffets and small time annoying.

[ALL] With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that
doth come
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c
[The end of the song.

<sup>1 [</sup>If the case be that ]

## All speaketh this

Haphazard, farewell the gods do thank thee [Exeunt,

HAPHAZARD Farewell, my friends, farewell, go prank ye

By the gods, Haphazaid, these men have tried thee

Who said thou wast no man, sure they belied thee By Jove, master merchant, by sea or by land. Would get but small argent, if I did not stand His very good master, I may say to you, When he hazards in hope what hap will ensue In court I am no man —by Cock, sir, ye lie— A ploughman, perhaps, or ere that he die, May hap be a gentleman, a courtier or captain. And hap may so hazard he may go begging Perhaps that a gentleman, heir to great land. Which selleth his living for money in hand, In hazard it is the buying of more Perhaps he may ride, when spent is his store Hap may so hazard, the moon may so change, That men may be masters, and wives will not range:

But in hazard it is in many a grange, Lest wives wear the cod-piece, and maidens go strange 1

As peacocks sit perking by chance in the plumtree, So maids would be masters by the guise of this country

Haphazard each state full well that he marks, If hap the sky fall, we may hap to have larks Well, fare ye well now for better or worse Put hands to your pockets, have mind to your purse

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, coy strange]

#### Enter JUDGE APPIUS

The fun owed tace of fortune's force my punching pain doth move

I, settled ruler of my realm, enforced am to love Judge Apprus I, the princeliest judge that reigneth under sun.

And have been so esteemed long, but now my force is none

I rule no more, but ruled am, I do not judge but am judged,

By beauty of Vilginia my wisdom all is trudged

O peerless dame, O passing piece, O face of such a feature,

That never erst with beauty such matched was by nature

O fond Apelles, prattling fool, why boasteth thou so much.

The famous't piece thou mad'st in Greece, whose lineaments were such?

Or why didst thou, deceived man, for beauty of thy work,

In such a sort with fond desire, where no kind life did lurk,

With raging fits, thou fool, run mad, O fond Pigmalion?

Yet sure, if that thou sawest my dear, the like thou could'st make none

Then what may I? O gods above, bend down to hear my cry,

As once ye i did to Salmacis, in pond haid Lycia by.

O, that Virginia were in case as sometime Salmacis, And in Hermophroditus stead myself might seek my bliss!

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, he ]

Ah gods, would I unfold her arms complecting of my neck  $^{\ell}$ 

Or would I hurt her nimble hand, or yield her such a check?

Would I gainsay her tender skin to bathe, where I do wash.

Or else refuse her soft, sweet lips to touch my naked flesh?

Nay! O, the gods do know my mind, I rather would require

To sue, to serve, to crouch, to kneel, to crave for my desire

But out, ye gods! ye bend your brows, and frown to see me fare,

Ye do not force my fickle fate, ye do not weigh my

Unrighteous and unequal gods, unjust and eke unsure,

Woe worth the time ye made me live to see this hapless hour!

Did Iphis hang himself for love of lady not so fair?

Or else did Jove the cloudy mists bend down from lightsome air?

Or as the poets mention make of Inach's daughter meek,

For love did he, too, make a cow, whom Inach long did seek?

Is love so great to cause the quick to enter into hell,

As stout Orpheus did attempt, as histories do tell? Then what is it that love cannot? why, love did pierce the skies.

Why, Pheb and famous Mercury with love had blinded eyes

But I, a judge, of grounded years, shall reap to me such name,

As shall resound dishonour great with trump of careless fame

O, that my years were youthful yet, or that I were unwedded!

#### Here entereth HAPHAZARD

Why, cease, Sir Knight, for why perhaps of you she shall be bedded

For follow my counsel, so may you me please,

That of careful resurging your heart shall have ease
Approx O thundering gods, that threaten ire

And plague for each offence,

Yourselves, I deem, would counsel crave In this so fit pretence

And eke your nimble stretched arms With great rewards would fly,

To purchase fair Virginia,

So dear a wight, to me

And, friend, I swear by Jupiter

And eke by Juno's seat,

And eke by all the mysteries
Whereon thou canst entired

Thou shalt possess and have,

I will thee grant and give,

The greatest part of all my realm.

For aye thee to relieve

HAPHAZARD Well then, this is my counsel, thus standeth the case

Perhaps such a fetch as may please your grace. There is no more ways, but hap or hap not,

Either hap or else hapless, to knit up the knot: And if you will hazard to venter what falls,

Perhaps that Haphazard will end all your thralls.

APPIUS I mean so, I will so, if thou do persuade me,

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, wages ]

To hap or to hazard what thing shall invade me? I King and I Kaiser, I rule and overwhelm, I do what it please me within this my realm Wherefore in thy judgment see that thou do enter Hap life or hap death, I surely will venter

HAPHAZARD Then this and in this sort standeth

the matter

What need many words, unless I should flatter? Full many there be will hazard their life, Happ'ly to ease your grace of all your strife Of this kind of conspiracy now let us common 1 Some man Viiginius before you must summon, And say that Virginia is none of his daughter, But that Vuginius by night away caught her Then charge you the father his daughter to bring, Then do you detain her, till proved be the thing Which well you may win her, she present in house It is but haphazaid, a man or a mouse

Applus I find it, I mind it, I swear that I will, Though shame or defame do happen, no skill 2

But out, I am wounded how am I

Here let him divided! Two states of my life from me are now make as though let Conscience

For Conscience he pricketh me con- and Justice temned,

And Justice saith, judgment would him, and let have me condemned hold in his hand

Conscience saith, cruelty sure will de- a lamp burntest me,

And Justice saith, death in th' end Justice have a will molest me it before Ap And both in one sudden me-thinks pius' breast

they do cry,

That fire eternal my soul shall destroy

come out after 3

ing, and let

sword, and hold

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [re. Commune]

No matter

<sup>3 [</sup>Old copy, of ]

#### APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

HAPHAZARD Why, these are but thoughts, man why, he for shame, fie!

For Conscience was careless and sailing by seas, Was drowned in a basket and had a disease, Sore moved for pity, when he would grant none, For being hard-hearted was turned to a stone And sailing by Sandwich he sank for his sin Then care not for conscience the worth of a pin And judgment judge[d] Justice to have a reward For judging still justly, but all now is marr'd, For gifts they are given where judgment is none Thus judgment and justice a wrong way hath gone Then care not for Conscience the worth of a fable, Justice is no man, nor nought to do able

APPIUS And sayest thou so, my 'sured friend then hap as hap shall it

Let Conscience grope and judgment clave, I will not shrink one whit

I will persever in my thought I will deflower her youth.

I will not sure reverted be, my heart shall have no ruth.

Come on, proceed, and wart on me, I will, hap woe or wealth

Hap blunt, hap sharp, hap life, hap death th[r]ough Haphazard be of health

HAPHAZARD At hand (quoth pick-purse) here ready am I

See well to the cut-purse: be ruled by me [Exeunt

#### Enter CONSCIENCE

CONSCIENCE O clear unspotted gifts of Jove, How haps thou art refused?
O Conscience clear, what cruel mind
Thy truth hath thus misused?
I spotted am by wilful will,
By lawless love and lust,
VOL IV.

By dreadful danger of the life,
By faith that is unjust,
JUSTICE Ah gift of Jove, Ah Fortune's face,
Ah state of steady life!
I Justice am, and prince of peers,
The end of laws and strife
A guider of the common weal,
A guardian to the poor,
And yet hath filthy lust suppress'd
My virtues in one hour
Well, well, this is the most to trust,
In end we shall aspire
To see the end of these our foes
With sword and eke with fire
Conscience O help, ye gods, we members ie-

## Enter HAPHAZARD

Exeunt

When gain is no grandsire,<sup>2</sup>
And gauds nought set by,
Nor puddings nor pie-meat
Poor knaves will come nigh,
Then hap and Haphazard
Shall have a new coat
And so it may happen
To cut covetousness' throat
Yea, then shall Judge Appius
Virginia obtain,
And geese shall crack mussels
Perhaps in the rain
Larks shall be leverets,

1 [Old copy, gwerdon]

quire

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [It at first appeared as if gransier, the reading of the old copy, was an error or corruption for gain, sir, but possibly the word is used in the sense of great ]

And skip to and fro, And churls shall be cods-heads, Perhaps and also But peace, for man's body! Haphazard be mum! Fie, prattling noddy, Judge Appius is come

#### Here ontereth Judge Applus and Claudius

The furies fell of Limbo lake My princely days do short All drown'd in deadly ways I live, That once did joy in sport I live and languish in my life, As doth the wounded deer I thirst, I crave, I call and cry And yet am nought the near And yet I have that me so match Within the realm of mine But (Tantalus amids my care) I hunger—starve, and pine As Sisyphus, I roll the stone In vain to top of hill, That ever more uncertainly Revolving slideth still O, if to her 'twere as to me,2 What labours would I fly, What raging seas would I not plough To her commodity? But out alas, I doubt it sore. Lest drowsy Morpheus <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1 [</sup>The nearer ]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Old copy, as if to her it were to me]
<sup>3</sup> [To be pronounced as a trisyllable here.]

His slumb'ry kingdoms planted hath With dews unbeauteous 1 O gods above that rule the skies Ye babes that brag in bliss Ye goddesses, ye Graces, you, What burning brunt is this  $^{7}$ Bend down your ne, destroy me quick Or else to grant me grace, No more, but that my burning breast Virginia may embrace <sup>2</sup> If case your ears be dead and deaf, The fiend and spirits below, You careless carls of Limbo lake, Your forced mights do show Thou cartif king of darksome dens, Thou Pluto, plagued knave, Send forth thy sacred vengeance straight, Consume them to the grave, That will not aid my case—

CLAUDIUS Content, and if it like your grace, I will attempt the deed

I summon will Virginius
Before your seat with speed

HAPHAZARD Do so, my lord be you not afiaid, And so you may happen to hazard the maid It is but in hazard and may come by hap Win her or lose her, try you the trap

APPIUS By the gods, I consent to thee, Claudius, now.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, Graunted . With dewes and bewteous It is conceivable that beauteous may be misprinted for beauty's use, and the meaning of the passage may then be, that Virginia had forgotten him (Applus), or, in the words of the writer, "That drowsy Morpheus has granted his slumb'ry kingdom to beauty's use?"]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, imbace]

Prepare thee in haste Virginius unto Charge him, command him, upon his allegiance With all kind of speed to yield his obeisance, Before my seat in my consistory, Subpana of land, life and treasury No let, no stay, nor ought perturbance Shall cause me to omit the furtherance Of this my weighty charge

[Here let CLAUDIUS go out with HAPHAZARD APPIUS Well, now I range at large my will for

to express,

For look, how Tarquin Luciece fair by force did once oppress,

Even so will I Virginia use

[Here let CONSCIENCE speak within Judge Applus, prince, O stay, refuse,

Be ruled by thy friend!

What bloody death with open shame

Did Torquin gain in end ?

Applus Whence does this pinching sound descend ?

Conscience From contrite Conscience, pricked

By member of thy life, Inforced for to cry and call, And all to end our strife

APPIUS Who art thou then? declare, be brief!
CONSCIENCE Not flesh nor filthy lust I am,

But secret Conscience I,

Compell'd to cry with trembling soul,

At point near-hand to die

Applus Why, no disease hath me approach'd, no grief doth make me giudge,

But want of fair Virginia, whose beauty is my judge By her I live, by her I die, for her I joy or woe, For her my soul doth sink or swim, for her I swear Conscience Ah gods, what wits doth leign! and yet to you unknowen,

I die the death, and soul doth sink this filthy flesh hath sowen

Applus I force it not, I will attempt I stay for Claudius here,

Yet will I go to meet with him, to know what news and cheer

#### Here entereth HAPHAZARD

Haste for a hangman in hazard of hemp Run for a ridduck, there is no such imp Claudius is knocking with hammer and stone At Virginius' gate, as haid as he can lay on By the gods, my masters, Haphazard is hardy, For he will run rashly, be they never so many Yea, he will sing sow's snout, and snap with the best

But peace! who comes yonder, that jolly good guest?

## Here enter with a song 1

When men will seem misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry,
And fearing with temerity its jeopardy of
liberty,
We wish him to take to cheer his heart

Haphazard,
Bold [as] blind bayard
A fig for his uncountesy
That seeks to shun good company

MANSIPULUS What if case that cruelty should bustle me and jostle me,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mansipulus, Mansipula, and Subservus enter, but their names are omitted

And Holyward should tickle me for keeping of good company,

I'll follow, by my honesty, hap Haphazard, bold [as] blind bayard

A fig for his uncountesy that seeks to shun good company

#### All sing this

When men will seem misdoubtfully Without an why to call and cry, &c

MANSIPULA Never was that mistress so furrous nor currous,

Nor yet her blows so borsterous, nor roisterous, nor dolorous,

But sure I would venture, hap Haphazard, bold [as] blind bayard

A fig for his uncountesy that seeks to shun good company

### All sing this

When men will seem misdoubtfully Without an why to call and cry, &c

HAPHAZARD Then wend ye on and follow me, Mansipula, Mansipula,

Let croping cares be cast away, come follow me, come follow me

Subservus is a jolly lout, brace Haphazard, bold [as]
blind bayard

A fig for his uncourtesy that seeks to shun good company

#### All sing this

When men will seem misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry, &c

[The end of the song

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, renterous]

### Here HAPHAZARD speaketh

Ay, by the gods, my masters, I told you plain, Who companies with me will desire me again But how did ye speed, I pray ye show me? Was all well agreed? did nobody blow ye?

MANSIPULUS Mass, sir, hap did so happen, that my lord and master

Stayed in beholding and viewing the pasture, Which when I perceived, what excuse did I make ? I came in the crossway on the nearside the Forlake.

Hard by Hodge's half acre, at Gaffer Miller's stile, The next way round about, by the space of a mile

And at Simkin's side-ridge my lord stood talking, And angerly to me quoth he, Where hast thou been walking?

Without any staggering, I had ready my lie Out at bridge-meadow and at Benol's lease (quoth I) Your fatlings are feeding well, sir, the gods be praised.

A goodly loume of beef on them is already raised Then out steps Francis Fabulator, that was never my friend

How pass'd you Carter's hay-rick at Long Meadow end?

There might one (quoth he) within this few days
With a cast-net had given four knaves great essays,
Under the hedge with a pair of new cards both rip
and fledge

Is it true ? quoth my Lord will this gear never be left ?

This causes swearing and staring, prowling and theft

Well (quoth my lord) take heed, lest I find it, And so pass'd his way, and did no more mind it. HAPHAZARD. By the gods, that was sport, yea. and sport alone

Mansipula Yea, but I was in a worse case, by

Saint John

My lady in church was set full devout,
And hearing my coming she turned about,
But as soon as I heard her snappishly sound,
In this sort I crouched me down to the ground,
And mannerly made, as though I were sad a
As soon as the pew then strawed I had,
She gave me a wink and frowardly frown,
Whereby I do judge she would cudgel my gown
Then I did devise a pretty fine prank,
A mean whereby to pick me a thank,
Of Margery Mildon, the maid of the milk-house,
And Stainer the stutter, the guid of the storehouse

Then was my lady's anger well gone, And will be so still, and the truth be not known.

HAPHAZARD By'r Lady barefoot, this bakes

trimly

Subservus Nay, but I escaped more finely,
For I under this hedge one while did stay
Then in this bush, then in that way
Then slip I behind them among all the rest,
And seemed to commune, too, of things with the
best

But so it did happen, that all things were well, But hazard it is, lest time will truth tell.

HAPHAZARD Tut, tut, that was but by hap, and if it be so

Well, sith it was in hazard, then let it go Subservus Content, by my honesty then farewell all woe

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, maude]

<sup>3 [</sup>Stutterer]

<sup>[</sup>Serious] [Query, guide, carter]

Mansipulus. Come out, dog, ye speak happily, of truth, if it be so

ALL SPEAK Now, Master Haphazard, fare you well for a season

HAPHAZARD Let my counsel at no time with you he geason <sup>1</sup>

ALL SPEAKETH No, by the gods, he sure not so HAPHAZARD Well, sith here is no company, have with ye to Jericho [Exit

## Enter VIRGINIUS

What! so the gods they have decreed to work and do by me?

I marvel why Judge Applus he such greetings lets me see

I served have his seat and state, I have maintained his weal,

I have suppress'd the rebels stout, I bear to him such zeal,

And now he sends to me such charge upon my life and lands

Without demur or further pause, or eie ought thing 2 be scann'd,

That I in haste with posting speed to court I do repair.

To answer that alleged is before his judgment-chair Some histories they do express, when such mishaps do fall,

They should have taken many a one, I have not one but all

My jewels sometime precious do fade and bear no hue,

My senses they do shun their course, my lights do burn as blue,

<sup>1 [</sup>Scarce ]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Old copy, things]

My willing wits 1 are waxed slow, that once were swift in speed,

My heart it throbs in wonderous soit, my nose doth often bleed

My dreadful dreams do draw my woe, and hateful hazard hale  $^2$ 

These tokens of evil hap, this is the old wive's tale

But yet, O thou Virginius, whose hoary hairs are old,

Did'st treason never yet commit, of this thou may'st be bold

In Mais his games, in martial feats thou wast his only aid

The huge Charibd his hazards \$ thou for him hast 4 oft assail'd

Was Scylla's force by thee oft shunn'd, or yet Lady Circe's 5 land,

Pasiphae's 6 child, the Minotaui, did cause thee ever stand?

To pleasure him, to serve thy hege, to keep all things upright,

Thou God above, then what is it that yieldeth me this spite?

Sith nothing needs misdoubted be, where grounded cause is none,

I enter will Judge Appius' gate, rejecting care and moan

But stay, Virginius. lo, thy prince doth enter into place,

O sovereign lord and rightful judge, the gods do save thy grace

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, wights ]

<sup>2</sup> [See Halliwell in v Hale]

<sup>3</sup> [The dangers of Charybdis ]

<sup>4</sup> [Old copy, was ]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> [Old copy, Adrice]
<sup>6</sup> [Old copy, Laceface]
<sup>7</sup> [Old copy, that]
<sup>8</sup> [Old copy, leach]

# Here entereth JUDGE APPIUS and CLAUDIUS

With tender heart, Virginius, thou welcome art tome I sorry am to utter out the things I hear of thee, For Claudius, a subject here, a man of mickle fame, Appealeth thee before my court in deed of open shame

And though indeed I love thee so as thy deserts desire.

Yet not so but I must judgment give, as justice doth require

VIRGINIUS My lord, and reason good it is your servant doth request

No partial hand to aid his cause, no partial mind or breast

If ought I have offended you, your court or eke your crown,

From lofty top of turret high precipitate me down
If treason none by me be done, or any fault committed

Let my accusers bear the blame, and let me be remitted

APPIUS Good reason, too, Virginius Come, Claudius, show thy mind

Let justice hear, if judgment may Virginius guilty find

CLAUDIUS Thou sovereign lord and rightful judge, this <sup>1</sup> standeth now the case

In tender youth, not long agone, near sixteen years of space,

Virginius a thrall of mine, a child and infant young, From me did take by subtle means, and keeps by arm full strong

And here before your grace I crave, that justice be extended,

That I may have my thrall again, and faults may be amended

Virginius Ah gods, that guide the globe above, what forged tales I hear!

O Judge Approx, bend your ears, while this my crime I clear

She is my child, and of my wife her tender corpse did spring

Let all the country where I dwell bear witness of the thing

> [APPIUS and CLAUDIUS go forth, but APPIUS speaketh this

Nay, by the gods, not so, my friend, I do not so decree

I charge thee here in pain of death thou bring the maid to me

In chamber close, in prison sound, she secret shall abide,

And no kind of wight shall talk with her, until the truth be tried

This do I charge, this I command in pain of death, let see,

Without any let that she be brought as prisoner unto me [Exit]

[Here let Virgimus go about the scaffold Ah fickle fall, unhappy doom, O most uncertain fate.1

That ever chance so churlishly, that never stay'd in state

What judge is this <sup>q</sup> what cruel wretch <sup>q</sup> what faith doth Claudius find <sup>q</sup>

The gods do recompense with shame his false and faithless mind!

Well, home I must, no remedy, where shall my soaking tears.

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, faul . rate]

Augment my woes, decrease my joys, while death do rid my fears

#### Here entereth RUMOUR

Come, Ventus, come blow forth thy blast

Prince Eol. listen well

The filthiest fact that ever was

I. Rumour, now shall tell

You gods, bend down to hear my cry,

Revengement duly show,

Thy Rumour craves, bid 1 Claudius stay,2

And bring Judge Appius low

That wicked man, that fleshly judge,

Hath hired Claudius

To claim a child, the only heir

Of old Virginius

A virgin pure, a queen in life, Whose state may be deplored,

For why the queen of chaste life

Is like to be deflow'red

By false Judge Applus, cruel wretch, Who straitly hath commanded.

That she to keeping his be brought

Prince Pluto this demanded

To skies I fly, to blaze abroad

The tromp of deep defame Revenge, you gods, this Rumour craves,

This blood and bloody shame

Have through the air give place, you airs.

This is my duty done

The gods confound such lecherers!

Lo, Rumour, this I run

VIRGINIUS O man, O mould, O muck, O clay! O hell, O hellish hound,

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, did ]

O false Judge Applus, rabbling 1 wretch, is this thy treason found?

Woe worth the man that gave the seed, whereby ve first did spring!

Woe worth the womb that bare the babe to mean this bloody thing!

Woe worth the paps that gave thee suck, woe worth the fosters eke

Woe worth all such as ever did thy health or liking seek!

O, that these graved hairs of mine were covered in the clay

# Here entereth VIRGINIA

Let patience, dear father mine, your rigour something stay

Why do you wail in such a sort? why do you weep and moan?

VIRGINIUS O daughter dear and only heir, my life is near begone,

And all for love of thee

VIRGINIA Ah, gods, how may this be? Dear father, do withdraw your dread, and let me know the cause

Myself will aid with life or death without demur or pause

Then tender your child that craveth this bound 3 VIRGINIUS O, hearken, dear daughter, attend thou my sound

Judge Applus, prick'd forth with filthy desire, Thy person as leman doth greatly require, And no kind of entreaty, no fear, nor no shame, Will he hear alleged, defending 4 the same.

3 Boon 1

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Intriguing, insinuating ]

<sup>2 [</sup>Vexed or troubled hairs Old copy, the graved yeares.] 4 Opposing, preventing.

And straight without staying, in pain of my death, I must bring thee thither Wherefore stop my breath

O sisters, I search, I seek, and I crave No more at your hands but death for to have, Rather than see my daughter deflow'red, Or else in ill sort so wildly devour'd

VIRGINIA O father, O friendship, O fatherly favour.

Whose dulcet words so sweetly do savour, On knees I beseech thee to grant my request, In all things according as liketh thee best Thou knowest, O my father, if I be once spotted, My name and my kindred then forth will be blotted

And if thou, my father, should die for my cause, The world would accompt me guilty in cause Then rather, dear father, if it be thy pleasure, Grant me the death, then keep I my treasure, My lamp, my light, my life undefiled, And so may Judge Appius of [my] flesh be beguiled This upon my knees with humble behest, Grant me, O father, my instant request

VIRGINIUS Then rise up, my daughter my answer do note

From mouth of thy father, whose eyes do now float O daughter, O dear, O darling, O dame, Dispatch me, I pray thee, regard not my name But yet as thou sayest, sith remedy none, But leman thou must be, if I were gone, And better it is to die with good tame, Than longer to live to reap us but shame But if thou do die no doubt is at all, But presently after myself follow shall, Then end without shame, so let us persever, With trump of good fame, so die shall we never [Virginia here kneeleth.]

Then, tender arms, complect the neck do dry thy father's tears,

You nimble hands, for woe whereof my loving heart it wears

VIRGINIA O father mine, refrain no whit your sharped knife to take

From gilded 1 sheath my shame to end, and body dead to make

Let not the shameless bloody judge defile my virgin's life,

Do take my head, and send it him upon your bloody knife

Bid him imbrue his bloody hands in guiltless blood of me

I virgin die, he lecher lives, he was my end, you see.

No more delays—lo, kiss me first, then stretch your strongest arm

Do rid my woe, increase my joy, do ease your child of harm

Virginius O weary wits of woe or wealth, O feeble aged man,

How can thy arm give such a blow! thy death I wish thee then!

But sith that shame with endless trump will sound, if case thy joy

By 2 means of false Judge Appius be, myself will thee destroy.

Forgive me, babe, this bloody deed, and meekly take thy end [Here let him proffer a blow

VIRGINIA. The gods forgive thee, father dear transfer farewell, thy blow do bend.

Yet stay a while, O father dear, for flesh to death is frail

K

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, giltes ]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Old copy, thou joy, My meanes]

Let first my wimple bind my eyes, and then thy blow assail

Now, father, work thy will on me, that life I may enjoy

Here the a handkercher about her eyes, and

then strike off her head

Now stretch thy hand, Virginius, that loth would flesh destroy

O cruel hands, O bloody knife, O man, what hast

thou done i

Thy daughter dear and only heir her vital end hath won

Come, fatal blade, make like despatch come, Atropos come, aid 12

Strike home, thou careless arm, with speed, of death be not afraid

## Here entereth COMFORT.

O noble knight, Virginius, do stay, be not dismay'd.

I, curing Comfort, present am, your dolor [for] to aid

VIRGINIUS Sith joy is gone, sith life is dead,

What comfort can there be?

No more! there is but deep despair,

And deadly death to me

COMFORT. No more, Sir Knight, but take the head, and wend a while with me

It shall be sent to court, for that Judge Applus may it see.

In recompense of lecher's lust this present let him have,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, or ]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Old copy, end ]

And stay your corpse for certain space in coping from the grave:

So shall you see the end of him and all his whole

concent 1

This will be comfort to your heart Virginius, be content

Virginius Of truth, even so, for comfort else I know right well is none,

Wherefore I do consent with you come on, let us be gone.

But messenger myself will be, myself will give the

Come on, good Comfort, wend we then; there is no other shift [Exeunt

# Here entereth JUDGE APPIUS.

Well, hap as hap can, hap or no,
In hazard it is, but let that go
I will, what so happen, pursue on still
Why, none there is living can let me my will
I will have Virginia, I will her deflow'r,
Else rigorous sword her heart shall devour

## Here entereth HAPHAZARD.

I came from Caleco even the same hour,
And Hap was hired to hackney in hempstrid
In hazard he was of riding on beamstrid
Then, crow crop on tree-top, hoist up the sail,
Then groaned their necks by the weight of their
tail.

Then did Carnifex put these three together, Paid them their passport for clust'ring thither

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, consent Concent here must be understood to signify following or adherents]

APPIUS Why, how now, Haphazard, of what dost thou speak?

Methinks in mad sort thy talk thou dost break

Those three words, chop all in one,

Is Carnifex that signifieth hangman

Peace ' no such words before me do utter

HAPHAZARD. Nay, I he as still as a cat in a gutter

Go to, Judge Appius, go forward, good prince Perhaps ye may have that the which will not blince

APPIUS What is the man that liveth now so near to door of death.

As I for lust of lady fair, whose lack will stop my breath ?

But long I shall not want her sight, I stay her coming here

O lucky light ! lo, present here her father doth appear

O, how I joy ' yet brag thou not, dame beauty bides behind.

Virginius, where is the maid? how haps thou break my mind?

# Here entereth Virginius [bearing Virginia's head]

Ah wicked judge, the virgin chaste Hath sent her beauteous face, In recompense of lecher gain, To thee, so void of grace She bids thee imbrue thy bloody hands And filthy lecherous mind With Venus' damsels, void of shame, Where such thou haps to find But thou as with Diana's imps Shalt never be acquainted. They rather wish the naked knife Than virgin's life attainted

And in 1 just proof whereof

Behold Virginia's head

She sought her fame, thou sought her shame

This arm hath smit her dead

Appius O curst and cruel cankered churl, O carl unnatural,

Which hast the seed of thine own loin 2 thrust forth

to funeral!

Ye gods, bend down your ire, do plague him for his deed,

You sprites below, you hellish hounds, do give him gall for meed.

Myself will see his latter end, I judge him to the death

Like death that fair Virginia took, the like shall stop his breath;

The flashy 3 fiends of Limbo lake his ghost do so turmoil,

That he have need of Charon's help for all his filthy toil

Come, Justice, then, come on, Reward, come, aid me in my need

Thou wicked knight, shalt slaughtered 4 be with self-same knife with speed.

Virginius Sith she a virgin pure and chaste in heaven leads her life

Content I am to die with her, and die upon her knife

Applus Come, Justice, then · come on, Reward, when Judgment now doth call

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, In end]
<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, lym]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> [Old copy, flasky Perhaps even flashy may not be the true word See Nares, 1859, in v Could the author have written dusky?]

<sup>4</sup> [Old copy, shal slaughter]

# Here entereth JUSTICE and REWARD, and they both speak this

We both are ready here at hand to work thy fatal fall

JUSTICE [speaketh] O gorgon judge, what lawless life hast thou most wicked led!

Thy soaking sin hath sunk thy soul, thy virtues all are fled

Thou chaste and undefiled life did seek for to have spotted,

And thy reward is ready here, by Justice now allotted

REWARD Thy just reward is deadly death, wherefore come, wend away

To death I straight will do thy corpse, then lust shall have his prey

Virginius, thou woful knight, come near and take thy foe

In prison [do] thou make him fast no more let him do so .

Let Claudius for tyranny be hanged on a tree Virginius Ah, right Reward the gods be bless'd, this day I chance to see!

#### Enter HAPHAZARD

HAPHAZARD Why, how now, my lord Applus, what cheer  $^{l}$ 

What cheer?
Why, where is my reward for this gear?
Why did I ride, run, and revel,
And for all my jaunting now made a javel?
Why—run, sir knave, call me Claudius?
Then—run with a vengeance, watch Virginius
Then—ilde, sirrah, is Virginia at church?
Then—gallop to see where her father doth lurch

Then—gallop to see where her father doth lurch Then—up, sırrah, now what counsel?

Of dame beauty what news canst thou tell?
Thus in hurly burly, from pillar to post,
Poor Haphazard daily was toss'd,
And now with Virginius he goes sadly walking,
And nothing at all will listen my talking
But shall I be so used at his hands?
As hef I were near in Limbo bands
That dionel, that drousy drakenosed drivel,
He never learned his manners in Siville!
A judge may cause a gentleman—a gentleman?
nay, a jack-herring,

As honest as he that carries his hose on his neck

for fear of wearing

A caitiff, a cut-throat, a churl worthy blame
I will serve him no longer, the devil give him shame!
Yet, by the mouse-foot, I am not content,
I will have a reward, sure, else will I repent
To master Reward I straightways will go.
The worst that can hap is but a no
But sure I know his honesty is such,
That he will recompense me with little or much
And well this proverb cometh in my head,
By'r lady, half a loaf is better than ne'er a whit of
bread

Therefore hap and be happy, hap that hap may, I will put it in hazard, I['ll] give it assay All hail, Master Reward and lighteous Justice I beseech you let me be recompensed too, according to my service.

For why all this long time I have lived in hope REWARD Thenforthyreward, then, here is a rope HAPHAZARD Nay, soft, my masters by Saint Thomas of Trunions,

I am not disposed to buy of your onions

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Serille. So for the sake of the jeu de mot]
<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, happely]

A rope? (quoth you) away with that showing! It would grieve a man having two ploughs going Nay, stay, I pray you, and let the cat wink It is naught in dry summer for-letting my drink!

JUSTICE Let on let not, there is no remedy hanging shall be thy reward verily

HAPHAZARD Is there nothing but hanging to my lot doth fall?

Then take you my reward, much good do it you withal

I am not so hasty, although I be claiming, But that I can afford you the most of my gaining I will set, let, grant, yield, permit and promise All the revenues to you of my service I am friendly, I am kindly, I proffer you fair. You shall be my full executor and heir

REWARD Nay, make you ready first to die, by the rood.

Then we will dispose it, as we think good Then those that with you to this did consent, The like reward shall cause them repent

JUSTICE. Nay, stay a while, Virginius is coming Nay, soft, Haphazard, you are not so cunning, Thus to escape without punishment

[HAPHAZARD presses to go forth, but is forced to stay ] 2

REWARD. No, certes, it is not so expedient

# Here entereth VIRGINIUS

O noble Justice, duty done, behold I come again, To showyouthat Appius he himself hath lewdly slain As soon as he in prison was enclosed out of sight,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, naught for letting—the meaning being apparently "It is too bad of you to stop my drink in this dry weather by hanging me"]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, Prece to go foorth]

He desperate for bloody deed did sle himself outright,

And Claudius doth mercy crave, who did the deed for fear.

Vouchsafe, O judge, to save his life, though country he forbear

JUSTICE We grant him grace at thy request, but banish him the land

And see that death be done outright on him that here doth stand.

HAPHAZARD Nay, Master Virginius, [Take him by the hand 1] I crave not for service the thing worth ought

Hanging, quoth you? it is the last end of my thought

thought

Fig for shame, fie—stay, by my father's soul, Why, this is like to Tom Turner's dole

Hang one man and save all the rest!

Take part one with another plain dealing is best.

REWARD This is our dealing, thus deal we with
thee

Take him hence, Virginius, go, truss him to a tree HAPHAZARD Shall ye,2 in a rope's name? whither away with me?

Virginius Come, wend thou in haste thy death for to take.

To the hangman I will lead thee, a quick despatch to make

HAPHAZARD Must I needs hang? by the gods, it doth spite me

To think how crabbedly this silk lace will bite me. Then come, cousin Cutpurse, come, run, haste and follow me:

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The words "take him by the hand" [in the old copy form part of the text]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, ye shall.]

Haphazard must hang, come, follow the livery

JUSTICE Well, wend we now the final end of fleshly lust we see

REWARD Content Reward is ready bent with Justice to agree

Here entereth FAME [with DOCTRINA and MEMORY bearing a tomb, also VIRGINIUS] 1

O stay, you noble Justice, stay! Reward, do make no haste

We ladies three have brought the corse, in earth that must be placed

We have brought back Virginius the funeral to see I grant him that the learned pen shall have the aid of me

To write in learned verse the honour of her name FAME And eke it shall resound by trump of me Dame Fame

[Here let MEMORY write on the tomb I Memory will mind her life her death shall ever

reign

Within the mouth and mind of man, from age to age again

JUSTICE And Justice, sure, will aid all those that imitate her life

REWARD And I Reward will punish those that move such dames to strife.

FAME Then sing we round about the tomb, in honour of her name

REWARD Content we are with willing mind to sing with sound of Fame

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>[This stage direction, in the old copy, is divided into two portions, but all appear to enter together. The old copy reads also, as if it was Virginius who brought in the tomb, but surely it is Doctrina and Memory, who do so.]

#### THE EPILOGUE.

As earthly life is granted none for evermore to reign,

But denting death will cause them all to grant this world as vain,

Right worshipful, sith sure it is that mortal life must vade,

Do practise then to win his love, that all in all hath made

And by this poet's feigning here example do you take

Of Virginia's life of chastity, of duty to thy make, Of love to wife, of love to spouse, of love to husband dear,

Of bringing up of tender youth all these are noted here

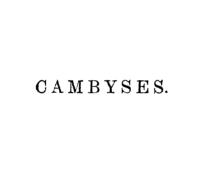
I doubt it not, right worshipful, but well you do conceive

The matter that is ended now, and thus I take my leave

Beseeching God, as duty is, our gracious Queen to save

The nobles and the commons eke, with prosperous life, I crave!

FINIS



#### EDITIONS.

A lamentable tragedy mixed ful of pleasant mirth, conteyining the life of Cambises King of Percia, from the beginning of his kingdom vito his death, his one good deed of execution, after that many vircled deeds and tirannous murders, committed by and through him, and last of all his odious death by Gods Iustice appointed, in such order as followeth By Thomas Preston

#### THE DIVISION OF THE PARTS

COUNSEL, HUFF, For	CAMBYSES,   For one Epilogus   man
PRAXASPES, MURDER, LOB, THE THIRD LORD	PROLOGUE, SISAMNES, DILIGENCE, CRUELTY, For one
LORD, RUFF, COMMON'S CRY,  For	Hob, Preparation, The First Lord
COMMON'S COMPLAINT, Cone Man VENUS	AMBIDEXTER, For one man
,,	MERETRIX, SHAME,
KNIGHT, SNUFF,	OTIAN, For one MOTHER, man
SMALL HABILITY, For PROOF, one	LADY, QUEEN
EXECUTION, ATTENDANCE, SECOND LORD	Young Child, For one Curid man

[Col] Imprinted at London by John Allde 4°. Black letter

A Lamentable Tragedie, &c. [Col.] Imprinted at London by Edward Allde 40. Black letter

# HAWKINS'S PREFACE.

This is the play that Shakespeare is supposed to allude to, when he introduces Falstaff speaking in King Cambyses' vein, in the "First Part of King Henry the Fourth" 1 It was written early in the reign of Elizabeth (according to some in 1561), by Thomas Preston, MA, Fellow of King's College, and afterwards LD and Master of Trinity Hall, in Cambridge He performed so admirably well in the tragedy of Dido, before Queen Elizabeth, when she was entertained in that university in 1564, and did so genteelly and gracefully dispute before her, that she gave him £20 per annum for so doing See Thomas Hatcher, or his continuator, in the catalogue of provosts, fellows, and scholars of King's College—MS under the year 1560 (Oldys' MSS Notes on Langbaine)

The play is here given from a black-letter copy in Mr Garrick's collection, printed by John Allde. [There

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Like "King Darius' doleful strain," in allusion to the old interlude on that subject ]

is a second edition from the press of his son and successor Edward Allde, both are undated <sup>1</sup>] The prologue and great part of "Cambyses" was written by the author in long Alexandrines, which the narrowness of the page rendered it necessary here to subdivide

The prevailing turn for drollery and comic humour was at first so strong, that in order to gratify it even in more serious and solemn scenes, it was necessary still to retain the Vice or artful Buffoon, who (like his contemporary the privileged Fool in the courts of princes and castles of great men) was wont to enter into the most stately assemblies and vent his humour without restraint. We have a specimen of this character in the play of "Cambyses," where Ambidexter, who is expressly called the Vice, enters "with an old capcase for a helmet and a skimmer for his sword," in order, as the author expresses it, "to make pastime"

[Besides his play of "Cambyses," Preston wrote and published two ballads, of which Hazlitt gives the full titles, and perhaps other things lost or unrecovered

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [The play was licenced to John Allde in 1569-70 See Collier's "Extracts," 1. 205 As that printer continued in business till 1584, and the earliest dated piece with the younger Allde's name bears the same date, "Cambyses" may have been republished about 1585, but it does not seem to have been licenced ]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Shakespeare's Clowns are genuine successors of the old Vice, and, as an editor of that poet has well observed, Punch still exhibits the entire character

<sup>3 [</sup>One of them is printed by Collier ]

The best parts of "Cambyses" are the comic scenes, or those portions of the dialogue which are spoken by Ambidexter, these seem to indicate that Preston would have been more successful if he had avoided the tragic vein altogether, but his language is harsh and unpolished even for the time, as if the play had been written some years before it appeared in type. Yet this is scalcely probable, from the allusion to Bishop Bonner towards the conclusion.

With the admirable comedy of "Ralph Roister Doister" before their eyes, it might seem strange that later writers should have relapsed into comparative barbarism, if we had not abundant evidence of such degeneracy in every period of the history of our dramatic literature, including that which followed the publication of the unrivalled works of Shakespeare himself,]

# The PROLOGUE entereth

AGATHON, he whose counsel wise To princes weal extended, By good advice unto a prince Three things he liath commended First is, that he hath government. And ruleth over men, Secondly, to rule with laws, Eke justice (saith he) then. Thirdly, that he must well conceive. He may not always reign Lo, thus the rule unto a prince Agathon squared plain Tully the wise, whose sapience In volumes great doth tell, Who in wisdom in that time Did many men excel, A prince (saith he) is of himself A plain and speaking law, The law, a schoolmaster divine, This by his rule I draw. The sage and witty Seneca His words thereto did frame. The honest exercise of kings. Men will ensue the same But contrary-wise, if that a king Abuse his kingly seat, His ignomy and bitter shame

In fine shall be more great.

In Persia there reign'd a king, Who Cyrus hight by name, Who did deserve, as I do read, The lasting blast of fame But he, when sisters three had wrought To shear his vital thread. As hen due to take the crown, Cambyses did proceed, He in his youth was trained up By trace of virtue's lore, Yet (being king) did clean forget His perfect lace before Then cleaving more unto his will, Such vice did imitate, As one of Icarus his kind, Forewarning then did hate, Thinking that none could him dismay Ne none his facts could see, Yet at the last a fall he took, Lake Icarus to be Else as the fish, which oft had take The pleasant bart from hook, In safe did spring, and preice the streams, When fisher fast did look, To horst up from the wat'ry waves Unto the dued land. Then scap'd, at last by subtle bait Come to the fisher's hand: Even so this king Cambyses here, When he had wrought his will, Taking delight the innocent His guiltless blood to spill, Then mighty Jove would not permit To prosecute offence,

But what measure the king did meet, The same did Jove commence. To bring to end with shame his race,
Two years he did not reign.

His cruelty we will dilate,
And make the matter plain,
Craving that this may suffice now
Your patience to win
I take my way, behold, I see
The players coming in.

FINIS.

# A COMEDY OF KING CAMBYSES.

# First enter CAMBYSES the king, KNIGHT, and COUNCILLOR.

#### CAMBYSES.

My Council grave and sapient, With loids of legal train, Attentive ears towards bend. And mark what shall be sain So you likewise, my valiant knight, Whose manly acts doth fly, By brute of fame the sounding trump Doth pierce the azure sky My sapient words, I say, perpend, And so your skill dilate You know that Mors vanguished hath Cyrus that king of state, And I, by due inheritance, Possess that princely crown. Ruling by sword of mighty force In place of great renown. You know, and often have heard tell. My father's worthy facts:

A manly Mars' heart he base, Appearing by his acts And what, shall I to ground let fall My father's golden praise ? No, no, I mean for to attempt This fame more large to raise, In that that I, his son, succeed His kingly seat as due Extend your counsel unto me In that I ask of you I am the King of Persia, A large and fertile soil The Egyptians against us repugn, As varlets slave and vile, Therefore I mean with Mars' heart, With wais them to frequent, Them to subdue as captives mine, This is my heart's intent So shall I win honour's delight, And praise of me shall go My Council, speak, and lordings eke, Is it not best do so 2

#### COUNCIL.

O puissant king, your blissful words
Deserves abundant praise,
That you in this do go about
Your father's fame to raise
O blissful day, that king so young
Such profit should conceive,
His father's praise and his to win,
From those that would deceive
Sure, my true and sovereign king,
I fall before you prest,
Answer to give as duty mine,
In that your grace request.

If that your heart addicted be The Egyptians to convince, Through Mars' and the conquest won Then deed of happy prince Shall pierce the skies unto the throne Of the supernal seat, And ment there a just reward Of Jupiter the great But then your grace must not turn back From this pretenced will For to proceed in virtuous life, Employ endeavour still. Extinguish vice, and in that cup To drink have no delight. To martial feats and kingly sports Fix all your whole delight,

#### KING.

My Council grave, a thousand thanks
With heart I do you render
That you my case so prosperous
Entirely do tender
I will not swerve from those your steps,
Whereto you would me train
But now, my lord and valuant knight,
With words give answer plain.
Are you content with me to go
The Mars' games to try?

# LORD.

Yea, peerless prince, to aid your grace, Myself will live and die

#### KNIGHT.

And I, for my hability,
For fear will not turn back;
But, as the ship against the rocks,
Sustain and bide the wiack

#### KING

O willing hearts, a thousand thanks I render unto you · Strike up your drums with courage great; We will march forth even now.

#### COUNCIL

Permit (O King) few words to hear, My duty serves no less, Therefore give leave to Council thine, His mind for to express.

## KING

Speak on, my Council, what it be, You shall have favour mine.

#### COUNCIL

Then will I speak unto your grace,
As duty doth me bind.

Your grace doth mean for to attempt
Of war the manly art,
Your grace therein may hap receive,
With others, for your part
The dent of death in those affairs
All persons are alike

The heart courageous oftentimes
His detriment doth seek,
It's best therefore for to permit
A ruler of your land
To sit and judge with equity,
When things of right are scann'd

#### KING

My grace doth yield to this your talk,
To be thus now it shall:
My Knight, therefore prepare yourself
Sisamnes for to call:
A judge he is of prudent skill,
Even he shall bear the sway,
In absence mine, when from the land
I do depart my way.

#### KNIGHT.

Your Knight before your grace even here Himself hath ready prest,
With willing heart for to fulfil,
As your grace made request. [Exit.

#### COUNCIL.

Pleaseth your grace, I judge of him
To be a man right fit;
For he is learned in the law,
Having the gift of wit
In your grace's precinct I do not view
For it a meeter man,
His learning is of good effect,
Bring proof thereof I can.

I do not know what is his life,
His conscience hid from me,
I doubt not but the fear of God
Before his eyes to be

#### LORD

Report declares, he is a man
That to himself is nigh,
One that favoureth much the world,
And too much sets thereby
But this I say of certainty,
If he your grace succeed,
In your absence but for a while
He will be wain'd indeed
No injustice for to frequent,
No partial judge to prove,
But rule all things with equity,
To win your grace's love

#### KING

Of that he shall a warning have My hests for to obey, Great punishment for his offence Against him will I lay

#### COUNCIL

Behold, I see him now aggress, And enter into place.

# SISAMNES.

O puissant prince and mighty king, The gods preserve your grace! Your grace's message came to me,
Your will purporting forth:
With grateful mind I it received,
According to mine oath,
Erecting then myself with speed,
Before your grace's eyes,
The tenor of your princely will
From you for to agnise.

# KING.

Sisamnes, this the whole effect,
The which for you I sent:
Our mind it is to elevate,
You to great preferment.
My grace, and gracious Council eke,
Hath chose you for this cause:
In judgment you do office bear,
Which have the skill in laws;
We think that you accordingly
By justice rule will deal,
That for offence none shall have cause
Of wrong you to appeal.

#### SISAMNES.

Abundant thanks unto your grace
For this benignity:
To you his Council in like case,
With lords of clemency.
What so your grace to me permits,
If I therein offend,
Such execution then commence,
And use it to this end.
That all other (by that my deed)
Example so may take;
To admonish them to flee the same,
By fear it may them make.

## KING

Then according to your word, If you therein offend, I assure you even from my breast Correction shall extend From Persia I mean to go 1 Into the Egypt land, Them to convince by force of aims And win the upper hand. While I therefore absent shall be. I do you full permit, As governor in this my right, In that estate to sit, For to detect, and eke correct, Those that abuse my grace This is the total of my will, Give answer in this case

# SISAMNES

Unworthy much (O prince) am I,
And for this gift unfit,
But sith that it hath pleased your grace,
That I in it must sit,
I do avouch unto my death,
According to my skill,
With equity for to observe
Your grace's mind and will,
And nought from it to swerve indeed,
But sincerely to stay.
Else let me taste the penalty,
As I before did say

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Might not this incident have suggested to Shakespeare the leading one in "Measure for Measure" <sup>2</sup>]

# KING.

Well then of this authority I give you full possession.

#### SISAMINES.

And I will it fulfil also, As I have made profession.

## KING.

My Council, then, let us depart,
A small stay to make:
To Egypt land now forth with speed
My voyage I will take.
Strike up your drums us to rejoice,
To hear the warlike sound:
Stay you here, Sisamnes, judge,
And look well to your bound.
[Exeunt King, Lord, and Council.

## SISAMNES.

Even now the king hath me extoll'd,
And set me up aloft;
Now may I wear the brodered guard,
And lay in down-bed soft;
Now may I purchase house and land,
And have all at my will;
Now may I build a princely place,
My mind for to fulfil;
Now may I abrogate the law,
As I shall think it good;
If any one me now offend,
I may demand his blood.
According to the proverb old,
My mouth I will up make;

Now it doth he all in my hand,
To leave or else to take,
To deal with justice to my bound,
And so to live in hope
But oftentimes the birds be gone,
While one for nest doth grope
Do well or ill I dare avouch,
Some evil on me will speak
No, truly yet I do not mean
The king's piecepts to break,
To place I mean for to return
My duty to fulfil

Exit.

Enter the VICE with an old capcase on his head, an old pail about his hips for harness, a scummer and a potted by his side, and a rake on his shoulder

### AMBIDEXTER

Stand away, stand away, for the passion of God, Harnessed I am, prepared to the field I would have been content at home to have bod, But I am sent forth with my spear and shield I am appointed to fight against a snail, And Wilkin Wren the ancient shall bear, I doubt not but against him to prevail, To be a man my deeds shall declare If I overcome him, then a butterfly takes his part, His weapon must be a blue speckled hen But you shall see me overthrow him with a fart, So without conquest he shall go home again. If I overcome him, I must fight with a fly, And a black pudding the fly's weapon must be

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [This incident was no doubt suggested by a well known passage in the earlier play of "Theisites"]

At the first blow on the ground he shall lie,

I will be sure to thrust him through the mouth to
the knee

To conquest these fellows the man I will play,<sup>1</sup> Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile,

To see, if I can all men beguile

Ha, my name? my name would you so fain know? Yea, i-wis, shall ye, and that with all speed.

I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show,
Ha, ha, now I have it, I have it indeed

My name is Ambidexter I signify one That with both hands finely can play;

Now with king Cambyses, and by and by gone

Thus do I run this and that way For while I mean with a soldier to be,

Then give I a leap to Sisamnes the judge, I dare avouch, we shall his destruction see.

To all kind of estates I mean for to trudge Ambidexter, nay he is a fellow if ye knew all Cease for awhile, hereafter hear more ye shall

Enter three Ragians, HUFF, RUFF, and SNUFF, singing.

### HUFF

Gog's flesh and his wounds, these wars rejoice my heart.

By his wounds, I hope to do well, for my part By Gog's heart, the world shall go evil, if I do not shift.

At some old carl's bouget I mean for to lift

# RUFF

By his flesh, nose, eyes, and ears, I will venter void of all cares

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Here is evidently a line omitted, which it is impossible to supply by conjecture

VOL IV

M

He is not a soldier that doth fear any doubt, If that he would bring his purpose about

#### SNUFF

Fear that fear list, it shall not be I
By Gog's wounds, I will make some neck stand
awry,
If I lose my share. I swear by Goe's heart.

If I lose my share, I swear by Gog's heart, Then let another take up my part

## HUFF

Yet I hope to come the richest soldier away

## Ruff

If a man ask ye, ye may hap to say nay

#### SNUFF

Let all men get what they can, not to lese I hope -Wheresoever I go in, each corner I will grope.

#### AMBIDEXTER

What, and ye run into the corner of some pretty maid?

## SNUFF

To grope there, good fellow, I will not be afiaid

#### HUFF

Gog's wounds, what art thou that with us dost mell? Thou seemest to be a soldier, the truth to tell, Thou seemest to be harnessed, I cannot tell how I think he came lately from riding some cow, Such a deformed slave did I never see. Ruff, dost thou know him? I pray thee, tell me.

#### RUFF

No, by my troth, fellow Huff. I never see him before

#### SNUFF.

As for me I care not, if I never see him more Come, let us run his aise against the post

#### AMBIDEXTER.

Ah, ye slaves, I will be with you at the host
Ah, ye knaves, I will teach ye how ye shall me
deride [Here let him swinge them about.
Out of my sight, I can ye not abide
Now, goodman pouchmouth, I am a slave with you!
Now have at ye afresh again even now
Mine arse against the post you will run?
But I will make ye from that saying to turn

#### HUFF

I beseech ye heartily to be content

#### Ruff

I insure you, by mine honesty, no huit we meant: Beside that, again, we do not know what ye are, Ye know, that soldiers then stoutness will declare. Therefore, if we have anything offended, Pardon our rudeness, and it shall be amended.

## AMBIDEXTER

Yea, God's pity, begin ye to entreat me? Have at ye once again! by the mass, I will beat ye.

[Fight again.

#### HUFF

Gog's heart, let us kill him , suffer no longer [Draw their swords

#### SNUFF.

Thou slave, we will see, if thou be the stronger

#### RUFF.

Strike off his head at one blow. That we be soldiers, Gog's heart, let him know

## AMBIDEXTER.

O' the passion of God, I have done, by mine honesty I will take your part hereafter verily

#### ALL

Then, content, let us agree

#### AMBIDEXTER.

Shake hands with me, I shake hands with thee Ye are full of courtesy, that is the best, And you take great pain, ye are a mannerly guest Why, masters, do you not know me <sup>1</sup> the truth to me tell—

## ALL.

No, trust us, not very well

## Ambidexter

Why, I am Ambidexter, whom many soldiers do love

## HUFF

Gog's heart, to have thy company needs we must prove

We must play with both hands with our hostess and host.

Play with both hands, and score on the post, Now and then with our captain for many a delay, We will not stick with both hands to play.

## Ambidexter

The honester man ye, ye may me trust.

Enter MERETRIX, with a staff on her shoulder

### MERETRIX

What, is there no lads here that hath a lust To have a passing trull to help at their need?

## HUFF

Gog's heart, she is come indeed
What, Mistress Meretrix <sup>1</sup> by his wounds, welcome
to me

## MERETRIX.

What will you give me ? I pray you, let me see.

## Ruff

By his heart, she looks for gifts by and by.

#### MERETRIX

What, Master Ruff, I cry you mercy; The last time I was with you, I got a broken head, And lay in the street all night for want of a bed

## SNUFF.

Gog's wounds, kiss me, my trull so white. In thee I swear is all my delight, If thou shouldest have had a broken head for my sake,

I would have made his head to ache

## MERETRIX

What, Master Ambidexter ? who looked for you?

## AMBIDEXTER

Mistress Meretrix, I thought not to see you here now

There is no remedy, at meeting I must have a kiss

## MERETRIX.

What, man? I will not stick for that, by Giss | Kiss.

## AMBIDEXTER.

So now, gramercy, I pray thee be gone

# MERETRIX.

Nay, soft, my friend, I mean to have one Nay, soft, I swear, and if ye were my brother, Before I let go, I will have another [Kiss, kiss, kiss

# Ruff

Gog's heart, the whore would not kiss me yet.

## MERETRIX.

If I be a whore, thou art a knave, then it is quit.

## HUFF.

But hear'st thou Meretrix ? with who this might wilt thou lie?

## MERETRIX.

With him that giveth the most money.

## HUFF.

Gog's heart, I have no money in purse, ne yet in clout.

## MERETRIX.

Then get thee hence, and pack like a lout.

HUFF.

Adieu, like a whore

Exit HUFF

## MERETRIX

Farewell, like a knave

#### Ruff.

Gog's nails, Mistress Meretiix, now he is gone, A match ye shall make straight with me; I will give thee sixpence to lie one night with thee

### MERETRIX.

Gog's heart, slave, dost thou think I am a sixpenny jug? No, wis ye, Jack, I look a little more smug.

## SNUFF

I will give her eighteenpence to serve me first

#### MERETRIX

Gramercy, Snuff, thou art not the worst

### Ruff

By Gog's heart, she were better be hanged, to forsake me, and take thee

#### SNUFF

Were she so ? that shall we see

## Ruff

By Gog's heart, my dagger into her I will thrust

#### SNUFF

Ah, ye boy, ye would do it, and ye durst !

#### AMBIDEXTER

Peace, my masters, ye shall not fight. He that draws first, I will him smite

## RUFF

Gog's wounds, Master Snuff, are ye so lusty ?

## SNUFF.

Gog's sides, Master Ruff, are ye so crusty?

#### RUFF

You may happen to see

## SNUFF

Do what thou darest to me
[Here draw and fight. Here she must lay on
and coil them both, the VICE must run his
way for fear, SNUFF fling down his sword
and buckler, and run his way

Meretrix

Gog's sides, knaves, seeing to fight ye be so rough,
Defend yourselves, for I will give ye both enough
I will teach you how ye shall fall out for me,
Yea, thou slave Snuff, no more blows wilt thou
bide?

To take thy heels a time hast thou spied?
Thou villain, seeing Snuff has gone away,
A little better I mean thee to pay

[He falleth down, she falleth upon him, and
beats him, and taketh away his weapon]

## RUFF

Alas, good Mistress Meletiix, no more, My legs, sides, and arms with beating be sore

## MERETRIX

Thou a soldier, and loose thy weapon! Go hence, sir boy, say, a woman hath thee beaten.

# RUFF.

Good Mistress Meretrix, my weapon let me have; Take pity on me, mine honesty to save! If it be known this repulse I sustain, It will redound to my ignomy and shame

## MERETRIX

If thou wilt be my man, and wait upon me, This sword and buckler I will give thee.

## RUFF

I will do all at your commandment, As servant to you I will be obedient.

# MERETRIX

Then let me see how before me ye can go
When I speak to you, ye shall do so:
Off with your cap at place and at board.
Forsooth, Mistress Meretrix, at every word,
Tut, tut, in the camp such soldiers there be;
One good woman would beat away two or three.
Well, I am sure, customers tarry at home.
Mannerly, before and let us begone

[Execunt.

## Enter AMBIDEXTER

#### AMBIDEXTER

O' the passion of God, be they here still or no? I durst not abide to see her beat them so. I may say to you I was in such a fright. Body of me, I see the hair of my head stand upright. When I saw her so haid upon them lay, O' the passion of God, thought I, she will be with me anon
I made no more ado, but avoided the thrust, And to my legs began for to trust,

And fell a laughing to myself, when I was once gone

It is wisdom (quoth I), by the mass, to save one Then into this place I intended to trudge, Thinking to meet Sisamnes the judge. Behold, where he cometh, I will him meet, And like a gentleman I mean him to greet.

### Enter SISAMNES

#### SISAMNES.

Since that the king's grace's majesty in office did me set,

What abundance of wealth to me might I get?

Now and then some vantage I achieve,

Much more yet may I take,

But that I fear unto the king

That some complaint will make

## AMBIDEXTER.

Jesu, Master Sisamnes, you are unwise

## SISAMNES

Why so ? I pray ye, let me agnise, What, Master Ambidexter, is it you? Now welcome to me, I make God a vow

#### AMBIDEXTER

Jesu, Master Sisamnes, with me you are well acquainted
By me rulers may be trimly painted
Ye are unwise, if ye take not time while ye may:
If ye will not now, when ye would, ye shall have
nay

What is he, that of you dare make exclamation,
Of your wrong-dealings to make explication?
Can you not play with both hands, and turn with
the wind?

## SISAMNES

Believe me, your words draw deep in my mind, In colour wise unto this day To bribes I have inclined. More the same for to frequent Of truth I am now minded Behold, even now unto me suitors do proceed

## SMALL HABILITY

I beseech you here, good master judge, A poor man's cause to tender, Condemn me not in wrongful wise, That never was offender You know light well, my right it is, I have not for to give! You take away from me my due, That should my corpse relieve The Commons of you do complain, From them you devocate, With anguish great and grievous words Their hearts do penetrate From 1 right you fell unto the wrong. Your private gain to win, You violate the simple man, And count it for no sin.

## SISAMNES

Hold thy tongue, thou prattling knave, And give to me reward,

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, the ]

Else in this wise, I tell thee truth,

Thy tale will not be heard

Ambidexter, let us go hence, and let the knave
alone

#### AMBIDEXTER

Farewell, Small Hability, for help now get ye none Bilbes hath corrupt him, good laws to pollute [Excunt

## SMALL HABILITY

A naughty man that will not obey the king's constitute

With heavy heart I will return,

Till God redress my pain

[Exit

Enter Shame, with a trump black

### SHAME

From among the gusly ghosts I come, From tyrant's testy train; Unseemly Shame of sooth I am, Procured to make plain The odious facts and shameless deeds That Cambyses king doth use, All piety and virtuous life He doth it clean refuse Lechery and drunkenness He doth it much frequent, The tiger's kind to imitate He hath given full consent He nought esteems his Council grave. Ne virtuous bringing up, But daily still receives the drink Of damned vice's cup

He can bide no instruction,
He takes so great delight
In working of iniquity,
For to frequent his spite
As fame doth sound the royal trump
Of worthy men and trim,
So shame doth blow with strained blast
The trump of shame on him

Exit.

Enter the King, Lord, Pranaspes, and Sisamnes

## KING

My judge, since my departure hence Have you used judgment right? If faithful steward I ye find The same I will requite

#### SISAMNES

No doubt, your grace shall not once hear That I have done amiss

#### PRAXASPES

I much rejoice to hear so good news as this

Enter COMMONS' CRY running in, speak this verse, go out again hastily

#### Commons' Cry.

Alas, alas, how are the Commons oppressed By that vile judge, Sisamnes by name? I do not know, how it should be redressed. To amend his life no whit he doth frame We are undone, and thrown out of door
His damnable dealing doth us so toiment
At his hand we can find no relief nor succour
God grant him grace for to repent
[Run away crying]

#### KING

What doleful cases be these, my load
That sound do an my ear ?
Intelligence if you can give,
Unto your king declare
To me it seemeth my Commons all
They do lament and cay
Out at 1 Sisamnes judge most chief,
Even now standing us by

#### PRAXASPES

Even so (O king) it seem'd to me,
As you rehearsal made,
I doubt the judge culpable be
In some respect or trade

#### SISAMNES

Redoubted king, have no mistrust,
No whit your mind dismay,
There is not one that can me charge
Or ought against me lay

Enter Commons' Complaint, with Proof and Trial

## COMMONS' COMPLAINT

Commons' Complaint I represent, With thiall or doleful state,

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy of]

By urgent cause elected forth
My grief for to dilate
Unto the king I will prepare
My misery to tell,
To have relief of this my grief,
And fettered feet so fell
Redoubted prince and mighty king,
Myself I prostrate here,
Vouchsafe (O king) with me to bear
For this that I appear
With humble suit I pardon crave
Of your most royal grace,
To give me leave my mind to break,
Before you in this place

### KING

Commons' Complaint, keep nothing back,
Fear not thy tale to tell,
Whate'er he be within this land
That hath not used thee well,
As prince's mouth shall sentence give,
He shall receive the same,
Unfold the secrets of thy breast,
For I extinguish blame

## Commons' Complaint

God preserve your royal grace,
And send you blissful days,
That all your deeds might still accord
To give to 1 God the praise
My complaint is (O mighty king)
Against that judge you by,
Whose careless deeds, gain to receive,
Hath made the Commons cry

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [ Old copy, the ]

#### CAMBYSES

He, by taking bibes and gifts
The poor he doth oppress,
Taking relief from infants young
Widows and fatherless

### KING

Untruthful traitor and corrupt judge
How likest thou this complaint?
Forewaining I to thee did give,
Of this to make restraint
And hast thou done this devilish deed,
Mine me for to augment?
I sentence give, thou Judas judge
Thou shalt thy deed repent

## SISAMNES

O puissant prince, it is not so, His complaint I deny

## COMMONS COMPLAINT

It it be not so (most mighty king), In place then let me die Behold that I have brought with me Both Proof and Trial true, To stand even here, and sentence give What by him did ensue

### PROOF.

I Proof do him in this appeal,
He did the Commons wrong,
Unjustly he with them hath dealt,
His greedy was so strong

His heart did covet in to get,
He cared not which way,
The poor did lese their due and right,
Because they wont to pay
Unto him for bribes indeed,
This was his wonted use
Whereas your grace good laws did make,
He did the same abuse

# TRIAL

I Trial here to verify
What Proof doth now unfold,
To stand against him in his wrong,
As now I dare be bold

#### KING

How likest thou this, thou caitiff vile  $^{q}$  Canst thou the same deny  $^{q}$ 

## SISAMNES.

O noble king, forgive my fact I yield to thy mercy

## KING

Complaint and Proof, redress will I
All this your misery
Depart with speed from whence you came,
And straight command by me
The execution-man to come
Before my grace with haste

#### ALL

For to fulfil this your request,

No time we mean to waste [Exeunt they there

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, uant]

#### KING

My lord, before my grace go call
Otian, this judge's son,
And he shall hear, and also see,
What his father hath done
The father he shall suffer death,
The son his room succeed,
And if that he no better prove,
So likewise shall he speed

## PRAXASPES

As your grace hath commandment given, I mean for to fulfil [Step aside and fetch him

## KING

Accursed judge, couldst thou consent To do this cursed ill <sup>1</sup> According unto thy demand, Thou shalt for this thy guilt Receive thy death before mine eyes Thy blood it shall be spilt

## PRAXASPES

Behold (O king) Sisamnes' son Before you doth appear

## KING

Otian, this is my mind,
Therefore to me come near
Thy father here for judgment wrong
Procured hath his death,
And thou his son shalt him succeed
When he hath lost his breath

And if that thou dost once offend,
As thou seest thy father have,
In like wise thou shalt suffer death
No mercy shall thee save

## OTIAN

O mighty king, vouchsafe your grace
My father to remit,
Forgive his fault, his pardon I
Do ask of you as yet
Alas, although my father hath
Your princely heart offended,
Amends for miss he will now make.
And faults shall be amended
Instead of his requested life,
Pleaseth your grace take mine
This offer I as tender child,
So duty doth me bind

## KING

Do not entreat my grace no more, For he shall die the death, Where is the execution-man, Him to bereave of breath?

# Enter EXECUTION

## EXECUTION

At hand and, if it like your grace, My duty to dispatch, In hope that I, when deed is done, A good reward shall catch

#### KING

Dispatch with sword this judge's life, Extinguish fear and cares So done, draw thou his cursed skin Straight over both his ears I will see the office done, And that before mine eyes

# EXECUTION.

To do the thing my king commands, I give the enterprise

## SISAMNES

Otian, my son, the king to death
By law hath me condemned,
And you in 100m and office mine
His grace's will hath placed
Use justice therefore in this case,
And yield unto no wrong,
Lest thou do purchase the like death
Ere ever it be long

#### OTIAN

O father dear, these words to hear That thou must die by force,
Bedews my cheeks with stilled tears,
The king hath no remorse
The grievous grief and strained sighs
My heart doth break in twain,
And I deplore, most woful child,
That I should see you slain
O false and fickle frowning dame,
That turneth as the wind,
Is this the joy in father's age,
Thou me assign'st to find?
O doleful day, unhappy hour,
That loving child should see

His father dear before his face,
Thus put to death should be
Yet, father, give me blessing thine,
And let me once embrace
Thy comely corpse in folded arms.
And kiss thy ancient face

## SISAMNES

O child, thou makes mine eyes to run.

As rivers do, by stream,

My leave I take of thee, my son,

Beware of this my beam

## KING

Dispatch even now, thou man of death, No longer seem to stay

## EXECUTION

Come, Master Sisamnes, come on your way, My office I must pay, Forgive therefore my deed

# SISAMNES

I do forgive it thee, my friend,
Dispatch therefore with speed

[Smite him in the neck with a sword to
signify his death

# PRAXASPES

Behold (O king), how he doth bleed, Being of life bereft.

#### KING

In this wise he shall not yet be left
Pull his skin over his ears,
To make his death more vile
A wretch he was, a cruel thief,
My Commons to begule
[Flays him with a jalse shin

#### OTIAN

What child is he of nature's mould Could bide the same to see, His father flead in this wise? O, how it grieveth me!

## KING

Otian, thou seest thy father dead,
And thou art in his room
If thou beest proud as he hath been,
Even thereto shalt thou come

### OTIAN.

O king, to me this is a glass
With gilef in it I view
Example that unto your grace
I do not prove untrue

### PRAXASPES

Otian, convey your father hence To tomb where he shall lie.

### OTIAN.

And if it please your lordship, It shall be done by and by. Good execution-man, for need Help me with him away

## EXECUTION

I will fulfil, as you to me did say

[They take him away

## KING

My lord, now that my grace hath seen,
That finish'd is this deed,
To question mine give 'tentive ear,
And answer make with speed
Have not I done a gracious deed,
To redress my Commons' woe

## PRAXASPES

Yea, truly, if it please your grace,
Ye have indeed done so
But now (O king) in friendly wise
I counsel you in this,
Certain vices for to leave,
That in you placed is
The vice of drunkenness (O king)
Which doth you sore infect,
With other great abuses, which
I wish you to detect

## King

Peace, my loid, what needeth this?
Of this I will not hear
To palace now I will return,
And there to make good cheer

God Bacchus he bestows his gifts,
We have good store of wine,
And also that the ladies be
Both passing brave and fine
But, stay, I see a lord now come,
And eke a valiant knight
What news, my lord? to see you here
My heart it doth\*delight

Enter LORD and KNIGHT to meet the KING

## LORD

No news (O king), but of duty come, To wait upon your grace

### KING

I thank you, my loid and loving knight I pray you with me trace My loids and knight, I pray ye tell, I will not be offended Am I worthy of any crime Once to be reprehended?

### PRAXASPES

The Persians much praise your grace
But one thing discommend,
In that to wine subject you be,
Wherein you do offend
Sith that the might of wine effect,
Doth oft subdue your brain,
My counsel is, to please their hearts,
From it you would refrain

## LORD

No, no, my lord, it is not so,
For this of prince they tell,
For virtuous proof and princely facts
Cyrus he doth excel,
By that his grace by conquest great
The Egyptians did convince,
Of him report abroad doth pass,
To be a worthy prince

#### KNIGHT

In person of Crœsus I answer make,
We may not his grace compare,
In whole respect for to be like,
Cyrus the king's father
In so much your grace hath yet no child,
As Cyrus left behind,
Even you I mean, Cambyses king,
In whom I favour find

## KING.

Creesus said well in saying so
But, Praxaspes, tell me why,
That to my mouth in such a sort
Thou should avouch a lie,
Of drunkenness me thus to charge
But thou with speed shalt see,
Whether that I a sober king
Or else a drunkard be
I know thou hast a blissful babe,
Wherein thou dost delight
Me to revenge of these thy words,
I will go wreak this spite
When I the most have tasted wine,
My bow it shall be bent,

At heart of him even then to shoot
Is now my whole intent
And if that I his heart can hit,
The king no drunkard is,
If heart of his I do not kill,
I yield to thee in this
Therefore, Praxaspes, fetch to me
Thy youngest son with speed,
There is no way, I tell thee plain,
But I will do this deed.

#### PRAXASPES

Redoubted prince, spare my sweet child.

He is mine only joy
I trust your grace to infant heart

No such thing will employ
If that his mother hear of this,

She is so nigh her flight,
In clay her corpse will soon be shrin'd

To pass from world's delight

### KING

No more ado, go fetch me him, It shall be as I say And if that I do speak the word, How dare ye once say nay?

## PRAXASPES

I will go fetch him to your grace; But so, I trust, it shall not be

### KING

For fear of my displeasure great, Go fetch him unto me. Is he gone? Now, by the gods,
I will do as I say,
My lord, therefore, fill me some wine,
I heartily you pray,
For I must drink to make my brain
Somewhat intoxicate
When that the wine is in my head
O, trimly I can prate!

## LORD

Here is the cup with filled wine, Thereof to take repast

# KING

Give it me to drink it off,

And see no wine be waste

Once again enlarge this cup,

For I must it still taste <sup>1</sup>

By the gods, I think, of pleasant wine

I cannot take my fill

Now drink is in, give me my bow,

And arrows from sir knight,

At heart of child I mean to shoot,

Hoping to cleave it right

# KNIGHT

Behold (O king) where he doth come, His infant young in hand

## PRAXASPES

O mighty king, your grace behest With sorrow I have scann'd,

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, taste it still ]

And brought my child fro mother's knee, Before you to appear And she thereof no whit doth know, That he in place is here

#### KING.

Set him up my mark to be, I will shoot at his heart

### PRAXASPES

I beseech your grace not so to do,
Set this pretence <sup>1</sup> apart
Farewell, my dear and loving babe,
Come, kiss thy father dear,
A grievous sight to me it is,
To see thee slain even here
Is this the gain now from the king
For giving counsel good,
Before my face with such despite
To spill my son's heart-blood?
O heavy day to me this is
And mother in like case

## Young Child

O father, father, wipe your face, I see the tears run from your eye My mother is at home sewing of a band Alas, dear father, why do you cry?

## KING.

Before me as a mark now let him stand, I will shoot at him my mind to fulfil.

<sup>1 [</sup>Intention]

## Young Child

Alas, alas! father, will you me kill? Good Master King, do not shoot at me, My mother loves me best of all

## KING

I have despatched him, down he doth fall, [Shoot As right as a line his heart I have hit Nay, thou shall see, Praxaspes, stranger news yet My knight, with speed his heart cut out,

And give it unto me

## KNIGHT

It shall be done (O mighty king) With all celerity

## LORD

My lord Praxaspes, this had not been, But your tongue must be walking, To the king of correction You must needs be talking

#### PRAXASPES

No correction (my lord), but counsel for the best

## KNIGHT

Here is the heart, according to your grace's behest

## KING

Behold, Praxaspes, thy son's own heart O, how well the same was hit! After this wine to do this deed, I thought it very fit

#### CAMBYSES

Esteem thou may'st right well there
No drunkard is the king,
That in the midst of all his cups
Could do this valiant thing
My lord and knight, on me attend
To palace we will go,
And leave him here to take his son,
When we are goile him fro

#### ALL

With all our hearts we give consent To wait upon your grace

## PRAXASPES

A woful man (O loid) am I,
To see him in this case
My days I deem desires their end,
This deed will help me hence,
To have the blossoms of my field
Destroy'd by violence

## Enter MOTHER

### MOTHER

Alas, alas ' I do hear tell
The king hath kill'd my son
If it be so, woe worth the deed,
That ever it was done
It is even so, my lord, I see,
How by him he doth weep
What meant I, that from hands of him
This child I did not keep?
Alas ' husband and loid, what did you mean
To fetch this child away?

#### PRAXASPES.

O lady wife, I little thought For to have seen this day

#### MOTHER

O blissful babe, O joy of womb, Heart's comfort and delight, For counsel given unto the king, Is this thy just requite? O heavy day and doleful time, These mouning tunes to make ! With blubb'ied eyes into my arms From earth I will thee take. And wrap thee in mine apron white But O my heavy heart ? The spiteful pangs that it sustains Would make it in two to part The death of this my son to see, O heavy mother now, That from thy sweet and sug'red joy To sorrow so shouldst bow What grief in womb did I retain. Before I did thee see ? Yet at the last, when smart was gone, What joy wert thou to me? How tender was I of thy food For to preserve thy state? How stilled I thy tender heart At times early and late? With velvet paps I gave thee suck, With issue from my breast, And danced thee upon my knee To bring thee unto lest Is this the joy of thee I reap? O king of tiger's brood!

O tiger's whelp, hadst thou the heart,
To see this child's heart-blood?

Nature enforceth me, alas!
In this wise to deploie,
To wring my hands, O wel-away,
That I should see this hou!

Thy mother yet will kiss thy lips,
Silk-soft and pleasant white,
With wringing hands lamenting for
To see thee in this plight
My loiding dear, let us go home,
Our mourning to augment

### PRAXASPES

My lady dear, with heavy heart
To it I do consent
Between us both the child to bear
Unto our loidly place

[Exeunt

#### Enter Ambidexter

#### AMBIDEXTER

Indeed, as ye say, I have been absent a long space But is not my cousin Cutpurse with you in the meantime ?

To it, to it, cousin, and do your office fine. How like you Sisamnes for using of me? He play'd with both hands, but he sped ill favouredly

The king himself was godly uptrained,
He professed virtue, but I think it was feigned.
He plays with both hands good deeds and ill;
But it was no good deed Praxaspes' son for to kill
As he for the good deed on the judge was commended,

For all his deeds else he is reprehended.

The most evil-disposed person that ever was, All the state of his life he would not let pass Some good deeds he will do, though they be but few

The like things this tyrant Cambyses doth show.

No goodness from him to none is exhibited,
But still maledictions abroad is distributed.

And yet ye shall see in the rest of his race,
What infamy he will work against his own grace.

Whist, no more words here comes the king's brother.

# Enter LORD SMIRDIS, with ATTENDANCE and DILIGENCE

#### Smirdis

The king's brother by birth am I,
Issued from Cyrus' loins
A grief to me it is to hear
Of this the king's repines
I like not well of those his deeds
That he doth still frequent,
I wish to God, that other ways
His mind he could content
Young I am, and next to him,
No mo of us there be,
I would be glad a quiet realm
In this his reign to see

### ATTENDANCE

My lord, your good and willing heart
The gods will recompense,
In that your mind so pensive is
For those his great offence.

My lord, his grace shall have a time To pair and to amend Happy is he that can escape, And not his grace offend

# DILIGENCE

If that wicked vice he could refrain From wasting wine forbear,

A moderate life he would frequent,
Amending this his square

# AMBIDEXTER

My lord, and if your honour it shall please, I can inform you what is best for your ease, Let him alone, of his deeds do not talk, Then by his side ye may quietly walk, After his death you shall be king, Then may you reform each kind of thing In the meantime live quietly, do not with him deal, So shall it redound much to your weal

#### SMIRDIS

Thou say'st true, my friend, that is the best I know not whether he love me, or do me detest.

#### ATTENDANCE

Learn from his company all that you may, I faithful Attendance will your honour obey If against you honour he take any ire, His grace is as like to kindle his fire, To your honour's destruction as otherwise

#### DILIGENCE

Therefore, my lord, take good advice, And I Diligence your case will so tender, That to his grace your honour shall be none offender

#### SMIRDIS

I thank you both, entire friends, with my honour still remain

### AMBIDEXTER

Behold, where the king doth come with his train.

# Enter KING and one LORD

# KING

O lording dear, and brother mine, I joy your state to see, Suimising much what is the cause, You absent thus from me

# SMIRDIS

Pleaseth your grace, no absence I,
But ready to fulfil
At all assays, my prince and king,
In that your grace me will
What I can do in true defence,
To you, my prince, aright,
In readiness I always am
To offer forth my might

#### KING

And I the like to you again

Do here avouch the same.

#### ALL

For this your good agreement here, Now plaised be God's name

#### Ambidexter

But hear ye, noble prince, hark in your ear It is best to do as I did declare

#### King

My loid and brother Smildis now,
This is my mind and will,
That you to court of mine letuin,
And there to taily still,
Till my letuin within short space
Your honour for to greet

### SMIRDIS.

At your behest so will I do,
Till time again we meet
My leave I take from you (O king),
Even now I do depart
[Exeunt Smirdis, Attendance, and
Diligence

# King

Farewell lord and brother mine.
Farewell with all my heart
My lord, my brother Smirdis is
Of youth and manly might,
And in his sweet and pleasant face
My heart doth take delight

# LORD

Yea, noble prince, if that your grace Before his honour die, He will succeed a virtuous king, And rule with equity

# King

As you have said, my loid, he is Chief hen next my glace And if I die to-moriow, next He shall succeed my place

#### AMBIDEXTER

And if it please your grace (O king),
I heard him say,
For your death unto the god[s,]
Day and night he did pray
He would live so virtuously,
And get him such a praise,
That Fame by trump his due deserts
His honour should up-raise
He said your grace deserved had
The cursing of all men,
That ye should never after him
Get any praise again

# KING

Did he speak thus of my grace, In such despiteful wise? Or else dost thou presume to fill My princely ears with hes?

# LORD.

I cannot think it in my heart, That he would report so

# KING

How sayst thou ? speak the truth, Was it so or no?

#### AMBIDEXTER

I think so, if it please your grace, but I cannot tell

# KING

Thou play'st with both hands, now I perceive well,

But for to put all doubts aside,

And to make him less his hope,

He shall die by dent of sword, Or else by choking rope

Shall he succeed when I am gone,

To have more praise than I?

Were he father as brother mine,

I swear that he shall dic

To palace mine I will therefore His death for to pursue

[Exit]

#### AMBIDEXTER

Are ye gone ? straightway I will follow you How like ye now, my masters ? doth not this gear cotton ?

The proverb old is verified, soon ripe and soon rotten.

He will not be quiet, till his brother he kill'd His delight is wholly to have his blood spill'd.

Marry, sir, I told him a notable lie

If it were to do again, man I durst do it, I

Marry, when I had done to it I durst not stand Thereby you may perceive I use to play with each

hand

But how now, cousin Cutpuise? with whom play you?

Take heed, for his hand is groping even now Cousin, take heed, if ye do secretly grope,

If ye be taken, cousin, ye must look through a rope

[Exit

# Enter LORD SMIRDIS alone

#### SMIRDIS

I am wand'ring alone, here and there to walk,
The court is so unquiet, in it I take no joy
Solitary to myself now I may talk,
If I could rule, I wist what to say.

Enter CRUELTY and MURDER with bloody hands.

#### CRUELTY

My coequal partner Murder, come away, From me long thou may'st not stay

### MURDER

Yes, from thee I may stay, but not thou from me Therefore I have a pierogative above thee.

#### CRUELTY.

But in this case we must together abide Come, come; Lord Smirdis I have spied Lay hands on him with all festination, That on him we may work our indignation

#### SMIRDIS

How now, my friends? What have you to do with me?

#### MURDER

King Cambyses hath sent us unto thee, Commanding us straitly without mercy or favour Upon thee to bestow our behaviour With Cruelty to murder you, and make you away. [Strike him in divers places

### SMIRDIS

Yet pardon me, I heartily you pray Consider, the king is a tyrant tyrannious, And all his doings be damnable and permicious Favour me therefore, I did him never offend

# CRUELTY.

No favour at all, your life is at an end. Even now I strike his body to wound Behold, now his blood springs out on the ground.

[A little bladder of vinegar pricked.

#### MURDER

Now he is dead, let us present him to the king

#### CRUELTY.

Lay to your hand, away him to bring [Exeunt.

#### Enter Ambidenter

### AMBIDEXTEP

O' the passion of God, vonder is a heavy court Some weeps, some wails, and some make great sport

Lord Smirdis by Cruelty and Murder is slain,

But, Jesus ' for want of him, how some do complain' If I should have had a thousand pound, I could not forbear weeping

Now Jesus have his blessed soul in keeping!
Ah good loid to think on him, how it doth me

gneve !

I cannot for bear weeping, ye may me believe [Weep O my beart | how my pulses do beat

O my heart how my pulses do beat

With sorrowful lamentations I am in such a heat Ah my heart! how for him it doth sorrow!

Nay, I have done in faith now, and God give you good morrow!

Ha, ha, weep ' nay, laugh, with both hands to

play,

The king through his cruelty hath made him away. But hath not he wrought a most wicked deed? Because king after him he should not proceed, His own natural brother, and having no more, To procure his death by violence sore, In spite because his brother should never be king, His heart being wicked consented to this thing Now he hath no more brothers nor kindred alive. If the king use this gear still, he cannot long thrive.

# Enter Hob and Lob.

# Нов

God's hat, neighbours, come away, it's time to market to go

# Lob.

God's vast, neighbour, zay ye zo? The clock hath stricken vive, ich think, by lakin.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [By our lady]

Bum vay, vrom sleep cham not very well waken. But, neighbour Hob, neighbour Hob, what have ye to zell <sup>2</sup>

### Нов

Bum toth, neighbour Lob, to you I chil tell Chave two goslings and a chine of good pork, There is no vatter between this and York Chave a pot of strawberries and a calf's head A zennight zince to-morrow it hath been dead

### Lob

Chave a score of eggs and of butter a pound: Yesterday a nest of goodly young rabbits I vound Chave forty things mo, of more and of less, My brain is not very good them to express But God's hat neighbour, wot'st what?

#### Hob

No, not well neighbour, what's that ?

### LOB

Bum vay, neighbour, master king is a zhrode lad, Zo God help me and holidam, I think the vool be mad

Zome zay he deal cruelly, his brother he did kill, And also a goodly young lad's heart-blood he did spill.

### Нов

Vorbod of God, neighbour, has he played such a voolish deed ?

<sup>1 [</sup>By my faith, and a little further on we have bum troth—by my troth]

#### Ambidexter

Goodman Hob and goodman Lob, God be your speed

As you two towards market did 1 walk,
Of the king's cruelty 1 did hear you talk,
I insure you he is a king most vile and permicious;
His doings and life are odious and vicious

# Lob

It were a good deed zomebody would break his head

# Hob

Bum vay, neighbour Lob, I chould he were dead

#### Ambidexter

So would I, Lob and Hob, with all my heart
Now with both hands will ye see me play my
part?

[Aside
Ah, ye whoreson traitorly knaves,
Hob and Lob, out upon you, slaves!

#### LOB

And thou call'st me knave, thou at another My name is Lob, and Hob my next neighbour

#### AMBIDEXTER

Hob and Lob, ah ye country patches!
Ah ye fools! ye have made wrong matches,
Ye have spoken treason against the king's grace
For it I will accuse ye before his face,
Then for the same ye shall be martyr'd
Attheleast ye shall be hang'd, drawn, and quartered.

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, do ]

#### Hor

O gentleman, ye shall have two pear-pies, and tell not of me

# Lob

By God, a vat goose chill give thee I think no huit, by my vather's soul I swear

# Hob

Chave lived well all my life-time my neighbours among,

And now chould be loth to come to zuch wrong

To be hanged and quartered the grief would be great

# Lop

A foul evil on thee, Hob! who bid thee on it treat? Voi it was thou that first did him name

# Нов

Thou liest like a vailet, and thou zay'st the same, It was zuch a voolish Lob as thou

# Lob

Speak many words, and by Cod's nails I vow, Upon thy pate my staff I will lay

#### AMBIDEXTER.

By the mass, I will cause them to make a fray [Aside. Yea, Lob, thou sayest true, all came through him.

### Lob

Bum vay, thou Hob, a little would make me ye

Give thee a zwap on thy nose, till thy heart ache

# Hop

If thou darest, do it, else, man, cry creke I trust, before thou huit me.

With my staff chill make a Lob of thee

Here let them fight with their stayes, not come near another by three or four yards, the VICE set them on as hard as he can one of their wives come out, and all to beut the VICE, he run away

Enter MARIAN-MAY-BE-GOOD, HOB'S wife, running in with a broom, and part them

#### MARIAN

O' the body of me, husband Hob, what, mean you to fight?

For the passion of God, no more blows smite Neighbours and friends so long, and now to fall out! What, in your age to seem so stout? If I had not parted ye, one had kill'd another

# Lob

I had not cared, I swear by God's mother

### MARIAN

Shake hands again at the request of me, As ye have been friends, so friends still be.

#### Hob

Bum troth, cham content, and zay'st word, neighbour Lob?

#### Lob

I am content; agreed, neighbour Hob [Shake hands, and lough heartely one at unother

# MARIAN

So, get you to market, no longer stay, And with yonder knave let me make a fray

# Hob

Content, wife Marian chill do as thou dost say But buss me, ich pray thee, at going away

[Eveunt Hob, Lob

# MARIAN

Thou whoreson knave and puckear'd boy,
Why didst thou let them fight?
If one had kill'd another here,
Couldst thou their deaths require?
It bears a sign by this thy deed,
A cowardly knave thou art,
Else wouldst thou draw that weapon thine,
Like a man them to part

### AMBIDEXTER

What, Marian-may-be-good, are you come plattling? Ye may hap get a box on the ear with your talking. If they had kill'd one another, I had not cared a pease

[Here let her swinge him with her broom, she gets him down, and he her down, thus one on the top of another make pastime

# MARIAN

Ah villain, myself on thee I must ease: Give me a box on the ear? that will I try; Who shall be master, thou shalt see by and by.

#### AMBIDEXTER

O, no more, no more, I beseech you heartly, Even now I yield, and give you the mastery

[Run his way out, whilst she is down

# Marian

Ah knave, dost thou throw me down, and run thy way ?

If he were here again, O, how I would him pay! I will after him, and if I can him meet, With these my nails his face I will greet

Enter VENUS leading out her son CUPID blind he must have a bow and two shafts, one headed with gold and the other headed with lead

# VENUS

Come forth, my son, unto my words
Attentive ears resign:
What I pretend, see you frequent,
To force this game of mine

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, in ]

The king a kinswoman hath, Adoin'd with beauty store, And I wish that Diana's gifts, They twain shall keep no more, But use my silver sug 1ed game Their joys for to augment When I do speak to wound his heart, Cupid my son, consent And shoot at him the shaft of love That bears the head of gold, To wound his heart in lover's wise. His grief for to unfold Though kin she be unto his grace That nature me expel, Against the course thereof he may, In my game please me well, Wherefore, my son, do not forget Forthwith pursue the deed

#### CUPID

Mother, I mean for to obey,
As you have whole decreed
But you must tell me, mother dear,
When I shall arrow draw,
Else your request to be attain'd
Will not be worth a straw
I am blind and cannot see,
But still do shoot by guess,
The poets well in places store
Of my might do express

#### VENUS

Cupid my son, when time shall serve
That thou shalt do this deed,
Then warning I to thee will give
But see thou shoot with speed

# Enter LORD, LADY, WAITING MAID

#### LORD

Lady dear, to king akin, Forthwith let us proceed To trace abroad the beauty fields, As east we had decreed The blowing buds whose savoury scents Our sense will much delight The sweet smell of musk-white rose, To please the appetite, The chiping bilds, whose pleasant tunes Therein shall hear record, That our great joy we shall it find, In field to walk abroad On lute and cittern there to play A heavenly harmony, Our ears shall hear, heart to content, Our sports to beautify <sup>1</sup>

# LADY

Unto your words, most comely load,
Myself submit do I,
To trace with you in field so green,
I mean not to deny
[Here trace up and down playing

# MAID

And I your waiting maid at hand
With diligence will be
For to fulfil with heart and hand,
When you shall command me

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, beautie]

#### CAMBYSES

# Enter KING, LORD, and KNIGHT

#### KING

Come on, my Loid and Knight, abroad
Our mith let us employ
Since he is dead, this heart of mine
In corpse I feel it joy
Should brother mine have reigned king,
When I had yielded breath?
A thousand brothers I rather had,
To put them all to death
But, O, behold where do I see
A lord and lady fair,
For beauty she most worthy is
To sit in prince's chair

# VENUS

Shoot forth, my son, now is the time That thou must wound his heart

#### CUPID

Content you, mother, I will do my part [Shoot there, and go out VENUS and CUPID]

#### KING

Of truth, my lord, in eye of mine All ladies she doth excel Can none report, what dame she is, And to my grace it tell?

#### LORD

Redoubted prince, pleaseth your grace, To you she is akin, Cousin-german nigh of birth, By mother's side come in

#### KNIGHT

And that her waiting maiden is,
Attending her upon
He is a lord of prince's court,
And will be there anon
They sport themselves in pleasant field,
To former used use

#### KING

My Lord and Knight, of truth I speak,
My heart it cannot choose,
But with my lady I must speak,
And so express my mind
My lord and ladies, walking there,
If you will favour find,
Present yourselves unto my grace,
And by my side come stand

# FIRST LORD

We will fulfil, most mighty king, As your grace doth command

# KING

Lady dear, intelligence
My grace hath got of late,
You issued out of mother's stock,
And kin unto my state
According to rule of birth you are
Cousin-german mine,
Yet do I wish that farther off
This kindred I could find
For Cupid he, that eyeless boy,
My heart hath so inflamed
With beauty you me to content
The like cannot be named,

For since I entried in this place, And on you fix'd mine eyes, Most burning fits about my heart In ample wise did rise The heat of them such force doth yield, My corpse they scorch, alas! And burns the same with wasting heat, As Titan doth the grass And sith this heat is kindled so, And fresh in heart of me. There is no way but of the same The quencher you must be My meaning is, that beauty yours My heart with love doth wound To give me love, mind to content My heart hath you out-found And you are she must be my wrife, Else shall I end my days Consent to this, and be my queen, To wear the crown with praise

### LADY

It it please your grace (O mighty king)
You shall not this request,
It is a thing that nature's course
Doth utterly detest
And high it would the God displease,
Of all that is the worst,
To grant your grace to marry so,
It is not that I durst
Yet humble thanks I render now
Unto you, mighty king,
That you vouchsafe to great estate,
So gladly would me bring
Were it not it were offerce,
I would it not deny,

#### CAMBYSES

But such great honour to achieve
My heart I would apply
Therefore (O king) with humble heart
In this I paidon crave
Mine answer is in this request,
Your mind ye may not have

#### KING

May I not? nay, then I will,
By all the gods I vow
And I will marry thee as wife,
This is mine answer now
Who dare say nay what I pietend
Who dare the same withstand,
Shall lose his head, and have report
As traiter through my land
There is no nay, I will you have
And you my queen shall be

#### LADY

Then, mighty king, I crave your grace,
To hear the words of me
Your counsel take of lordings' wit,
The laws aright peruse,
If I with safe may grant this deed,
I will it not refuse.

### KING

No, no, what I have said to you, I mean to have it so
For counsel theirs I mean not, I,
In this respect to go
But to my palace let us go,
The mairiage to prepare,
For to avoid my will in this,
I can it not forbear.

### LADY

O God, forgive me, if I do amiss, The king by compulsion enforceth me this

### MAID

Unto the gods for your estate
I will not cease to pray,
That you may be a happy queen,
And see most joyful day

# KING

Come on, my lords, with gladsome hearts
Let us rejoice with glee
Your music show to joy this deed
At the request of me

#### Вотн

For to obey your grace's words Our honours do agree

Eccunt

# Enter AMBIDEXTER

#### AMBIDEXTER

O' the passion of me' marry, as ye say, yonder is a royal court,

There is triumphing, and sport upon sport
Such loyal lords with such lordly exercise,
Frequenting such pastime as they can devise,
Running at tilt, justing, with running at the ring,
Masquing and mumming, with each kind of thing,
Such dancing, such singing, with musical harmony
Believe me, I was loth to absent their company

But will you believe? Jesu! what haste they made, till they were married?

Not for a million of pounds one day longer they would have tarried

O, there was a banquet royal and superexcellent, Thousands and thousands at that banquet was spent

I muse of nothing but how they can be married so soon.

I care not, if I be married before to-morrow at noon, If marriage be a thing that so may be had How say you, maid? to marry me will ye be glad? Out of doubt, I believe, it is some excellent treasure, Else to the same belongs abundant pleasure Yet with mine ears I have heard some say,—

That ever I was married, now cursed be the day?

Those be they, that with curs'd wives be matched, That husband for hawks' meat of them is up snatched,

Head broke with a bedstaff, face be all-to scratched Knave, slave and villain! a coil'd coat now and then When the wife hath given in, she will say, alas, good-man!

Such were better unmained, my masters, I trow, Than all their life after to be matched with a shrow

# Enter PREPARATION

# PREPARATION

With speed I am sent all things to prepare,
My message to do as the king did declare
His grace doth mean a banquet to make,
Meaning in this place repast for to take
Well, the cloth shall be laid, and all things in
readiness,
To court to return, when done is my business

#### AMBIDEXTER

A proper man, and also a fit, For the king's estate to prepare a banquet

#### PREPARATION

What, Ambidexter? thou ait not unknown, A mischief on all good taces, so that I curse not mine own Now, in the knave's name, shake hands with me

#### AMBIDEXTER

Well said, goodman pouchmouth, your reverence I see,

I will teach ye, if your manners no better be Ah, ye slave! the king doth me a gentleman allow: Therefore I look that to me ye shall bow [Fight]

# PREPARATION

Good Master Ambidexter, pardon my behaviour For this your deed ye are a knave for your labour

#### AMBIDEXTER

Why, ye stale counterly villain, nothing but knave? [Fight

#### PREPARATION

I am sony, your mastership offended I have Shake hands, that between us agreement may be,
I was over-shot with myself, I do see.
Let me have your help, this furniture to provide,

The king from this place will not long abide

#### AMBIDEXTER

[Set the fruit on the board Content, it is the thing that I would wish I myself will go fetch on dish

[Let the VICE set a dish of nuts, and let them fall in the bringing of them in

### PREPARATION

Cleanly! Master Ambidexter, for fair on the ground they lie

### Ambidexter

I will have them up again by and by

#### PREPARATION

To see all in readiness I will put you in trust There is no nay, to the court needs I must [Exit PREPARATION

#### AMBIDEXTER

Have you no doubt, but all shall be well?

Marry, sir, as you say, this gear doth excel
All things is in a readiness, when they come lither,
The king's grace and the queen both together
I beseech ye, my masters, tell me, is it not best
That I be so bold as to bid a guest?
He is as honest a man as ever spuir'd cow
My cousin Cutpurse, I mean, I beseech ye, judge
you
Believe me, cousin, if to be the king's guest ye

Believe me, cousin, if to be the king's guest ye could be taken,

I trust that offer would not be forsaken

But, cousin, because to that office ve are not like to come.

Frequent your exercises, a horn on your thumb, A quick eye, a sharp kinfe, at hand a receiver But then take heed, cousin, ye be a cleanly conveyor,

Content yourself, cousin, for this banquet you are unfit.

When such as I at the same am not worthy to sit

# Enter KING QUEEN, LORDS, dc

### KING.

My queen and lords, to take repast Let us attempt the same, Here is the place, delay no time, But to our purpose frame

# QUEEN.

With willing hearts your whole behest We mind for to obey.

#### ALL

And we, the rest of prince's train,
Will do as you do say [Sit at the banquet

#### KING

Methink, mine ears doth wish the sound Of music's harmony, Here for to play before my grace, In place I would them spy

[Play at the banquet]

#### AMBIDEXTER

They be at hand, sir, with stick and fiddle,
They can play a new dance called Hey-diddlediddle

# KING

My queen, perpend what I pronounce I will not violate, But one thing which my heart makes glad, I mind to explicate You know, in court uptrained is A hon very young, Of one litter two whelps beside, As yet not very strong, I did request one whelp to see And this young lion fight But lion did the whelp convince By strength of force and might His brother whelp, perceiving that The lion was too good, And he by force was like to see The other whelp his blood, With force to hon he did run His brother for to help A wonder great it was to see That friendship in a whelp So then the whelps between them both The lion did convince, Which thing to see before mine eyes Did glad the heart of prince [At this tale told let the QUEEN weep

# QUEEN

These words to hear makes stilling tears
Issue from crystal eyes

#### KING

What dost thou mean, my spouse to weep For loss of any prize ?

# QUEEN

No, no (O king), but as you see Friendship in brothers whelp, When one was like to have repulse The other yielded help And was this favour show'd in dogs, To shame of royal king? Alack, I wish these ears of mine Had not once heard this thing Even so should you (O mighty king) To brother been a stay, And not, without offence to you, In such wise him to slay In all assays it was your part His cause to have defended, And whosoever had him misused. To have them reprehended But faithful love was more in dog, Than it was in your grace

### King

O cursed cartiff, vicious and vile,
I hate thee in this place
This banquet is at an end,
Take all these things away
Before my face thou shalt repent
The words that thou dost say
O wretch most vile, didst thou the cause
Of brother mine so tender ?
The loss of him should grieve thy heart,
He being none offender

It did me good his death to have
So will it to have thine,
What friendship he had at my hands.
The same even thou shalt find.
I give consent and make a vow,
That thou shalt die the death.
By Cruel's sword, and Murder fell.
Even thou shalt lose the breath.
Ambidexter, see with speed.
To Cruelty ye go,
Cause him hither to approach,
Murder with him also.

# AMBIDEXTER

I leady am for to tulfil, If that it be your grace's will

# King

Then nought oblight 1 my message given, Absent thyself away

#### AMBIDEXTER

[Aside] Then in this place I will no longer stay. If that I durst, I would mourn your case, But, alas, I dare not for fear of his grace.

[Exit Ambidexter]

# KING

Thou cursed jill, by all the gods
I take an oath and swear,
That flesh of thine these hands of mine
In pieces small could tear,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>[Foiget A very rare word]

But thou shalt die by dent of sword, There is no friend ne fee Shall find remoise at prince's hand To save the life of thee

# QUEEN

O mighty king and husband mine, Vouchsafe to hear me speak, And licence give to spouse of thine Her patient mind to break For tender love unto your grace My words I did so frame, For pure love doth heart of king Me violate and blame And to your grace is this offence. That I should purchase death? Then cursed time that I was queen, To shorten this my breath! Your grace doth know by marriage time I am your wife and spouse, And one to save another's health (At troth-plight) made our vows Therefore, O king, let loving queen At thy hand find remorse, Let pity be a mean to quench That cruel raging force And pardon plight from prince's mouth, Yield grace unto your queen, That amity with faithful zeal May ever be us between

# KING

Ah cantiff vile, to pity thee
My heart it is not bent?
Ne yet to pardon your offence
It is not mine intent

#### FIRST LORD.

Our mighty prince, with humble suit Of you this grace I crave,

That this request it may take place.

Your favour for to have. Let mercy yet abundantly

The life of queen preserve, Sith she is most obedient wife

Your grace's will doth serve.

As yet your grace but while with her

Hath had cohabitation; And sure this is no desert why,

To yield her indignation.

Therefore (O king) her life prolong, To joy her days in bliss.

# SECOND LORD.

Your grace shall win immortal fame In granting unto this;

She is a queen whose goodly hue

Excels the royal rose:

For beauty bright Dame Nature she

A large gift did dispose;

For comeliness who may compare? Of all she bears the bell;

This should give cause to move your grace To love her very well;

Her silver breasts in those your arms

To sing the songs of love; Fine qualities most excellent

To be in her you prove;

A precious pearl of price to prince,

A jewel passing all:

Therefore (O king) to beg remorse On both my knees I fall;

To grant her grace to have her life With heart I do desire.

#### KING.

You villains twain, with raging force Ye set my heart on fire If I consent that she shall die. How date ye crave her life? You two to ask this at my hand Doth much enlarge my stufe, Were it not for shame, you two should die, That for her life do sue But favour mine from you is gone, My lords, I tell you true I sent for Cruelty of late, If he would come away, I would commit her to his hands His cruel part to play Even now I see where he doth come. It doth my heart delight

# Enter CRUELTY and MURDER

#### CRUELTY

Come, Murder, come, let us go forth with might. Once again the king's commandment we must fulfil

#### MURDER.

I am contented to do it with a good will

# KING.

Murden and Cruelty, for both of you I sent,
With all festination your offices to frequent
Lay hold on the queen, take her to your power,
And make her away within this hour,
Spare for no fear, I do you full permit
So I from this place do mean for to flit.

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#### Вотн

With courageous hearts, O king, we will obey.

### KING

Then come, my lords, let us depart away

# BOTH THE LORDS

With heavy hearts we will do all your grace doth say [Exeunt King and Lords

### CRUELTY

Come, lady and queen, now are you in our handling
In faith, with you we will use no dandling

#### MURDER

With all expedition, I Murder will take place, Though thou be a queen, ye be under my grace

# QUEEN

With patience I will you both obey

#### CRUELTY.

No more words, but go with us away

# QUEEN

Yet, before I die, some psalm to God let me sing

#### Вотн.

We be content to permit you that thing

# QUEEN.

Farewell, you ladies of the court,
With all your masking hue
I do forsake these broder'd guards,
And all the fashions new,
The court and all the courtly train,
Wherein I had delight,
I bamshed am from happy sport,
And all by spiteful spite
Yet with a joyful heart to God
A psalm I mean to sing,
Forgiving all, and the king,
Of each kind of thing. [Sing and Execut

# Enter Ambidenter weeping

#### AMBIDEXTER

Ah, ah, ah, ah ' I cannot choose but weep for the queen

Nothing but mourning now at the court there 15

seen

O, O, my heart, my heart, O, my bum will break Very grief so torments me that scarce I can speak

Who could but weep for the loss of such a lady? That cannot I do, I swear by mine honesty But, Lord! so the ladies mourn crying, alack! Nothing is woin now but only black,

I believe all [the] cloth in Watling Street to make gowns would not serve <sup>1</sup>

If I make a lie, the devil let me starve!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [This reference to Watling Street as an early emporium for cloth is interesting, and does not seem to have been noticed]

All ladies mourn both young and old;
There is not one that wearth a point's worth of gold

There is a soit for fear of the king do play,
That would have him dead, by the mass I date
say

What a king was he that hath used such tyranny? He was akin to Bishop Bonner, I think verily, For both their delights was to shed blood, But never intended to do any good Cambyses put a judge to death, that was a good

deed,
But to kill the young child was worse to proceed,
To murder his brother, and then his own wife!
So help me God and halidom, it is pity of his life,
Hear ye? I will lay twenty thousand pound,
That the king himself doth die by some wound,
He hath shed so much blood, that his will be shed
If it come so to pass, in faith, then he is sped

Enter the King without a gown, a sword thrust up into his side bleeding

# KING.

Out alas? what shall I do? my life is finished, Wounded I am by sudden chance, my blood is minished.

Gog's heart, what means might I make my life to preserve?

Is there nought to be my help? nor is there nought to serve?

Out upon the court, and lords that there remain!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Here Preston makes Ambidexter refer to Bonner as dead, an event which happened in 1569, and as this play was licenced in 1569-70, it must have been written immediately prior to its entry at Stationers' Hall ]

To help my grief in this my case will none of them take pain?

Who but I in such a wise his death's wound could have got?

As I on horse-back up did leap, my sword from scabbard shot,

And run me thus into the side, as you right well may see

A marvell's chance unfortunate, that in this wise should be.

I feel myself a-dying now, of life beieft am I

And death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blood I spy.

Thus gasping here on ground I he, for nothing I do care,

A just reward for my misdeeds my death doth plain declare

[Here let him quale and stir

#### AMBIDEXTER

How now, noble king? pluck up your heart,
What, will you die, and from us depart?
Speak to me, and you be alive
He cannot speak, but behold now with death he
doth strive!
Alas, good king. alas, he is gone!
The dovel take me, if for him I make any mean

The devil take me, if for him I make any moan I did prognosticate of his end, by the mass, Like as I did say, so is it come to pass.

I will be gone, if I should be found here, That I should kill him it would appear For fear with his death they do me charge, Farewell, my masters, I will go take barge I mean to be packing, now is the tide Farewell, my masters, I will no longer abide [Exit Ambidexter.]

#### Enter three LORDS.

### FIRST LORD

Behold, my lords, it is even so,
As he to us did tell,
His grace is dead upon the ground,
By dent of sword most fell.

### SECOND LORD

As he in saddle would have leapt,
His sword from sheath did go,
Goring him up into the side,
His life was ended so

### THIRD LORD

His blood so fast did issue out,
That nought could him prolong
Yet before he yielded up the ghost,
His heart was very strong.

### FIRST LORD.

A just reward for his misdeeds
The God above hath wrought,
For certainly the life he led
Was to be counted nought.

### SECOND LORD.

Yet a princely burial he shall have, According his estate, And more of him here at his time We have not to dilate.

### THIRD LORD.

My lords, let us take him up, To carry him away

### Вотн

Content we are, with one accord, To do as you do say

[Exeunt all

### EPILOGUS.

Right gentle audience, here have you perused The tragical history of this wicked king, According to our duty, we have not refused, But to our best intent express'd everything We trust none is offended for this our doing Our author craves likewise, if he have squared amiss,

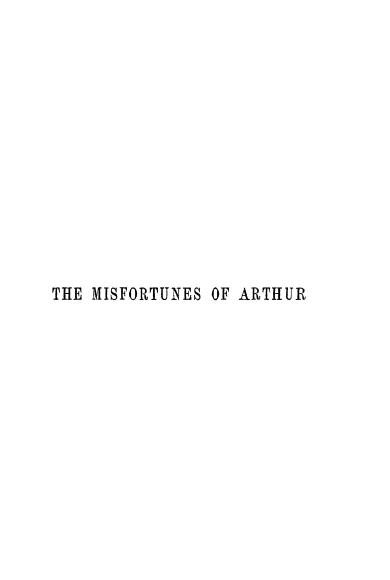
By gentle admonition to know where the fault is

His good will shall not be neglected to amend the same,

Praying all to bear therefore with his simple deed, Until the time serve a better he may frame Thus yielding you thanks, to end we decreed That you so gently have suffered us to proceed, In such patient wise as to hear and see . We can but thank you therefore, we can do no more, we.

As duty binds us, for our noble queen let us pray, And for her honourable council, the truth that they may use, To practise justice, and defend her giace each day,
To maintain God's word they may not refuse,
To correct all those, that would her grace and
grace's laws abuse,
Beseeching God over us she may reign long,

To be guided by truth, and defended from wrong



### EDITION

Co. tarne Devises and shewes presented to her Majestre by
the Gentlemen of Grayes-Inne, at her Highnesse Court
in Greenewich, the twenty eighth day of Februarie in
the thirtieth years of her Majestres most happy Raigne
At London Printed by Robert Robinson 1587 80
Black-letter

## MR COLLIER'S PREFACE.

It appears that eight persons, members of the Society of Gray's Inn, were engaged in the production of "The Misfortunes of Arthur," for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at Greenwich, on the 8th February 1587-8, viz., Thomas Hughes, the author of the whole body of the tragedy, William Fulbecke, who wrote two speeches substituted on the representation and appended to the old printed copy, Nicholas Trotte, who furnished the introduction, Francis Flower, who penned choruses for the first and second acts, Christopher Yelverton, Francis Bacon, and John Lancaster, who devised the dumb-shows, then usually accompanying such performances; and a person of the name of Peniuddock, who, assisted by Flower and Lancaster, "directed the proceedings at court"

Regarding Hughes and Trotte no information has survived. Fulbecke was born in 1566, became, as we are told, an eminent writer on the law, and in the year when this tragedy was brought out, published a work called "Christian Ethics." The "Maister Francis Bacon," spoken of at the conclusion of the piece, was,

of course, no other than [the great] Bacon, and it is a new feature in his biography, though not perhaps very prominent nor important, that he was so nearly concerned in the preparation of a play at court. In February 1587–8, he had just commenced his twenty-eighth year Christopher Yelverton, as early as 1566, had written the epilogue to Gascoigne's "Jocasta," and on the present occasion was probably resorted to for his experience in such undertakings. Regarding Flower, Lancaster, and Penruddock we have nothing to communicate

"The Misfortunes of Arthur" is a dramatic composition only known to exist in the Garnick Collection 1 Judging from internal evidence, it seems to have been printed with unusual care under the superintendence of the principal author In the course of it, some lines and words were cancelled, and those which were substituted were pasted over the objectionable passages In the notes we have given both versions, and the whole is reprinted as nearly as possible in its original The mere rarity of this unique drama would not have recommended it to our notice, but it is not likely that such a man as Bacon would have lent his aid to the production of a piece which was not intrinsically good, and unless we much mistake, there is a richer and a nobler vein of poetry running through it than is to be found in any previous work of the The blank verse is generally free and flowing, although now and then deformed by alliteration, and

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [A copy is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, it was formerly Kemble's.]

nendered somewhat monotonous by the want of that variety of rhythm, which Mailowe may be said to have introduced, and which Shakespeare scarcely exceeded.

Most of the characters, and particularly those of Arthur and Mordred, are drawn with distinctness and vigour the fiery and reckless ambition of the son is excellently contrasted with the cool determination and natural affection of the father. As an illustration of the former we may refer to many passages, but especially to several in the third scene of the second act, while the character and disposition of the latter are depicted in a masterly manner both before and after the final battle. This catastrophe, as far as relates to the death of Mordred, is mentioned by Dante in canto xxxii. of his "Infeino"—

"Non quelli a cui fu rotto il petto e l'ombra Con esso un colpo per la man d'Artu"

The substance of the story is to be found in the "Morte Arthur" The action is one, but the unities of time and place are disregarded, and although the tragedy in many respects is conducted upon the plan of the ancients, there are in it evident approaches to the irregularity of our romantic drama. It forms a sort of connecting link between such pieces of unimpassioned formality as "Ferrex and Porrex," and rule-rejecting historical plays, as Shakespeare found them and left them.

### THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS

GORLOIS, Duke of Cornwall's Ghost GUENEVERA, the Queen FRONIA, a Lady of her train Angharad. Sister to the Queen MORDRED, the Usur per. CONAN. a faithful Councillor Nuntius of Arthur's landing The Herald from Arthur GAWIN, King of Albany GILLA, a British Earl GILLAMOR, King of Ireland CHELDRICH, Duke of Saxony The Lord of the Picts ARTHUR, King of Great Britain CADOR, Duke of Cornwall Hoel, King of Little Britain The Herald from Mordred ASCHILLUS, King of Denmark The King of Norway A number of Soldiers Nuntius of the last battle GILDAS, a nobleman of Britain

CHORUS

## THE INTRODUCTION.

An introduction, penned by Nicholas Trotte, Gentleman, one of the Society of Gray's Inn, which was pronounced in manner following — viz, Three Muses came on the stage apparelled accordingly, bringing five Gentlemen Students with them, attired in their usual gaiments, whom one of the Muses presented to Her Majesty as captives. The cause whereof she delivered by speech as followeth —

Of conquest (gracious queen) the signs and fruits, Achieved 'gainst such as wrongfully withheld. The service by choice wits to Muses due, In humblest wise these captives we present. And lest your highness might suspect the gift, As spoil of war that justice might impeach, Hear and discern how just our quarrel was, Avouched (as you see) by good success. A dame there is, whom men Astroea term, She that pronounceth oracles of laws,

Who to prepare fit servants for her train, As by commission, takes up flow'ring wits, Whom first she schooleth to forget and scorn The noble skills of language and of arts, The wisdom which discourse of stories teach The ornaments which various knowledge yields But poesy she hath in most disdain, And marshals it next Folly's scorned place Then, when she hath these worthy prints defac'd Out of the minds that can endure her hand What doth she then supply instead of these? For sooth, some old reports of altered laws, Clamours of courts, and cavils upon words, Grounds without ground, supported by concert, And reasons of more subtlety than sense What shall I say of moot points strange, and doubts

Still argued, but never yet agreed?
And she that doth deride the poet's law,
Because he must his words in order place,
Forgets her forms of pleading, more precise—
More bound to words than is the poet's lore
And for these fine conceits she fitly chose
A tongue that barbarism itself doth use
We, noting all these wrongs, did long expect
Their hard condition would have made them wise,
To offer us their service, plac'd so ill,
But finding them addicted to their choice,
And specially desirous to present

• Your Majesty with fruits of province new,
Now did resolve to double force and skill,
And found and us'd the vantage of the time,
Surpris'd their fort, and took them captives all
So now submiss, as to their state belongs,
They gladly yield their homage long withdrawn,
And Poetry, which they did most contemn,
They glory now her favours for to wear

My sisters laugh'd to see them take the pen, And lose their wits all in unwonted walks. But to your highness that delight we leave, To see these poets new their style advance. Such as they are, or nought or httle worth, Deign to accept, and therewith we beseech, That novelty give pince to worthless things.

Unto this speech one of the Gentlemen answered as followeth

Good ladies, unacquaint with cunning reach,
And eas'ly led to glory in your pow'r,
Hear now abash'd our late dissembled minds
Nor now the first time, as yourselves best know,
Ye Muses sought our service to command
Oft have ye wandered from Parnassus Hill,
And showed yourselves with sweet and tempting
\*grace,

But yet return'd, your train increas'd with few This resolution doth continue still Unto Astrea's name we honour bear, Whose sound perfections we do more admine Than all the vaunted store of Muses' guts, Let this be one (which last you put in me In well depraying that deserveth praise) No eloquence, disguising reason's shape, Nor poetry, each vain affection's nuise, No various history, that doth lead the mind Abroad to ancient tales from instant use. Nor these, nor other mo, too long to note, Can win Astrea's servants to remove Their service once devote to better things They, with attentive minds and serious wits, Revolve records of deep judicial acts, They weigh with steady and indifferent hand Each word of law, each circumstance of right, VOL IV R

They hold the grounds which time and use hath sooth'd.1

Though shallow sense conceive them as conceits— Presumptuous sense, whose ignorance dare judge Of things remov'd by reason from her reach One doubt, in moots by argument increas'd Clears many doubts experience doth object The language she first chose, and still retains Exhibits naked truth in aptest terms Our industry maintaineth unimpeach d Prerogative of prince, respect to peers, The Commons' liberty and each man's right Suppresseth mutin force and practice fraud, Things that for worth our studious care deserve Yet never did we banish nor reject Those ornaments of knowledge nor of tongues That slander envious ignorance did raise With Muses still we intercourse allow. T'enrich our state with all their foreign freight. But never homage nor acknowledgment Such as of subjects allegiance doth require Now hear the cause of your late conquest won We had discovered your intent to be (And, sure, ye ladies are not secret all. Speech and not silence is the Muse's grace) We well perceiv'd (I say) your mind to be T' employ such prisoners, as themselves did yield. To serve a Queen, for whom her purest gold Nature refin'd, that she might therein set Both private and imperial virtues all Thus (Sovereign Lady of our laws and us) Zeal may transform us into any shape We, which with trembling hand the pen did guide, Never well pleas'd, all for desire to please,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Shown to be true the author has converted the substantive sooth into a verb

#### INTRODUCTION

For still your rare perfections did occur, Which are admir'd of Muses and of men O, with how steady hand and heart assur'd. Should we take up the warlike lance or sword, With mind resolv'd to spend our loyal blood Your least command with speed to execute! O. that before our time the fleeting ship Ne'er wandered had in watery wilderness, That we might first that venture undertake In strange attempt t'approve our loyal hearts! Be it soldiers, seamen, poets, or what else, In service once enjoin'd, to ready minds Our want of use should our devon increase Now since instead of ait we bring but zeal. Instead of praise we humbly pardon crave The matter which we purpose to present, Since straights of time our liberty controls, In tragic notes the plagues of vice recounts How suits a tragedy for such a time ? Thus—for that since your sacred Majesty In gracious hands the regal sceptie held, All tragedies are fled from State to stage

#### NICHOLAS TROUTE

The misfortunes of Arthur (Uther Pendragon's son) reduced into tragical notes by Thomas Hughes, one of the society of Gray's Inn, and here set down as it passed from under his hands, and as it was presented, excepting certain words and lines, where some of the actors either helped their memories by brief omission, or fitted their acting by some alteration, with a note in the end of such speeches as were penned by others, in lieu of some of these hereafter following

## The Argument of the Tragedy.

At a banquet made by Uther Pendragon for the solemnising of his conquest against the Saxons, he fell enamoured of Igerna, wife to Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall who, perceiving the king's passion, departed with his wife and prepared wars at Cornwall. where also, in a stronghold beyond him, he placed Then the king levied an army to suppress him, but waxing impatient of his desire to Igerna. transformed himself, by Merlin his cunning, into the likeness of Gorlois, and after his acceptance with Igerna he returned to his siege, where he Igerna was delivered of Arthur and slew Gorlois. Anne, twins of the same birth. Uther Pendragon. fifteen years after, pursuing the Saxons, was by them poisoned. Arthur delighted in his sister Anne, who made him father of Mordred. teen years after. Lucius Tiberius of Rome demanded a tribute, due by conquest of Cæsar. Arthur gathered his powers of thirteen kings besides his own, and leaving his queen Guenevera in the tuition of Mordred, to whom likewise he committed the kingdom in his absence, arrived at France where, after nine years' wars, he sent the slain body of Tiberius unto Rome for the tribute. During this absence, Mordred grew ambitious, for th' effecting whereof he made love to Guenevera. who gave ear unto him. Then by th' assistance of Gilla, a British lord, he usurped, and for maintenance entertained with large promises the Saxons, Irish, Picts, and Normans. Guenevera hearing that Arthur was already embarked for return. through despair purposing diversely, sometimes to kill her husband, sometimes to kill herself, at last resolved to enter into religion. Arthur at his landing was resisted on the strands of Dover,

where he put Mordred to flight. The last field was fought at Cornwall where, after the death of one hundred and twenty thousand, saving on either side twenty, Mordred received his death, and Arthur his deadly wound

# The Argument and Manner of the First Dumb-Show

Sounding the music, there rose three fures from under the stage, apparelled accordingly with snakes and flames about their black hair and garments The first with a snake in the right hand, and a cup of wine, with a snake athwait the cup, in the left The second with a firebrand in the right hand, and a Cupid in the left. The third with a whip in the right hand and a Pegasus in the left While they went masking about the stage, there came from another place three nuns, which walked by themselves Then after a full sight given to the beholders, they all parted, the tunes to Mordied's house, the nuns to the closter By the first fury with the snake and cup was signified the banquet of Uther Pendragon, and atterward his death which ensued by the poisoned cup. The second fury, with her firebrand and Cupid, represented Uther's unlawful heat and love conceived at the banquet, which never ceased in his posterity the third, with her whip and Pegasus, was prefigured the cruelty and ambition which thence ensued and continued to the effecting of this tracedy By the nuns was signified the remorse and despair of Guenevera that, wanting other hope, took a nunnery for her refuge After then departure, the four which represented the Chorus took their places

### The Argument of the First Act

1 In the first scene the spirit of Gorlors, Duke of Cornwall, the man first and most wronged in this history, being despoil d both of wife, dukedom, and life, craveth revenge for these injuries, denouncing the whole misfortune ensuing

2 In the second scene Guenevera, hearing that Arthur was on the seas returning desperately, menaceth his death, from which intent she is dissuaded by Froma, a lady of her court, and

privy to her secrets

3 In the third scene Guenevera perplexedly mindeth her own death, whence being dissuaded by her sister, she resolveth to enter into religion

4 In the fourth scene Mordred goeth about to persuade Guenevera to persist in her love, but misseth thereof, and then is exhorted by Conan (a nobleman of Britain) to reconcile himself to his father at his coming, but refuseth so to do, and resolveth to keep him from landing by battle

## THE MISFORTUNES OF ARTHUR.

### THE FIRST ACT AND FIRST SCENE

#### Gorlois 1

Since thus through channels black of Limbo lake, And deep infernal flood of Stygian pool, The ghastly Charon's boat transported back. Thy ghost from Pluto's juts and glooming shade. To former light, once lost by dest'ny's doom, Where proud Pendragon, broil'd with shameful lust, Desporl'd thee erst of wife, of land and life, Now, Gorlors, work thy wish, cast here thy gall Glut on revenge! thy wish abhors delays. What though (besides Pendragon's poisoned end) The vile reproach he wrought thee by thy pheer,

'Pheer is companion, and is most ordinarily applied to the male sex Goilois, however, refers to the infidelity of

his wife

¹ Ben Jonson opens his "Catiline" with the ghost of Sylla "ranging for revenge," and he was only thirteen years old, when "The Misfortunes of Aithui" was performed at Guenwich before the Queen Hughes, doubtless, had the commencement of Seneca's "Thyestes" in his mind, and thoughout he has been indebted more or less to that and otter classical authorities The ghost of Polydorus opens the "Hecuba" of Euripides The ghost of Gorlors in this instance speaks the prologue to the tragedy

Through deep increase of crimes alike is plage'd And that the shame thou suffered'st for his lusts, Reboundeth back and stifleth in his stock, Yet is not mischief's measure all tulfill'd Not wreak sufficient wrought. Thy murdered corpse And dukedom reft for heavier vengeance cries Come, therefore, blooms of settled mischief's root Come, each thing else what fury can invent Wreak all at once ' infect the an with plagues, Till had to worse, till worse to worse be turn'd' Let mischiefs know no mean, not plagues an end' Let th' offspring's sin exceed the former stock! Let none have time to hate his former fault, But still with fresh supply let punish'd crime Increase, till time it make a complete sin ' Go to some fact, which no age shall allow Nor yet conceal—some fact must needs be duid. That for the horror great and outrage fell Thereof may well beseem Pendragon's broad And first, while Aithur's navies homeward float. Triumphantly bedeck'd with Roman spoils. Let Guenevera express what frantic moods Distract a wife, when wronging wedlock's rights, Both fond and fell, she loves and loathes at once Let deep despan pursue till, loathing life, Her hateful head in cowl and cloister lunk Let traitorous Mordred keep his sire from shore, Let Britain rest a prey for foreign powers, Let sword and fire, still fed with mutual strik, Turn all the kings to ghosts let civil wars And discord swell, till all the realm be torn ' Even in that soil whereof myself was Duke. Where first my spouse Igerna brake her yow. Where this ungracious offspring was begot In Conwall—there let Mordred's death declare Let Arthur's fatal wound bewray, the wrong, The murder vile, the rape of wife and weal,

Wherewith their sire incens'd both Gods and mair Thus, thus Pendragon's seed, so sown and reap'd Thus cursed imps, ill-born and worse consum'd. Shall render just revenge for parents' crimes And penance do, t' assuage my swelling wiath The whiles, O Cassiopæa, gem-bright sign, Most sacred sight and sweet celestial star. This climate's joy, plac'd in imperial throne. With fragiant olive-branch portending peace And whosoe'er besides, ye heavenly powers (Her stately train with influence divine, And mild aspect all prone to Britain's good) Foresee what present plagues do threat this isle Prevent not this my wreak For you there rests A happier age, a thousand years to come, An age for peace, religion, wealth, and ease, When all the world shall wonder at your bliss That, that is yours! Leave this to Goilois' ghost And see where comes one engine of my hate, With moods and manners fit tor my revenge  $\{E\}$  if

#### THE SECOND SCENE

## GUENEVERA, FRONIA

GUFNEVERA And dates he after nine years' space retuin,

And see her face, whom he so long disdam'd? Was I then chose and wedded for his stale, To look and gape for his retireless sails, Puff'd back and flittering spread to every wind? O wrong, content with no revenge, seek out Undared plagues—teach Mordred how to rage Attempt some bloody, dreadful, inksome fact, And such as Mordred would were rather his

Why stayest? It must be done! let bridle go: Frame out some trap beyond all vulgar guile, Beyond Medea's wiles: attempt some fact, That any wight unwieldy of herself, That any spouse unfaithful to her pheer, Durst e'er attempt in most despair of weal. Spare no revenge, b' it poison, knife, or fire!

Fronia. Good madam, temper these outrageous moods,

And let not will usurp, where wit should rule.

GUENEVERA. The wrath that breatheth blood
doth loathe to lurk:

What reason most withholds, rage wrings perforce. I am disdain'd: so will I not be long.

That very hour that he shall first arrive,
Shall be the last that shall afford him life.

Though neither seas, nor lands, nor wars abroad
Sufficed for thy foil, yet shalt thou find
Far worse at home—thy deep-displeased spouse.
Whate'er thou hast subdu'd in all thy stay
This hand shall now subdue; then stay thy fill.
What's this? my mind recoils and irks these
threats:

Anger delays, my grief gins to assuage,
My fury faints, and sacred wedlock's faith
Presents itself. Why shunn'st thou fearful wrath?
Add coals afresh: preserve me to this venge,
At least exile thyself to realms unknown,
And steal his wealth to help thy banish'd state;
For flight is best. O base and heartless fear!
Theft? Exile? Flight? all these may fortune send
Unsought; but thee beseems more high revenge.
Come, spiteful flends, come, heaps of furies fell,
Not one by one, but all at once! my breast

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Unwieldy or unmanageable of herself—not having any control over her actions. The sense is a little constrained.

Raves not enough it likes me to be fill'd With greater monsters yet. My heart doth thiolo. My liver boils somewhat my mind portends, Uncertain what, but whatsoever, it's huge. So it exceed, be what it will, it's well. Omit no plague, and none will be enough. Wrong cannot be reveng'd but by excess.

FROMA O space this beat! you yield too mid:

Fronia O, spare this heat! you yield too mills to lage

Y' are too unjust Is there no mean in wrong?
GUENEVERA Wrong claims a mean, when first
you offer wrong

The mean is vain when wrong is in revenge Great haims cannot be hid the grief is small, That can receive advice, or rule itself

FRONIA Hatred conceal'd doth often hap to huit But once profess'd, it oft'ner fails revenge How better tho' wert to repress you me A lady's best revenge is to forgive What mean is in your hate? how much soc'en You can invent or date, so much you hate.

GÜENEVERA And would you know what mean there is in hate?

Call love to mind, and see what mean is there! My love, redoubled love, and constant faith Engaged unto Mordred works so deep, That both my heart and marrow quite be burnt, And sinews dried with force of wontless flames. Desire to joy him still torments my mind Fear of his want doth add a double grief. Lo, here the love that stirs this meanless hate!

FRONIA Eschew it far such love impugns the

GUENEVERA. Unlawful love doth like, when lawful loathes.

FRONIA And is your love of husband quite extinct?

GUENEVERA The greater flame must needs delay the less

Besides, his sore revenge I greatly fear

Fronia How can you then attempt a fiesh offence?

GUENEVERA Who can appoint a stint to her offence?

FRONIA But bere the greatness of the fact should move

GUENEVERA The greater it, the fitter for my grief

Fronia To kill your spouse?

GUENEVERA A stranger and a foe

FRONIA Your liege and king

GUENEVERA He wants both realm and crown FRONIA Nature affords not to your sex such strength

GUENEVERA Love, anguish, wrath, will soon afford enough

FRONIA What rage is this?

GUENEVERA Such as himself shall rue

Fronia Whom Gods do press enough, will you annoy?

GUENEVERA Whom Gods do press, they bend, whom man annoys,

He breaks

FRONIA Your grief is more than his deserts Each fault requires an equal hate be not severe, Where crimes be light As you have felt, so grieve

GUENEVERA And seems it light to want him nine year space?

Then to be spoil'd of one I hold more dear? Think all too much, b' it ne'er so just, that feeds

Continual grief the lasting woe is worst

FRONIA Yet let your highness shun these desperate moods

Cast off this rage and fell-disposed mind

Put not shame quite to flight have some regard Both of your sex and future fame of life Use no such cruel thoughts, as far exceed A manly mind, much more a woman's heart GUENEVERA Well, shame is not so quite exil'd, but that

I can and will respect your sage advice
Your counsel I accept give leave a while,
Till fiery wrath may slake, and rage relent

Exit Fronia

### THE THIRD SCENE

## GUENEVERA, ANGHARAT

GUENEVERA The love, that for his rage will not be rul'd,

Must be restrain'd fame shall receive no foil Let Arthur live, whereof to make him suie Myself will die, and so pievent his harms Why stayest thou thus amaz'd, O slothful wrath? Mischief is meant, despatch it on thyself

Angharat Her bleast, not yet appeas'd from former rage,

Hath chang'd her wrath which, wanting means to work

Another's woe (for such is fury's wont),
Seeks out his own, and raves upon itself
Assuage (alas) that over fervent ne
Through too much anger you offend too much
Thereby the rather you deserve to hive
For seeming worthy in yourself to die

GUENEVERA Death is decreed, what kind of death, I doubt

Whether to drown or stifle 1 up this breath, Or forcing blood to die with dint of knife All hope of prosperous hap is gone My fame, My faith, my spouse—no good is left unlost! Myself am left there's left both seas and lands. And sword, and fire and chains, and choice of harms

O gnawing, easeless grief! who now can heal My maimed mind? It must be heal'd by death Angharat No mischief must be done while I be by,

O1, if there must, there must be more than one If death it be you seek, I seek it too, Alone you may not die, with me you may

GUENEVERA They that will drive th' unwilling to then death.

Or frustrate death in those that fain would die, Offend alike They spoil, that bootless spare

Angharat But will my tears and mournings move you nought?

GUENEVERA Then it is best to die when friends do mourn

Angharat Each-where is death! the fates have well ordam'd.

That each man may bereave himself of life. But none of death death is so sure a doom, A thousand ways do guide us to our graves Who then can ever come too late to that. Whence, when he is come, he never can return? Or what avails to hasten on our ends, And long for that which destines have sworn! Look back in time too late is to repent, When furious rage hath once cut off the choice

<sup>1</sup> These lines as they stand in the original are nonsense-"Whether to dround or stifill up his breath On sorcing blood to dye with dint of knife "

GUENEVERA. Death is an end of pain, no pain itself

Is't meet a plague for such excessive wrong
Should be so short? Should one stroke answer

[Solloquizes] And would'st thou die q well, that contents the laws

What, then, for Aithui's are? What for thy fame, Which thou hast stain'd? What for thy stock thou sham'st?

Not death nor life alone can give a full Revenge join both in one—die and yet live Where pain may not be oft, let it be long Seek out some lingering death, whereby thy corpse May neither touch the dead nor joy the quick Die, but no common death pass nature's bounds

ANGHARAT Set plaints aside despair yields no relief.

The more you search a wound the more it stings GUENEVERA When guilty minds torment themselves, they heal,

Whiles wounds be cur'd, gilef is a salve for gilet Angharat Grief is no just esteemer of our deeds

What so hath yet been done, proceeds from chance GUENEVERA The mind and not the chance doth make th' unchaste

ANGHARAT Then is your fault from fate, you rest excus'd

None can be deemed faulty for her fate GUENEVERA No fate, but manners fail, when we offend

Impute mishaps to fates, to manners faults
ANGHARAT Love is an error that may blind the

GUENEVERA. A mighty error oft hath seem'd a sin

My death is vowed, and death must needs take

place

But such a death as stands with just remoise Death to the world and to her slippery joys. A full divorce from all this courtly pomp, Where daily penance, done for each offence, May render due revenge for every wrong. Which to accomplish, pray my dearest friends, That they forthwith, attir'd in saddest guise, Conduct me to the cloister next hereby, • There to profess, and to renounce the world.

ANGHARAT Alas! what change were that! from

kingly roofs

To clossfeled cells—to live and die at once! To want your stately troops, your friends and kin, To shun the shows and sights of stately court, To see in soit alive your country's death Yea, whatsoe'er even death itself withdraws From any else, that life withdraws from you Yet since your highness is so fully bent, I will obey the whiles assuage your grief \[ \int Exit \]

### THE FOURTH SCENE

Mordred, Guenevera, Conan

MORDRED The hour, which erst I always feared most

The certain ruin of my desperate state, Is happened now! why turn'st thou (mind) thy back?

Why at the first assault dost thou recoil?

Trust to't, the angry heavens contrive some spite.

And dreadful doom t'augment thy cursed hap Oppose to each revenge thy guilty head,

And shun no pain, nor plague fit for thy fact What shouldst thou fear, that see'st not what to hope ? 1

No danger's left before all's at thy back
He safely stands, that stands beyond his haims
Thine (death) is all that east and west can see
For thee we live, our coming is not long
Spare us but whiles we may prepare our graves
Though thou wert slow, we hasten of ourselves
The hour that gave did also take our lives
No sooner men than moital were we born
I see mine end draws on, I feel my plagues.
GHENEYERA No plague for one all-boun to di

GUENEVERA No plague for one ill-boin to die

as ıll

MORDRED O Queen! my sweet associate in this plunge

And desperate plight, behold, the time is come, That either justifies our former faults, Or shortly sets us free from every fear

GUENEVERA My fear is past, and wedlock love hath won

Retire we thither yet, whence first we ought
Not to have stirr'd Call back chaste faith again
The way that leads to good is ne'er too late:
Who so repents is guiltless of his crimes

MORDRED What means this course? Is Arthur's wedlock safe.

On can he love, that hath just cause to hate? That nothing else were to be fear'd. Is most apparent, that he hates at home, Whate'er he be whose fancy strays abroad. Think, then, our love is not unknown to him,

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<sup>1</sup> Milton has this thought, almost in the same words, allowing for the difference of an interrogation

<sup>&</sup>quot;For where no hope is left, is left no fear"

— Par Reg III 206

Whereof what patience can be safely hop'd? Nor love nor sovereignty can bear a peer

GUENEVERA Why dost thou still stir up my

flames delay'd q

His strays and errors must not move my mind A law for private men binds not the king What, that I ought not to condemn my liege, Nor can, thus guilty to mine own offence! Where both have done amiss, both will relent He will forgive that needs must be forgiven

MORDRED A likely thing, your faults must

make you friends,

What sets you both at odds must join you both.
Think well, he casts already for revenge,
And how to plague us both. I know his law,
A judge severe to us, mild to himself
What then avails you to return too late,
When you have passed too far? You feed vain
hopes

GUENEVERA. The further past, the more this

fault is yours

It served your turn t'usurp your father's crown His is the crime, whom crime stands most in stead Mordred. They that conspire in faults offend alike

Crime makes them equal, whom it jointly stains
If for my sake you then pertook my guilt,
You cannot guiltless seem—the crime was joint
GUENEVERA—Well should 1 she seem most guilt-

less unto thee,

Whate'er she be, that's guilty for thy sake The remnant of that sober mind, which thou Had'st heretofore ne'er vanquish'd, yet resists Suppress, for shame, that impious mouth so taught,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The word should is accidentally repeated in this line in the old copy.

And so much skill'd t'abuse the wedded bed Look back to former fates Troy still had stood, Had not her prince made light of wedlock's lore The vice that threw down Troy doth threat thy throne

Take heed there Mordred stands, whence Pans fell Exit

CONAN Since that your highness knows for certain truth.

What power your sire prepares to claim his night It nearly now concerns you to resolve

In humblest sort to reconcile yourself

Gainst his return

MORDRED Will war ?

CONAN That lies in chance.

MORDRED I have as great a share in chance as he

CONAN His ways be blind that maketh chance his guide

MORDRED Whose refuge hes in chance, what daies he not?

CONAN Wars were a crime fai worse than all the rest.

MORDRED The safest passage is from bad to worse

CONAN That were to pass too far and put no mean

MORDRED He is a fool that puts a mean in crimes

CONAN But sword and fire would cause a common wound

MORDRED. So sword and fire will often sear the sore.

CONAN. Extremest cures must not be used first MORDRED. In desperate times the headlong way is best.

CONAN. Y'have many foes.

MORDRED No more than faithful friends CONAN Trust t'it, their faith will faint where fortune fails

Where many men pretend a love to one,
Whose power may do what good or harm he will,
"Its hard to say which be his faithful friends
Dame Flattery flitteth oft—she loves and hates
With time, a present friend, an absent foe
MORDRED But yet I'll hope the best 1

CONAN Even then you fear

The worst fears follow hopes, as fumes do flames Mischief is sometimes safe, but ne'er secure The wrongful sceptre's held with trembling hand

MORDRED Whose rule wants right, his safety's in his sword.

For sword and sceptre comes to kings at once CONAN The kingliest point is to affect but right MORDRED Weak is the sceptre's hold that seeks but right

The care whereof hath danger'd many crowns As much as water differeth from the fire, So much man's profit jars from what is just A free recourse to wrong doth oft secure The doubtful seat, and plucks down many a foe The sword must seldom cease a sovereign's hand Is scantly safe, but whiles it smites Let him Usurp no crown that likes a guiltless life. Aspiring power and justice seld agree He always fears that shames to offer wrong

CONAN What son would use such wrong against his sire?

Mordred Come, son, come, sue, I first prefer myself,

And since a wrong must be, then it excels

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;But yet I'll hope the best" is by mistake given to Conan in the old copy

When 'tis to gain a crown I hate a peer I loathe, I nk, I do detest a head B' it nature, be it reason, be it pride, I love to rule my mind, nor with, nor by, Nor after any claims, but chief and flist!

CONAN But think what fame and grievous bruits would run

Of such disloyal and unjust attempts

MORDRED Fame goes not with our ghosts the senseless soul,

Once gone, neglects what vulgar bruit reports She is both light and vain

CONAN She noteth, though
MORDRED She feareth states <sup>1</sup>
CONAN She carpeth, ne'ertheless
MORDRED She's soon suppress'd

Conan As soon she springs again Tongues are untam'd and fame is envy's dog, That absent barks, and present fawns as fast It fearing dares, and yet hath never done, But dures though death redeem us all from foes Besides, yet death redeems us not from tongues?

MORDRED Ere Arthur land, the sea shall blush with blood,

And all the strands with smoking slaughters reek. Now (Mars) protect me in my first attempt !

If Mordred scape, this realm shall want no wais

Exeunt.

#### CHORUS

1.

See here the drifts of Gorlos, Cormsh Duke, And deep desire to shake his sovereign's throne

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In the old copy Mordred's reply is made a part of Conan's observation

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> By an apparent error in the original the five preceding lines are given to Mordred.

How foul his fall, how bitter his rebuke, Whiles wife, and weal, and life, and all be gone! He now in hell toi mented wants that good Lo, lo, the end of traitorous bones and blood!

2.

Pendragon broil'd with flames of filthy fires, By Merlin's mists enjoy'd Igerna's bed Next spoiled Gorlois, doubling his desires; Then was himself through force of poison sped Who sows in sin, in sin shall reap his pain The doom is sworn—death guerdons death again

3

Whiles Arthur wars abroad and leaps lenown, Guenevela prefers his son's desire, And traitorous Mordred still usurps the crown, Affording fuel to her quenchless fire, But death's too good, and life too sweet for these, That wanting both should taste of neither's ease

4

In Rome the gaping gulf would not decrease,
Till Curtius corse had closed her yearning jaws
In Thebes the rot and murrain would not cease,
Till Laius brood had paid for breach of laws
In Britain wars and discord will not stent,
Till Uthei's line and offspring quite be spent

### The Argument of the Second Act

1 In the first scene a Nuntio declareth the success of Arthur's wars in France, and Mordred's foil, that resisted his landing.

2 In the second scene, Mordied enlaged at the overthlow voweth a second battle, notwithstanding Conan's dissuasion to the contrary

3 In the third scene, Gawin (brother to Moidred by the mother) [comes] with an herald from Aithui to imparley of peace, but after some debate thereof, peace is rejected

4 In the fourth scere, the King of Ireland and other foreign princes assure Mordred of their assist-

ance against Arthur

## The Argument and Manner of the Second Dumb-Show

Whiles the music sounded, there came out of Moidred's house a man stately attired, representing a king who, walking once about the stage, then out of the house appointed for Aithur there came three Nymphs apparelled accordingly, the first holding a Cornucopia in her hand, the second a golden branch of olive, the third a sheaf of corn These orderly, one after another, offered these presents to the king, who scornfully refused, a second after which there came a man bareheaded. with long black shagged hair down to his shoulders, apparelled with an Irish tacket and shirt, having an Irish dagger by his side, and a dart in his hand Who first with a threatening countenance looking about, and then spying the king, did furiously chase and drive him into Mordred's house The king represented Mordred, the three Nymphs with their proffers the treaty of peace, for the which Arthur sent Gawin with an herald unto Mordred, who rejected it the Irishman signified Revenge and Fury, which Mordred conceived after his foil on the shores. whereunto Mordied headlong yieldeth himself.

Troy,

### THE SECOND ACT AND FIRST SCENE

#### Nuntius

NUNTIUS Lo. here at length the stately type of

And Britain land the promis'd seat of Brute,
Deck'd with so many spoils of conquered kings!
Hail, native soil, these nine years' space unseen!
To thee hath long-renowned Rome at last
Held up her hands, bereft of former pomp
But first, inflam'd with wonted valoui's heat,
Amidst our sorest siege and thickest broils
She stoutly fought, and fiercely waged wars
Tiberius courage gave, upbraiding oft
The Roman force, their wonted luck, and long
Retained rule by wars throughout the world
What shame it were since such achieved spoils,
And conquests gain'd both far and wide, to want
Of courage then, when most it should be mov'd!

How Britons erst paid tribute for their peace, But now rebel and dare them at their doors For what was France but theirs? Herewith incens'd, They fiercely lav'd, and bent their force afresh Which Arthur spying, cried with thundering voice, Fie (Britons) fie! what hath bewitch'd you thus?

So many nations foil'd, must Romans foil! What sloth is this! Have you forgot to war, Which ne'er knew hour of peace! turn to your foes,
Where you may bathe in blood and fight your fill Let courage work! what can he not that daies! Thus he, [the] puissant guide in doubtful wars, Asham'd to shun his foes, inflam'd his friends. Then yielding to his stately steed the reins, He furious drives the Roman troops about

He plies each place, lest fates mought alter ought, Pursuing hap, and uiging each success He yields in nought, but instantly persists, In all attempts, wherein whatso withstands His wish, he joys to work away by wrack, And matching death to death, no passage seeks But what destruction works with blade or blood He scorns the yielded way, he fiercely laves To break and bruise the ranks in thickest throngs. All headlong bent and prone to present spoil The foes enforc'd withstand, but much dismay'd They senseless fight, while millions lose then lives At length Tiberius, pierc'd with point of spear, Doth bleeding fall, engor'd with deadly wound Hereat the rest recoil and headlong fly, Each man to save himself The battle quails, And Britons win unto their most renown Then Arthur took Tiberius' breathless corse. And sent it to the Senators at Rome, With charge to say This is the tribute due Which Arthur ought as time hereafter serves. He'll pay the like again, the while he rests Your debtor thus But O! this sweet success. Pursu'd with greater haims, tuin'd soon to sour. For lo, when to eign soils and seas were past With safe return, and that the king should land, Who but his only son (O outrage rare) With hugy host withstood him on the shore! There were prepar'd the foreign aids from far There were the borrowed powers of divers kings, There were our parents, brethren, sons and kin, Their wrath, their ire, there, Mordred, was thy rage Where erst we sought abroad for foes to foil, Behold, our Fates had sent us foes unsough When foreign realms supplanted want supply, O blessed home, that hath such boon in store! But let this part of Arthur's prowess lurk,

Not let it e'er appear by my report,
What monstrous mischiefs rage in civil wais
O, rather let due tears and wailings want '
Let all in silence sink what hence ensu'd
What best deserveth mention here is this
That Mordied vanquish'd trusted to his flight,
That Arthur eachwhere victor is return'd
And lo, where Mordred comes with heavy head
He wields no slender weight that wields a crown

[Exit

## THE SECOND SCENE

# MORDRED, CONAN.

MORDRED And hath he won? Be strands and shores possessed?

Is Mordred foil'd? the realm is yet unwon,
And Mordred lives, reserv'd for Arthur's death!
Well, 'twas my first conflict I knew not yet'
What wars requil'd but now my sword is flesh'd,
And taught to gore and bathe in hottest blood
Then think not, Arthur, that the crown is won!
Thy first success may rue our next assault,
Even at our next encounter (hap when 'twill)
I vow by heaven, by earth by hell, by all,
That either thou or I, or both shall die!

CONAN Nought should be rashly vow'd against your sire

MORDRED. Whose bleast is free from rage may soon b' advised

CONAN The best redress from rage is to relent MORDRED. 'Tis better for a king to kill his foes. CONAN So that the subjects also judge them foes MORDRED The subjects must not judge their king's decrees

CONAN The subjects' force is great

MORDRED 1 Greater the king's

CONAN. The more you may, the more you ought to tear

MORDRED He is a fool that feareth what he may

CONAN. Not what you may, but what you ought, is just

MORDRED He that amongst so many so unjust

Seeks to be just, seeks peril to himself

CONAN A greater peril comes by breach of laws MORDRED The laws do licence as the sovereign lists

CONAN Least ought he list, whom laws do

licence most

MORDRED. Imperial power abhors to be restrain'd.

CONAN As much do meaner grooms 2 to be compell'd

MORDRED The fates have heav'd and rais'd my force on high

CONAN The gentler should you press those that are low

MORDRED I would be fear'd

CONAN The cause why subjects hate

MORDRED A kingdom's kept by fear

CONAN And lost by hate

He fears as man[y] himself whom many fear MORDRED The timorous subject dares attempt

no change

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Arthur's name is misprinted for that of Mordred in this place in the original.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> It stands noms in the old copy, but to make sense of the line we must read grooms [Grooms is here and afterwards used in the sense of man]

CONAN What dares not desperate dread? MORDRED 1 What? torture, threats CONAN O spare! 'twere safer to be lov'd. MORDRED As safe to be obev'd CONAN Whiles you command but well MORDRED Where rulers date command but what is well.

Pow'r is but prayer, commandment but request CONAN If pow'r be join'd with right, men must

obev

MORDRED My will must go for right If they assent CONAN MORDRED My sword shall force assent No. gods forbid! CONAN MORDRED What ! shall I stand, whiles Aithur sheds my blood ?

And must I yield my neck unto the axe? Whom fates constrain, let him forego his bliss, But he that needless yields unto his bane, When he may shun, doth well deserve to lose The good he cannot use Who would sustain A baser life, that may maintain the best? We cannot part the crown a regal throne Is not for two the sceptre fits but one But whether is the fitter of us two.

That must our swords discern, and shortly shall CONAN How much were you to be renowned more.

If casting off these rumous attempts, You would take care how to supply the loss, Which former wars and foreign broils have wrought,

How to deserve the people's hearts with peace.

<sup>1</sup> This reply, which belongs to Mordred, is given to Conan in the old copy

With quiet rest and deep-desired ease · Not to increase the rage that long hath reign'd, Nor to destroy the realm you seek to rule Your father rear'd it up, you pluck it down. You lose your country, whiles you win it thus. To make it yours, you strive to make it none Where kings impose too much, the commons grudge, 1

Good-will withdraws, assent becomes but slow MORDRED Must I to gain renown incur my

plague,

Or hoping praise sustain an exile's life? Must I for country's ease disease myself, Or for their love despise my own estate? 2 No 'Tis my hap that Britain serves my turn: That fear of me doth make the subjects crouch. That what they grudge they do constrained yıeld

If their assents be slow, my wrath is swift: When favour fails to bend, let fury break If they be yet to learn, let terror teach, What kings may do, what subjects ought to bear Then is a kingdom at a wished stay, When whatsoever the sovereign wills or nills, Men be compell'd as well to praise as bear, And subjects' wills enforc'd against their wills CONAN But whose seeks true praise and just

renown.

2 The following were substituted for the four preceding lines

<sup>1</sup> Instead of the words "commons grudge," "realm envies" has been substituted and wafered over the text The alteration, like some others, seems to have been ouginally pasted upon the objectionable passage

<sup>&</sup>quot;The first art in a kingdom is to scoin The envy of the realm II. cannot rule That fears to be envi'd What can divoice Envy from sovereignty 9 Must my deserts ! "

Would rather seek their praising hearts than tongues

MORDRED True praise may happen to the basest groom,

A forced praise to none but to a prince I wish that most, that subjects most repine

CONAN But yet where wars do threaten your estate.

There needeth friends to fortify your crown MORDRED Each crown is made of that attractive mould.

That of itself it draws a full defence

CONAN That is a just and no usurped crown, And better were an exile's life, than thus Disloyally to wrong your site and liege Think not that impious crimes can prosper long A time they 'scape, in time they be repaid

MORDRED The hugest crimes bring best success to some

Conan. Those some be rare

MORDRED Why may not I be raie?

CONAN It was their hap.

MORDRED It is my hope

CONAN But hope may miss, where hap doth hurl

MORDRED So hap may hit, where hope doth aım

CONAN. But hap is last, and rules the stern MORDRED So hope is first, and hoists the sail CONAN Yet fear, the first and last do seld agree.

MORDRED. Nay, dare, the first and last have many means

But cease at length, your speech molests me much

My mind is fix'd give Mordred leave to do What Conan neither can allow nor like.

Conan But lo, an Herald sent from Arthur's host
Gods grant his message may portend our good 1

## THE THIRD SCENE

# HERALD, GAWIN, MORDRED

HERALD Your sire, O Prince, considering what distress

The realm sustains by both your mutual wais, Hath sent your brother Gawin, Alban king, To treat of truce, and to imparle of peace

MORDRED Speak, brother. what commandment sends our sire?

What message do you bring? My life or death?
GAWIN A message far unmeet, most needful tho?.

The sire commands not where the son rebels
His love descends too deep to wish your death
Mordred And mine ascends too high to wish
his life

GAWIN Yet thus he off'ieth Though your faults be great

And most disloyal, to his deep abuse, Yet yield yourself, he'll be as prone to grace, As you to ruth—an uncle, sire, and hege And fitter were your due submission done, Than wrongful wars to leave his right and realm

MORDRED It is my fault that he doth want his right

It is his own to vex the realm with wars

<sup>1</sup> It does not appear whether Conan goes out, or stands by, listening to the dialogue between Mordred and Gawin in the following scene.

GAWIN It is his right that he attempts to seek It is your wrong that driveth him thereto

MORDRED 'Tis his insatiate mind, that is not so content.

Which hath so many kingdoms more besides
GAWIN The more you ought to tremble at his
powr

MORDRED. The greater is my conquest, if I win GAWIN The more your foil, if you should hap to lose

For Arthur's fame and valour's such, as you Should rather imitate, or at the least Envy, if hope of better fancies fail'd For whereas envy reigns, though it repines, Yet doth it fear a greater than itself

MORDRED He that envies the valour of his foe, Detects a want of valour in himself He fondly fights that fights with such a foe, Where 'twere a shame to lose, no praise to win, But with a famous foe succeed what will, To win is great renown, to lose less foil His conquests, were they more, dismay me not The oft'ner they have been, the more they threat No danger can be thought both safe and oft, And who hath oft'ner waged wais than he? Escapes secure him not he owes the price Whom chance hath often miss'd, chance hits at length.

Or if that chance have furthered his success, So may she mine, for chance hath made me king

GAWIN As chance hath made you king, so chance may change

Provide for peace that's it the highest peers, No state except, even conquerors, ought to seek Remember Aithur's strength, his conquests late, His fiery mind, his high-aspiring heart Mark then the odds he expert, you untried, He ripe, you green Yield you, whiles yet you may,

He will not yield he wins his peace with wars MORDRED If chance may change, his chance was last to win.

The likelier now to lose His haughty heart And mind I know I feel mine own no less As for his strength and skill, I leave to hap: Where many meet, it lies not all in one What though he vanquish'd have the Roman troops,

That boots him not himself is vanquish'd here Then weigh your words again if conquerors ought To seek for peace, the conquered must perforce But he'll not yield, he'll purchase peace with wars

Well, yield that will, I neither will nor can Come peace, come wars, choose him, my danger's his,

His safety mine our states do stand alike. If peace be good, as good for him as me, If wars be good, as good for me as him

GAWIN What cursed wars (alas) were those, wherein

Both son and sire should so oppose themselves!
Him whom you now, unhappy man, pursue,
If you should win, yourself would first bewail
Give him his crown to keep it peril breeds
MORDRED The crown I'll keep myself, ensue

what will

Death must be once; how soon, I least respect

He best provides that can beware in time,

Not why nor when, but whence and where he falls.

What fool, to live a year or twain in rest,

Would lose the state and honour of a crown?

GAWIN Consider then your father's grief and

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want.

Whom you bereave of kingdom, realm, and crown, MORDRED Trust me, a huge and mighty kingdom 'tis

To bear the want of kingdom, realm, and crown GAWIN A common want, which works each worlding's woe

That many have too much, but none enough
It were his praise could he be so content,
Which makes you guilty of the greater wrong
Wherefore think on the doubtful state of wars
Where Mars hath sway, he keeps no certain
course

Sometimes he lets the weaker to prevail, Sometimes the stronger troops hope, fear, and rage

With eyeless lot rules all uncertain good,
Most certain harms be his assured haps
No luck can last, now here, now there it lights
No state alike, chance blindly snatcheth all,
And fortune maketh guilty whom she lists

MORDRED Since therefore fear and hope, and hap in wars,

Be all obscure, till their success be seen, Your speech doth rather drive me on to try, And trust them all, mine only refuge now

GAWIN And fear you not so strange and uncouth wars 1

MORDRED. No, were they wass that grew from out the ground !

GAWIN Nor yet your sire so huge, yourself so small?

MORDRED The smallest axe may fell the hugest oak.

GAWIN Nor that, in felling him, yourself may fall?

MORDRED He falleth well, that falling fells his foe.

GAWIN Nor common chance, whereto each man is thrall?

MORDRED Small manhood were to turn my back to chance

GAWIN Nor that, if chance afflict, kings brook it not?

MORDRED I bear no breast so unprepar'd for harms

Even that I hold the kingliest point of all, To brook afflictions well—and by how much The more his state and tottering empire sags, To fix so much the faster foot on ground No fear but doth forejudge, and many fall Into their fate, whiles they do fear their fate Where courage quails, the fear exceeds the harm: Yea, worse than war itself is fear of war 1

GAWIN War seemeth sweet to such as have not tried. 2

But wisdom wills we should forecast the worse. The end allows the act. that plot is wise, That knows his means, and least relies on chance. Eschew the course where error lurks, there grows. But grief where pain is spent, no hope to speed. Stilve not above your strength, for where your force. Is overmatch'd with your attempts, it faints, And fruitless leaves what bootless it began.

MORDRED All things are rul'd in constant

But is foreset the first day leads the last. No wisdom then, but difference in conceit, Which works in many men as many minds

<sup>1</sup> Pepor est bello timor ipse belli— Seneca, Thyestes, A III Chor

Jasper Heywood ("Thyestes Faithfully Englished" 1560) thus translates this passage—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Worse is then warie it selfe the feare of fyght"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> [Dulce bellum mexpertis]

You love the mean, and follow virtue's race 'I like the top, and aim at greater bliss
You rest content my mind aspires to more
In brief, you fear, I hope, you doubt, I dare
Since, then, the sagest counsels are but strifes,
Where equal wits may wrest each side alike,
Let counsel go. my purpose must proceed
Each likes his course, mine own doth like me best
Wherefore, ere Arthur breathe or gather strength,
Assault we him, lest he assault us flist.
He either must destroy, or be destroy'd
The mischief's in the midst, catch he that can
GAWIN But will no reason rule that desperate

MORDRED A fickle mind that every leason rules! I rest resolv'd, and to my sire say thus — If here he stay but three days to an end, And not forthwith discharge his band and host, 'Tis Mordred's oath, assure himself to die But if he find his courage so to serve, As for to stand to his defence with force, In Cornwall, if he dare, I'll try it out

GAWIN O strange contempt! like as the craggy rock

Resists the streams and flings the waltering waves Aloof, so he rejects and scorns my words

[Exit 1]

### THE FOURTH SCENE

MORDRED, GILLA, GILLAMOR, CHELDRICHUS, DUX PICTORUM, CONAN

MORDRED. Lo, where (as they decreed) my faithful friends

<sup>1</sup> ve, Gawin . the Herald went out before

Have kept their time. Be all your powers repaired ?
Gilla They be, and all with ardent minds to
Mars

They cry for wars, and longing for th' alaim,
Even now they wish t' encounter with their foes
MORDRED What could be wish'd for more puissant king,

For your great help and valuant Insh force, If I obtain the conquest in these wars, Whereas my father claims a tribute due Out of your realm, I here renounce it quite And if assistance need in doubtful times, I will not fail to aid you with the like Gilla It doth suffice me to discharge my

Gilla It doth suffice me to discharge my realm,

Or at the least to wreak me on my foes. I tathet like to live your friend and peet, Than rest in Arthur's homage and disgrace

Mordred Right noble duke, through whom the Saxons vow

Then lives with mine, for my defence in wais, If we prevail and may subdue our foes, I will, in lieu of your so high deserts, Give you and yours all British lands that lie Between the flood of Humber and the Scots Besides as much in Kent as Horsa and Hengistus had, when Vortigern was king

CHELDRICHUS Your gracious proffers I accept with thanks,

Not for the gain, but for the good desire I have henceforth to be your subject here May thereby take effect, which I esteem More than the rule I bear in Saxon soil

MORDRED, Renowmed lord for your and the state of the state of

MORDRED. Renowmed lord, for your right hardy Picts

And chosen warriors to maintain my cause, If our attempts receive a good success,

The Alban crown I give to you and yours
Dux Pictorum. Your highness' bounty in so
high degree,

Were cause enough to move me to my best But sure yourself, without regard of meed, Should find both me and mine at your command MORDRED Lord Gilla, if my hope may take success.

And that I be thereby undoubted king, The Cornish dukedom I allot to you.

GILLA My liege, to further your desir'd attempts, I joyfully shall spend my dearest blood. The rather that I found the king your sire. So heavy lord to me and all my stock.

MORDRED, Since then our rest is on't and we

MORDRED Since then our rest is on't, and we agreed,

To war it out, what resteth now but blows?

Drive dest'nies on with swords, Mars frames the means!

Henceforth what Mordred may, now lies in you Ere long, if Mars ensue with good success, Look, whatso'er it be that Arthur claims By right or wrong, or conquests gain'd with blood In Britain or abroad, is mine to give -To show, I would have said I cannot give What every hand must give unto itself Whereof who lists to purchase any share, Now let him seek and win it with his sword The fates have laid it open in the field What stars (O heavens) or poles, or powers divine, Do grant so great rewards for those that win! Since then our common good, and each man's care Requires our joint assistance in these toils, Shall we not hazard our extremest hap, And rather spend our fates, than spare our foes? The cause I care for most is chiefly yours This hand and heart shall make mine own secure

That man shall see me foiled by myself,
Whate'er he be, that sees my foe unfoil'd
Fear not the field, because of Mordied's faults,
Nor shrink one jot the more for Arthur's right
Full safely fortune guideth many a guilt,
And fates have none but wretches whom they
wrench

Wherefore make speed to cheer your soldiers' hearts

That to their fires ye yet may add more flames The side that seeks to win in civil wars Must not content itself with wonted heat.

[Exeunt omnes præter Mordred and Conan Conan Would God your highness had been more advised,

Ere too much will had drawn your wits too fai! Then had no wars endanger'd you nor yours, Nor Mordred's cause required foreign care

MORDRED A troubled head: my mind revolts to fear,

And bears my body back I inwards feel my fall

My thoughts misgive me much Down, terror 'I Perceive mine end, and desperate though I must Despise despair, and somewhat hopeless hope, The more I doubt the more I dare by fear I find the fact is fittest for my frame What though I be a ruin to the realm, And fall myself therewith? no better end: His last mishaps do make a man secure Such was King Priam's end who, when he died, Clos'd and wrapp'd up his kingdom in his death A solemn pomp, and fit for Mordred's mind, To be a grave and tomb to all his realm. [Exit

### CHORUS

1

Ye princely peers, extoll'd to seats of state,
Seek not the fair that soon will turn to foul
Oft is the fall of high and hovering fate,
And rare the room which time doth not control
The safest seat is not on highest hill,
Where winds and storms and thunders thump
their ill
Far safer were to follow sound advice,
Than for such pride to pay so dear a price

2

The mounting mind that climbs the haughty cliffs,

And soaring seeks the tip of lofty type,
Intoxicates the brain with giddy drifts,

Then rolls and reels and falls at length plumatipe
Lo, heaving high is of so small forecast,
To totter first, and tumble down at last
Yet Pegasus still rears himself on high,
And coltishly doth kick the clouds in sky

3

Who saw the grief engraven in a crown,
Or knew the bad and bane, whereto it's bound,
Would never stick to throw and fling it down,
Nor once vouchsafe to heave it from the ground
Such is the sweet of this ambitious power,
No sooner had, than turns oftsoons to soun,
Achiev'd with envy, exercis'd with hate,
Guarded with fear, supported with debate

4

O restless race of high-aspiring head!
O worthless rule both pitied and envied!
How many millions to their loss you lead,
With love and lure of kingdoms' bliss untried!
So things untasted cause a quenchless thirst,
Which, were they known, would be refused first
Yea, oft we see, yet seeing cannot shun
The fact we find as fondly dar'd as done

# The Argument of the Thud Act

1 In the first scene Cador and Howell incite and exhort Arthur unto war who, moved with fatherly affection towards his son, notwithstanding their persuasions, resolveth upon peace

2 In the second scene an herald is sent from Mordred to command Arthur to discharge his armies under pain of death, or otherwise, if he dare,

to try it by battle

3 In the third scene Arthui calleth his assistant, and soldiers together, whom he exholteth to pulsue their foes

4 In the fourth scene Arthur, between guef and despair, resolveth to war

## The Argument and Manner of the Third Dumb-Show

During the music after the second act, there came upon the stage two gentlemen attired in a peaceable manner, which brought with them a table, carpet and cloth and then having covered the table they furnish it with incense on the one end and banquetting dishes on the other end Next there came two gentlemen apparelled like

Soldiers, with two naked swords in their hands. the which they laid across upon the table there came two sumptuously attned and warlike who, spying this preparation, smelled the incense and tasted the banquet During the which there came a messenger and delivered certain letters to those that fed on the dainties who, after they had well viewed and perused the letters, furnously flung the banquet under feet, and violently snatching the swords unto them, they hastily went then way By the two first that brought in the banquet was meant the servants of peace by the second two were meant the servants of war by the two last were meant Arthur and Cador By the Messenger and his letters was meant the defigure from Mordred

# THE THIRD ACT AND FIRST 1 SCENE.

ARTHUR, CADOR, HOWELL

ARTHUR. Is this the welcome that my realm prepares?

Be these the thanks I win for all my wars? Thus to forbid me land? to slay my friends? To make their blood distain my country shores? My son (belike), lest that our force should faint For want of wars, prepar'd us wars himself He thought (perhaps) it mought impair our fame, If none rebell'd, whose foil might praise our power Is this the fruit of Mordred's forward youth And tender age, discreet beyond his years? O false and guileful life! O crafty world!

<sup>1</sup> It had been originally printed Second, but corrected by pasting First over it.

How cunningly convey'st thou fraud unseen! Th' ambitious seemeth meek, the wanton chaste, Disguised vice for virtue vaunts itself. Thus (Arthur), thus hath fortune play'd her part, Blind for thy weal, clear-sighted for thy woe. Thy kingdom's gone, thy sphere affords no faith. Thy son rebels—of all thy wonted pomp. No jot is left, and fortune hides her face. No place is left for prosperous plight—mishaps. Have room and ways to run and walk at will Lo (Cador) both our states, your daughter's trust, My son's respect, our hopes ropos'd in both.

CADOR The time, [O] puissant Prince, permits

not now

To moan our wrongs, or search each several sone Since Arthur thus hath ransack'd all abroad, What marvel is 't, if Mordred rave at home? When far and near your wars had worn the world, What wars were left for him but civil wars? All which requires revenge with sword and fire, And to pursue your foes with present? force In just attempts Mars gives a nightful doom

ARTHUR Nay, rather (Cador) let them run their race.

And leave the heavens revengers of my wrong Since Britain's prosperous state is thus debas'd In servile sort to Mordred's cursed pride, Let me be thrall, and lead a private life None can refuse the yoke his country bears But as for wars, in sooth, my flesh abhois To bid the battle to my proper blood Great is the love which nature doth inforce From kin to kin, but most from sire to son

Howell The noble neck disdams the service

yoke.

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, presence.

Where rule hath pleas'd, subjection seemeth strange A king ought always to prefer his realm Before the love he bears to kin or son Your realm destroy'd is ne'er restor'd again, But time may send you kin and sons enough ARTHUR How hard it is to rule th' aspiring

mind,
And what a kingly point it seems to those,
Whose lordly hands the stately sceptre sways,
Still to pursue the drift they first decreed,
My wonted mind and kingdom lets me know
Think not but, if you drive this hazard on,
He desperate will resolve to win or die
Whereof who knows which were the greater guilt,
The sire to slay the son, or son the sire ?

CADOR If bloody Mars do so extremely sway, That either son or sire must needs be slain. Give law the choice let him die that deserves. Each impotent affection notes a want No worse a vice than lenity in kings Remiss indulgence soon undoes a realm He teacheth how to sin that winks at sins. And bids offend that suffereth an offence The only hope of leave increaseth crimes, And he that pardoneth one, embold neth all To break the laws Each patience fostereth wrong But vice severely punish'd faints at foot, And creeps no further off than where it falls One sour example will prevent more vice Than all the best persuasions in the world Rough rigour looks out right, and still prevails. Smooth mildness looks too many ways to thrive Wherefore, since Mordred's crimes have wrong'd the laws

In so extreme a sort, as is too strange, Let right and justice rule with rigour's aid, And work his wrack at length, although too late, That damning laws, so damned by the laws, He may receive his deep deserved doom So let it fare with all that dare the like Let sword, let fire, let torments be their end Severity upholds both realm and rule

ARTHUR Ah too severe! far from a father mind.

Compassion is as fit for kings as wrath
Laws must not low'r, rule oft admitteth ruth
So hate, as if there were yet cause to love
Take not their lives as foes which may be friends.
To spoil my son were to despoil myself
Oft, whiles we seek our foes, we seek our foils
Let's rather seek how to allure his mind
With good deserts 'deserts may win the woist
HOWELL Where Cote first had saved a three

HOWELL Where Cato first had saved a thief from death.

And after was himself condemn'd to die,
When else not one would execute the doom,
Who but the thief did undertake the task?
If too much bounty work so bad effects
In thankless friends, what for a ruthless foe?
Let laws have still their course—the ill-dispos'd
Grudge at their lives to whom they owe too much

ARTHUR But yet where men with reconciled minds

Renew their love with recontinued grace,
Atonement frames them friends of former foes,
And makes the moods of swelling wrath to 'suage.
No faster friendship than that grows from grief,
When melting minds with mutual ruth relent.
How close the severed skin unites again,
When salves have smoothly heal'd the former
hurts!

CADOR. I never yet saw heart so smoothly heal'd, But that the scar bewray'd the former wound · Yea, where the salve did soonest close the skin, The sore was oft'ner covered up than cur'd Which festering deep and fill'd within, at last With sudden breach grew greater than at first What then for minds which have revenging moods, And ne'er forget the cross they forced bear? Whereto if reconcilement come, it makes The t'one secure, whiles t'other works his will Atonement seld defeats, but oft defers Revenge beware a reconciled foe

ARTHUR Well, what avails to linger in this

lıfe,

Which fortune but reserves for greater grief? This breath draws on but matter of mishap Death only frees the guiltless from annoys Who so hath felt the force of greedy fates, And 'dur'd the last decree of grisly death, Shall never yield his captive arms to chains, Nor drawn in triumph deck the victor's pomp

Howell What mean these words? Is Arthur

forc'd to fear ?

Is this the fruit of your continual wars, Even from the first remembrance of your youth <sup>1</sup>

ARTHUR My youth (I grant) and prime of bud-

ding years,

Puff'd up with pride and fond desire of praise,
Foreweening nought what perils might ensue,
Adventured all and raught to will the reins <sup>1</sup>
But now this age requires a sager course,
And will, advis'd by harms, to wisdom yields
Those swelling spirits, the self-same cause which
first.

Set them on gog, even fortune's favours qual'd, And now mine oft'nest scapes do scare me most.

I fear the trap whereat I oft have tripp'd.

<sup>1</sup> i e, Reach'd or gave the reins to will

Experience tells me plain that chance is frail,
And off the better past, the worse to come
CADOR Resist these doubts 'tis ill to yield to
harms

'Tis safest then to dare, when most you fear
ARTHUR As safe sometimes to fear, when most
we dare:

we dare .

A causeless courage gives repentance place.

HOWELL If fortune fawn ARTHUR Each way on me she flowns, For win I, lose I, both procure my grief. CADOR Put case you win, what grief? ARTHUR Admit I do, what joy i CADOR Then may you rule ARTHUR When I may die CADOR To rule is much ARTHUR Small, if we covet nought CADOR. Who covets not a crown? ARTHUR He that discerns the sword aloft CADOR That hangeth fast ARTHUR But by a hair CADOR Right holds it up ARTHUR Wrong pulls it down CADOR The Commons help the king ARTHUR They sometimes hurt CADOR At least the Peers ARTHUR Seld, if allegiance want CADOR Yet sovereignty ARTHUR Not if subjection 1 fail CADOR Doubt not the realm is yours ARTHUR. 'Twas mine 'till now. CADOR And shall be still. ARTHUR If Mordred list.

<sup>1</sup> The word subjection in this place has been pasted over "allegiance"

CADOR 'Twere well your crown were won ARTHUR Perhaps 'tis better lost HOWELL The name of rule should move a

princely mind

ARTHUR Trust me, bad things have often glorious names

HOWELL The greatest food that fortune can afford.

ARTHUR A dangerous good, that wisdom would eschew

Howell Yet weigh the hearsay of the old renowm

And fame, the wonderer of the former age, Which still extols the facts of worthiest wights, Preferring no deserts before your deeds Even she exhorts you to this new attempt, Which left untried your winnings be but loss

ARTHUR Small credit will be given of matters past

To Fame, the flatterer of the former age
Were all believ'd which antique bruit imports,
Yet wisdom weighs the peril join'd to praise.
Rare is the fame (mark well all ages gone)
Which hath not hurt the house it most enhanc'd
Besides, fame's but a blast that sounds awhile,
And quickly stints, and then is quite forgot.
Look, whatsoe'er our virtues have achiev'd,
The chaos vast and greedy time devours
To-day all Europe rings with Arthur's praise
"Twill be as hush'd as if I ne'er had been
What boots it then to venture life or limb
For that which needs ere long we leave or
lose?

CADOR. Can blind affection so much blear the wise.

Or love of graceless son so witch the sire, That what concerns the honour of a prince, With country's good and subject's just request, Should lightly be contemned by a king? When Lucius sent but for his tribute due, You went with thirteen kings to 100t him out. Have Romans, for requiring but their own, Abode your nine years' brunts? Shall Mordied 'scape.

That wrong'd you thus in honour, queen, and realm?

Were this no cause to stir a king to wrath, Yet should your conquests, late achiev'd 'gainst Rome,

Inflame your mind with thirst of full revenge
ARTHUR Indeed, continual wars have chaf'd
our minds,

And good success hath bred impatient moods Rome puffs us up, and makes us too—too fierce There, Britons, there we stand, whence Rome did fall

Thou, Lucius, mak'st me proud, thou heav'st my mind

But what i shall I esteem a crown ought else Than as a gorgeous crest of easeless helm, Or as some brittle mould of glorious pomp, Or glittering glass which, while it shines, it breaks? All this a sudden chance may dash, and not Perhaps with thirteen kings, or in nine years All may not find so slow and ling'ring fates What that my country cries for due remorse, And some relief for long-sustained toils? By seas and lands I daily wrought her wrack, And spareless spent her life on every foe Each where my soldiers perish'd, whilest I won: Throughout the world my conquest was their spoil A fair reward for all their deaths, for all Their wars abroad, to give them civil wars! What boots it then, reserv'd from foreign foils. VOL. IV.

To die at home what end of futhless rage and nature, worn to nought,
Provide at length their graves with wished groans
Pity their hoary hairs, their feeble fists,
Their withered limbs, their strengths consum'd in
camp!

Must they still end their lives amongst the blades? Rests there no other fate, whilst Arthur reigns? What deem you me? A fury fed with blood, Or some Cyclopian, born and bred for brawls? Think on the mind that Arthur bears to peace Can Arthur please you nowhere but in wars? Be witness, heavens, how far 'tis from my mind Therewith to spoil or sack my native soil I cannot yield, it brooks not in my breast To seek her ruin whom I erst have rul'd, What relics now soe'er both civil broils And foreign wars have left, let those remain Th'are few enough, and Britons fall too fast

## THE SECOND SCENE

# An HERALD from MORDRED

Howell Lo, here an herald sent from Mordred's camp

A froward message, if I read aright We mought not stir his wrath, perhaps this may Persuasions cannot move a Briton's mood, And yet none sooner stung with present wrong

[Aside]
HERALD. Hail, peerless prince! whiles fortune would, our king,

Though now bereft of crown and former rule Vouchsafe me leave my message to impart, No jot enforc'd, but as your son affords. If here you stay but three days to an end,
And not forthwith discharge your bands and host,
'Tis Mordred's oath assure yourself to die
But if you find your courage so to serve,
As for to stand to your defence with force,
In Cornwall (if you dare) he'll try it out
Appring Is this the charge my son doth send

ARTHUR Is this the choice my son doth send

And must I die, or try it, if I dare?
To die were ill, thus to be dar'd is woise
Display my standard forth! let trump and dium
Call soldiers near to hear their sovereign's hest

## THE THIRD SCENE

GAWIN King of Albany, ASCHILLUS King of Denmark, King of Norway A number of Soldiers

ARTHUR O friends, and fellows of my weariest toils,

Which have borne out with me so many brunts,
And desperate stoims of wais and brainsick Mars!
Lo now the hundreth month, wherein we win!
Hath all the blood we spent in foreign coasts,
The wounds and deaths, and winters bode abroad,
Deserved thus to be disgraced at home?
All Britain rings of wars no town nor field
But swarms with armed troops the mustering
trains

Stop up the streets no less a tumult's rais'd, Than when Hengistus fell, and Horsa, fierce With treacherous truce, did overrun the realm Each corner threateneth death both far and near Is Arthur vex'd What, if my force had fail'd And standard fall'n, and ensigns all been torn, And Roman troops pursu'd me at the heels,

With luckless wars assay'd in foreign soils? Now that our fortune heaves us up thus high, And heavens themselves renew our old renown. Must we be dai'd? Nay, let that princock come. That knows not yet himself, nor Arthur's force, That ne'er yet waged wars, that's yet to learn To give the charge yea, let that princock come, With sudden soldiers pamper'd up in peace, And gowned troops and wantons worn with ease, With sluggish Saxons' crew and Irish kerns, And Scottish aid, and false redshanked Picts, Whose slaughters yet must teach their former foil They shall perceive with sorrow, ere they part, When all then toils be told, that nothing works So great a waste and rum in this age, As do my wars O Mordred, blessed son! No doubt these market-mates, so highly hir'd, Must be the stay of thy usurped state And lest my head, inclining now to years, Should joy the rest, which yet it never reap'd, The traitor Gilla, train'd in treacherous jarse Is chief in arms to reave me of my realm What corner (ah), for all my wars, shall shroud My bloodless age ? what seat for due deserts? What town or field for ancient soldiers' rest? What house? what roof? what walls for wearied limbs?

Stretch out again, stretch out your conquering hands!

Still we must use the force so often us'd To those that will pursue a wrong with wreak He giveth all, that once denies the right Thou soil, which erst Diana did ordain The certain seat and bow'r of wand'ring Brute Thou realm, which aye I reverence as my saint, Thou stately Britain, th' ancient type of Tioy, Bear with my forced wrongs! I am not he,

That willing would impeach thy peace with was ! Lo, here both far and wide I conqueror stand Arthur, each where thine own, thy liege, thy king Condemn not mine attempts, he, only he, Is sole in fault that makes me thus thy foe Here I renounce all leagues and treats of truce Thou, fortune, henceforth art my guard and guide! Hence, peace! on wars i'm fates let Mars be judge, I erst did trust to right, but now to rage Go, tell the boy that Arthur fears no brigs In varn he seeks to brave it with his sire I come (Mordred), I come, but to thy pain Yea, tell the boy his angry father comes To teach a novice both to die and dare

[Herald exit

Howell If we without offence (O greatest guide Of British name) may pour our just complaints, We most mislike that your too mild a mood Hath thus withheld our hands and swords from strokes

For what? were we behind in any help? Or without cause did you misdoubt our force, Or truth so often tried with good success? Go to conduct your army to the field, Place man to man, oppose us to our foes As much we need to work, as wish your weal

CADOR Seems it so soul to win by civil wais? Were it to gole with pike my father's breast, Were it to rive and cleave my brother's head, Were it to tear peacemeal my dearest child, I would enforce my grudging hands to help I cannot term that place my native soil, Whereto your trumpets send their warlike sounds. If case requir'd to batter down the tow'rs Of any town that Arthu would destroy, Yea, were 't of Britain's self, which most I reed, Her bulwarks, fortress, rampiers, walls and fence,

These arms should rear the rams to run them down Wherefore, ye princes, and the rest, my mates. If what I have averi'd in all your names, Be likewise such as stands to your content, Let all your yeas avow my premise 1 true

SOLDIERS Yea, yea, &c

ASCHILLUS Wherein, renowmed king, myself or mine.

My life, my kingdom, and all Denmark's pow'r, May serve your turn account them all your own KING OF NORWAY And whatsoe'er my force, or Norway aid,

May help in your attempts, I vow it here GAWIN As heretofore I always serv'd your hest So let this day be judge of Gawin's trust Either my brother Mordied dies the death By mine assault, or I at least by his

ARTHUR Since thus (my faithful mates) with vows alike

And equal love to Arthur's cause you join In common care to wreak my private wrongs, Lift up your ensigns efts, stretch out your strengths, Pursue your fates, perform your hopes to Mars Lo, here the last and outmost work for blades! This is the time that all our valour craves This time by due desert restores again Our goods, our lands, our lives, our weal and all This time declares by fates whose cause is best, This, this condemns the vanquish'd side of guilt. Wherefore, if for my sake you scorn yourselves, And spare no sword nor fire in my defence, Then, whiles my censure justifies your cause, Fight, fight amain, and clear your blades from crime

The judge once chang'd, no wars are free from guilt

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, promise]

The better cause gives us the greater hope Of prosperous wars, wherein, if once I hap To spy the wonted signs, that never fail'd Their guide—your threatening looks, your fiery

And bustling bodies prest to present spoil,
The field is won! Even then, methinks, I see
The wonted wastes and scattered heads of foes,
The Irish carcass kick'd, and Picts oppress'd,
And Saxons slain to swim in streams of blood
I quake with hope I can assure you all,
We never had a greater match in hand
March on! Delay no fates, whilst fortune fawns,
The greatest praise of war consists in speed

[Execunt Reges et Cohors]

## THE FOURTH SCENE

# CADOR, ARTHUR

Cador Since thus (victorious king) your peers allies,
Your lords, and all your powers be ready prest,
For good, for bad, for whatsoe'er shall hap,
To spend both limb and life in your defence,

Cast off all doubts and rest yourself on Mars A hopeless fear founds a happy fate

ARTHUR In sooth (good Cador), so our fortune fares.

As needs we must return to wonted force To wars we must, but such unhappy wars, As leave no hope for right or wrong to 'scape Myself foresees the fate, it cannot fall Without our dearest blood much may the mind Of pensive sire presage, whose son so sins All truth, all trust, all blood, all bands be broke! The seeds are sown that spring to future spoil My son, my nephew, yea, each side myself, Nearer than all (woe's me), too near, my toe Well, 'tis my plague for life so lewdly led The price of guilt is still a heavier guilt, For were it light, that ev'n by brith myself Was bad, I made my sister bad may, were That also light, I have begot as bad, Yea, worse, an heir assign'd to all our sins Such was his birth—what base, what vulgar vice, Could once be look'd for of so noble blood? The deeper guilt descends, the more it roots The younger imps effect the huger crimes

Exeunt

#### CHORUS

1

When many men assent to civil wais
And yield a suffrage to enforce the fates,
No man bethinks him of his own mishap,
But turns that luck unto another's share
Whereas if fear did first forewarn each toil,
Such love to fight would breed no Briton's bane
And better were still to preserve our peace,
Than thus to vent for peace through waging wais
What folly to forego such certain haps,
And in their stead to feed uncertain hopes!
Such hopes as oft have puff'd up many a realm,
Till cross-success hath press'd it down as deep
Whiles blind affection, fetch'd from private cause,
Misguiding wit hath mask'd in wisdom's veil,
Pretending what in purpose it abhorr'd

 $\mathbf{2}$ 

Peace hath three foes encamped in our breasts, Ambition, wrath and envy, which subdu'd, We should not fail to find eternal peace 'Tis in our pow'r to joy it all at will,
And few there be, but if they will, they may
But yet even those, who like the name of peace,
Through fond desire repine at peace itself,
Between the hope whereof and it itself
A thousand things may fall, that further wars.
The very speech sometimes and treats of truce
Is slash'd and cut asunder with the sword
Nor seld the name of peace doth edge our minds.
And sharpeneth on our fury, till we fight;
So that the mention made of love and rest
Is oft a whetstone to our hate and rage

3

Lo, here the end that kingly pomp imparts
The quiet rest that princely palace plights!
Care upon care, and every day anew
Fresh rising tempest tires the tossed minds
Whostrives to stand in pomp of princely port,
On giddy top and culm of slippery court,
Finds oft a heavy fate, whiles too much known
To all, he falls unknown unto himself!
Let whose else that list affect the name,
But let me seem a potentate to none
My slender bark shall creep? anenst the shore,
And shun the winds that sweep the waltering
waves

Proud fortune overslips 3 the safest roads,

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Illi mois gravis incubat, Qui notus nimis omnibus, Ignotus moritur sib" —Sen Thyestes, act ii Chor

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In the original misprinted ceepe <sup>3</sup> Over happes in the original

And seeks amidst the surging seas those keels, Whose lofty tops and tacklings touch the clouds

4

O base, yet happy boors 'O gifts of gods
Scant yet perceiv'd 'when powd'ied ermine robes
With secret sighs, mistrusting their extremes,
In baleful breast forecast their foultring 'I fates,
And stir, and strive, and storm, and all in vam,
Behold the peasant poor with tattered coat,
Whose eyes a meaner fortune feeds with sleep,
How safe and sound the careless snudge doth
snore

Low-roofed lurks the house of slender hap, Costless, not gay without, scant clean within, Yet safe, and oft'ner shrouds the hoary hairs, Than haughty turrets, rear'd with curious art, To harbour heads that wield the golden crest With endless cark in glorious courts and towns, The troubled hopes and trembling fears do dwell

# The Argument of the Fourth Act

- 1 In the first scene Gıldas and Conan confer of the state of Brıtam
- 2 In the second scene Nuntius maketh report of the whole battle, with the death of Mordred, and Arthur's and Cador's deadly wound.
- 3 In the third scene Gildas and Conan lament the unfortunate state of the country.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [In the Chorus to the third scene, the word foulter is used in the undoubted sense of falter—

<sup>&</sup>quot;They fall and foulter like the mellow fruit"
But see Nares, edit. 1859, v. fouldring

# The Argument and Manner of the Fourth Dumb Show

During the music appointed after the third act, there came in a Lady courtly attired with a counterfeit child in her arms, who walked softly on the stage From another place there came a king crowned, who likewise walked on another part of the stage From a third place there came four soldiers all armed who, spying this Lady and King, upon a sudden pursued the Lady, from whom they violently took her child, and flung it against the walls, she, in mournful soit wringing her hands, passed her way Then in like manner they set on the king, tearing his crown from his head, and casting it in pieces under feet, drave him by force away, and so passed themselves over the stage. By this was meant the fruit of wai, which spareth neither man, woman, nor child, with the end of Mordred's usurped crown.

#### THE FOURTH ACT AND FIRST SCENE

## GILDAS, CONAN

GILDAS Lord Conan, though I know how had a thing

It is for minds train'd up in princely thrones,
To hear of ought against their humour's course,
Yet, sithence who forbiddeth not offence,
If well he may, is cause of such offence,
I could have wish'd (and blame me not, my lord)
Your place and countenance both with son and sire
Had more prevail'd on either side, than thus
T'have left a crown in danger for a crown

Through civil wars, our country's wonted woe Whereby the kingdom's wound, still fest'ring deep, Sucks up the mischievous 1 humour to the heart. The staggering state of Britain's troubled brains, Headsick and sore encumbered in her crown, With giddy steps runs on a headlong race. Whereto this tempest tends, or where this storm. Will break, who knows? but gods avert the worst!

CONAN Now surely (Gildas) as my duty stood Indifferent for the best to son and sire. So (I protest), since these occasions grew, That in the depth of my desire to please, I more esteem'd what honest faith required In matters meet for their estates and place, Than how to feed each fond affection, prone To bad effects, whence their disgrace mought grow And as for Mordred's desperate and disloyal plots, They had been none, or fewer at the least, Had I prevail'd, which Aithur knows right well But even as counters go sometimes for one, Sometimes for thousands more, sometimes for hone So men in greatest countenance with their king Can work by fit persuasion sometimes much. But sometimes less, and sometimes nought at all

GILDAS Well, we that have not spent our time in

But bent our course at peace and country's weal, May rather now expect what strange event And chance ensues of these so rare attempts, Than enter to discourse upon their cause, And err as wide in words, as they in deeds.

CONAN And lo, to satisfy your wish therein, Where comes a soldier sweating from the camp

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, mischiefes]

## THE SECOND SCENE

#### Nuncius

NUNCIUS Thou echo shrill, that haunt'st the hollow hills,

Leave off, that wont to snatch the latter word Howl on a whole discourse of our distress Clip off no clause, sound out a perfect sense GILDAS What fresh mishap (alas), what new

annoy

Removes onr pensive minds from wonted woes, And yet requires a new lamenting mood, Declare ' we joy to handle all our harms Our many griefs have taught us still to mourn

NUNCIUS But (ah) my tongue denies my speech

Great force doth drive it forth, a greater keeps It in I iue, surpris'd with wontless woes

CONAN Speak on what grief soe'er our fates afford

Nuncius Small griefs can speak, the great astonish'd stand <sup>1</sup>

GILDAS What greater sin could hap, than what be pass'd  $\ell$ 

What mischiefs could be meant, more than were wrought?

NUNCIUS And think you there's to be an end to sins?

No, crime proceeds—those made but one degree What mischiefs erst were done, teim sacred deeds Call nothing sin but what hath since ensu'd A greater grief requires your tears—Behold These fresh annoys—your last mishaps be stale

<sup>1</sup> Cur æ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent

<sup>&</sup>quot;The grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o er-fiaught heart and bids it break'
—Macbeth, act iv, so 3,

GONAN Tell on (my friend) suspend our minds no more

Hath Arthur lost ? hath Mordred won the field ?

NUNCIUS Q, nothing less! would, gods, it were
but so!

Arthur hath won, but we have lost the field The field <sup>?</sup> Nay, all the realm and Britain's bounds GILDAS How so <sup>?</sup> If Arthur won, what could we lose <sup>?</sup>

You speak in clouds, and cast perplexed words Unfold at large, and sort our sorrows out NUNCIUS Then list awhile this instant shall

unwrap

Those acts, those wars, those hard events, that all The future age shall ever have cause to curse— Now that the time diew on, when both the camps Should meet in Cornwall fields, th' appointed place The reckless troops, whom fates forbad to live Till noon or night, did storm and rave for wais They swarm'd about their guides, and clust'ring call'd For signs to fight, and fierce with uproais fell, They onwards hal'd the hasting hours of death A direful frenzy rose each man his own And public fates all heedless headlong flung On Mordred's side were sixty thousand men, Some borrowed powers, some Britons bred at home. The Saxons, Irish, Normans, Picts and Scots Were first in place—the Britons followed last On Arthur's side there were as many more Islandians, Goths, Norwegians, Albans, Danes, Were foreign aids which Arthur brought from France,

A trusty troop and tried at many a trench. That now the day was come, wherein our state For aye should fall, whenceforth might men inquire What Britain was, these wars thus near bewray'd Nor could the heavens no longer hide these harms,

But by produgious signs portend our plagues
For lo, ere both the camps encountering cop'd,
The skies and poles opposed themselves with storms
Both east and west with tempests dark were
dimm'd.

And showers of hail and rain outrageous pour'd The heavens were rent, each side the lightning flash'd.

And clouds with hideous claps did thundering roai The armies, all aghast, did senseless stand, Mistrusting much both force, and foes, and fates. 'Twas hard to say which of the two appall'd Them most, the monstrous air or too much fear When Arthur spied his soldiers thus amaz d. And hope extinct, and deadly dread drawn on My mates (quoth he) the gods do scour the skies. The fates contend to work some strange event. And fortune seeks by storms in heavens and earth. What pageants 1 she may play for my behoof Of whom she knows she then deserves not well. When (ling'ring ought) she comes not at the first Thus said, rejoicing at his dauntless mind, They all reviv'd and former fear recoil'd, By that the light of Titan's troubled beams Had piercing scattered down the drooping fogs. And greeted both the camps with mutual view Their choler swells, whiles fell-disposed minds Bounce in their breasts, and stir uncertain storms. Then paleness wan and stern, with cheerless change.

Possessing bleak their lips and bloodless cheeks, With troublous trembling, shows their death is near When Mordred saw the danger thus approach'd, And boist'rous throngs of wairiois threat'ning

blood,

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, pagions]

His instant ruin gave a nod at fates, And mind, though prone to Mars, yet daunted paus d

The heart which promis'd east a sure success, Now throbs in doubts, nor can his own attempts Afford him fear, nor Arthur's yield him hope This passion lasts not long the soon recalls His ancient guise, and wonted rage returns He loathes delays, and scorch'd with sceptre's lust, The time and place, wherein he oft had wish'd To hazard all upon extremest chance, He offer'd spies, and spied pursues with speed. Then both the armies met with equal might, This stirr'd with wrath, that with desire to rule, And equal prowess was a spur to both The Irish king whirl'd out a poisoned dart, That lighting pierced deep in Howell's brains, A peerless prince and near of Arthur's blood Hereat the air with uproar loud resounds, Which efts on mountains rough rebounding rears The trumpets hoarse their trembling tunes do tear, And thund'ring drums their dreadful larums ring The standards broad are blown and ensigns spread, And every nation bends his wonted wars Some near their foes, some further off do wound, With dart or sword, or shaft, or pike, or spear, The weapons hide the heavens, a night compos'd Of warlike engines overshades the field From every side these fatal signs are sent, And boist'ious bangs with thumping thwacks fall thick

Had both these camps been of usurping kings, Had every man thereof a Mordred been, No fiercelier had they fought for all their crowns The murthers meanless wax'd, no art in fight, Nor way to ward nor try each other's skill But thence the blade, and hence the blood ensues CONAN But what! did Mordred's eyes en ure this sight?

NUNCIUS They did, and he himself, the spur of fiends

And Gorgons all, lest any part of his Scap'd free from guilt, enflam'd their minds to wrath.

And with a valour, more than virtue yields, He cheer'd them all, and at their back with long Outreached spear stirr'd up each ling'ring hand All fury-like, frounc'd up with frantic frets, He bids them leave and shun the meaner sort, He shows the kings and Biltain's noblest peers

GILDAS He was not now to seek what blood to

He knew what juice refresh'd his fainting crown, Too much of Arthur's heart O, had he wist, How great a vice such virtue was as then, In civil wais, in rooting up his realm O frantic fury, far from valour's praise!

NUNCIUS There fell Aschillus stout, of Denmark king.

There valiant Gawin, Arthur's nephew dear,
And late by Augel's death made Alban king,
By Moidred's hand hath lost both life and crown.
There Gilla wounded Cador, Cornish duke,
In hope to win the dukedom for his meed
The Norway king, the Saxon's duke, and Picts,
In woeful sort fell grovelling to the ground
There prince and peasant both lay hurl'd on heaps.
Mars frown'd on Arthur's mates the fates wax'd
fierce,

And jointly ran this race with Mordred's rage CONAN But with what joy (alas) shall he return, That thus returns the happier for this field <sup>9</sup> NUNCIUS These odds endure not long, for Mars retires,

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And fortune, pleas'd with Arthur's moderate fear, Returns more full, and friendlier than her wont. For when he saw the powers of fates oppos'd, And that the dreadful hour was hastened on, Perplexed much in mind at length resolves, That fear is covered best by daring most. Then forth he pitch'd the Saxon duke withstood.

Whom with one stroke he headless sent to hell Not far from thence he spied the Irish king, Whose life he took as price of bloken truce Then Cador forward press'd, and haply met The traitor Gilla, worker of these wais, Of whom by death he took his due revenge The remnant then of both the camps concur, They Blitons all, or most, few foleigns left These wage the wars and hence the deaths ensue Nor t' one noi t' other side that can destroy Hei foes so fast, as 'tis itself destroyed The brethren broach their blood, the sire, the son's.

The son again would prove by too much wrath, That he, whom thus he slew, was not his sire No blood nor kin can 'suage their ireful moods'. No foreign foe they seek, nor care to find The Briton's blood is sought on every side A vain discourse it were to paint at large The several fates and foils of either side, To tell what groans and sighs the parting ghosts Sent forth, who dying bare the fellest breast, Who changed cheer at any Briton's fall, Who oft'nest stroke, who best bestow'd his blade, Who vent'red most, who stood, who fell, who fail'd

Th' effect declares it all thus far the field Of both these hosts, so huge and main at first, There were not left on either side a score, For son and sire to win and lose the realm The which when Mordred saw, and that his sire 'Gainst foes and fates themselves would win the field.

He sigh'd and 'twixt despair and rage he cited. Here (Arthur), here, and hence the conquest comes Whiles Mordred lives, the crown is yet unwon! Hereat the prince of prowess, much amaz'd, With thrilling tears and count'nance cast on

ground,

Did groaning fetch a deep and earnful sigh Anon, they fierce encountering both concuir'd With grisly looks and faces like their fates. But dispar minds and inward moods unlike The sire with mind to safeguard both, or t'one; The son to spoil the t'one or hazard both No fear nor fellness fail'd on either side The wager lay on both their lives and bloods At length, when Mordred spied his force to faint, And felt himself oppress'd with Arthur's strength, (O hapless lad, a match unmeet for him) He loathes to live in that afflicted state. And, valuant with a forced virtue, longs To die the death in which perplexed mind, With grenning teeth and crabbed looks he cries, I cannot win, yet will I not be won What! should we shun our fates, or play with Mais.

Or thus defraud the wars of both our bloods? Whereto do we reserve ourselves, or why Be we not sought ere this amongst the dead? So many thousands murther'd in our cause, Must we survive, and neither win nor lose? The fates, that will not smile on either side May frown on both—So saying, forth he flings, And desperate runs on point of Arthur's sword! (A sword, alas, prepar'd for no such use),

Whefeon engor'd he glides till, near approach'd. With dying hand he hews his father's head So through his own annov he 'nnovs his liege. And gains by death access to daunt his sire There Mordred fell, but like a prince he fell, And as a branch of great Pendragon's graft His life breathes out his eyes forsake the sun, And fatal clouds infer a lasting 'clipse There Arthur staggering scant sustain'd himself, There Cador found a deep and deadly wound, There ceas'd the wars, and there was Butain lost! There lay the chosen youths of Mais, there lay The peerless knights, Bellona's bravest train, There lay the mirrors rare of maitial plaise, There lay the hope and branch of Brute suppress'd

There fortune laid the prime of Britain's pride, There laid her pomp, all topsy-turvy turn'd

[Exit

## THE THIRD SCENE.

# GILDAS, CONAN

GILDAS. Come, cruel griefs, spare not to stretch our strengths,

Whiles baleful breasts invite our thumping fists
Let every sign that mournful passions work,
Express what piteous plights our minds amaze
This day supplants what no day can supply,
These hands have wrought those wastes, that never
age,

Nor all the brood of Brute shall e'er repair That future men may joy the surer rest, These wars prevent their birth and nip their spring.

What nations erst the former age subdu'd

With hourly toils to Britain's yoke, this day Hath set at large, and backwards turn'd the fates Henceforth the Keins may safely tread their bogs, The Scots may now their inroads old renew, The Saxons well may vow their former claims, And Danes without their danger drive us out These wars found not th' effect of wonted wars, Nor doth their weight the like impression work: There several fates annoy'd but several men, Here all the realm and people find one fate What there did reach but to a soldier's death, Contains the death of all a nation here These blades have given this isle a greater wound Than time can heal—the fruit of civil wars A kingdom's hand hath gor'd a kingdom's heart.

CONAN When fame shall blaze these acts in latter years,

And time to come, so many ages hence. Shall efts report our toils and British pains, Or when perhaps our children's children read Our woful wars display'd with skilful pen, They'll think they hear some sounds of future facts. And not the ruins old of pomp long past: 'Twill move their minds to ruth, and frame afiesh New hopes and fears, and vows, and many a wish. And Arthur's cause shall still be favour'd most He was the joy and hope, and hap, of all, The realm's defence, the sole delay of fates. He was our wall and fort twice thirteen years His shoulders did the Briton state support Whiles yet he reign'd, no foreign foes prevail'd. Nor once could hope to bind the Briton bounds. But still both far and near were forc'd to fly: They thrall to us, we to ourselves were free But now, and henceforth ave, adieu that hope. Adieu that pomp, that freedom, jule and all! Let Saxons now, let Normans, Danes and Scots

Enjoy our meadows, fields, and pleasant plains! Come, let us fly to mountains, cliffs, and rocks A nation hurt, and ne'er in case to heal! Henceforth, the weight of fates thus fallen aside, We rest secure from fear of greater foil Our leisure serves to think on former times, And know what erst we were, who now are thus [Exeunt

#### Chorus

O Britain's prosperous state, were heavenly powers

But half so willing to preserve thy peace,
As they are prone to plague thee for thy wars!
But thus, O gods, yea, thus it likes you still,
When you decree to turn and touse the world,
To make our errors cause of your decrees
We fretting fume, and burning wax light wood,
We cry for swords and harmful harness crave,
We rashly rave, whiles from our present rage
You frame a cause of long-foredeemed doom

2

When Britain so desired her own decay,
That even her native brood would root her up,
Seem'd it so huge a work, O heavens, for you
To tumble down and quite subvert her state,
Unless so many nations came in aid?
What thirst of spoil, O fates! In civil wars
Were you afraid to faint for want of blood?
But yet, O wretched state in Britons fond,
What needed they to stoop to Mordred's yoke,
Or fear the man themselves so fearful made?

Had they but link'd like friends in Arthur's bands.

And join'd their force against the foreign foes, These wars and civil sins had soon surceas'd, And Mordred, reft of rule, had fear'd his sire

3

Would gods these wars had drawn no other blood, Than such as sprang from breasts of foreign foes! So that the fountain, fed with changeless course, Had found no nearer vents for dearer juice Or if the fates so thirst for British blood, And long so deeply for our last decay, O, that the rest were spar'd and safe reserv'd, Both Saxons, Danes, and Normans most of all! Hereof, when civil wars have worn us out, Must Britain stand, a borrow'd blood for Brute

4

When prosperous haps and long-continuing bliss Have pass'd the ripeness of their budding growth, They fall and foulter like the mellow fruit, Surcharg'd with burden of their own excess: So fortune, wearied with our often wars, Is forc'd to faint and leave us to our fates. If men have minds presaging ought their harms, If ever heavy heart foreween her woe, What Briton lives so far remov'd from home, In any air or pole, or coast abroad, But that even now, through nature's sole instinct, He feels the fatal sword imbrue his breast, Wherewith his native soil for aye is slain! What hopes and haps he wasted in these wars! Who knows the foils he suffered in these fields?

## The Argument of the Fifth Act

- 1 In the first scene Arthur and Cador returned deadly wounded, and bewailed the misfortunes of themselves and their country, and are likewise bewailed of the Chorus
- 2 In the second scene the ghost of Gollois returneth rejoicing at his revenge, and wishing ever after a happier fate unto Britain, which done, he descendeth where he first rose

## The Argument and Manner of the Fr/th and Last Dumb Show

Sounding the music, four gentlemen all in black, half-armed, half-unaimed, with black scarfs overthwait their shoulders, should come upon the stage The first bearing aloft in the one hand, on the truncheon of a spear, an helmet, an arming sword, a gauntlet, &c, representing the trophæa in the other hand a target, depicted with a man's heart sore-wounded, and the blood gushing out, crowned with a crown imperial and a laurel garland, thus written in the top En totum guod superest-signifying the King of Norway, which spent himself and all his power for Arthur, and of whom there was left nothing but his heart to enjoy the conquest that ensued The second bearing, in the one hand, a silver vessel full of gold, pearls, and other jewels, representing the spolia in the other hand a target, with an elephant and dragon thereon fiercely combating, the dragon under the elephant, and sucking, by his extreme heat, the blood from him, is crushed in pieces with the fall of the elephant, so as both die at last, this written above Victor an victus? representing the King of Denmark, who fell through Mordred's wound, having first with his

soldiers destroyed the most of Mordred's army. The third bearing, in the one hand, a Pyramis with a laurel wreath about it, representing Victory, in the other hand a target with this device—a man sleeping, a snake drawing near to sting him, a lizard, preventing the snake by fight the lizard, being deadly wounded, awaketh the man who, seeing the lizard dving, pursues the snake and kills it, this written above Tibi morimur, signifying Gawin, king of Albany, slain in Aithur's defence by Mordied, whom Arthui afterwards slew fourth bearing, in the one hand, a broken pillar, at the top thereof the crown and sceptre of the vanquished king, both broken asunder, representing the conquest over usurpation, in the other hand a target, with two cocks painted thereon, the one lying dead, the other with his wings broken, his eyes pecked out, and the blood everywhere gushing forth to the ground, he standing upon the dead cock and crowing over him, with this emblem in the top Qua vier, perdide, signifying Cador deadly wounded by Gilla, whom he slew After these followed a king languishing, in complete harness black, bruised and battered unto him, besprinkled with blood, on his head a laurel gailand, leaning on the shoulders of two heralds in mourning gowns and hoods, the one in Mais his coat of arms, the other in Aithur's, presenting Arthur victorious, but vet deadly wounded There followed a page with a target, whereon was portraited a pelican pecking her blood out of her breast to feed her young ones, through which wound she dieth, this written in the top Qua for, peru, signifying Aithur's too much indulgence of Mordied, the cause of his death All this represented the dismayed and unfortunate victory of Arthur, which is the matter of the Act ensuing

#### THE FIFTH ACT AND FIRST SCENE

ARTHUR, CADOR, CHORUS

ARTHUR Come, Cador, as our friendship was most film

Throughout our age, so now let's link as fast Thus did we live in wars, thus let us die In peace, and arm in arm partake our fates. Our wounds, our grief, our wish, our hap alike, Our end so near all crave each other's help

CADOR O king, behold the fruit of all our fame! Lo, here our pomp, consumed with ourselves. What all our age with all our wars had won, Lo, here one day hath lost it all at once! Well, so it likes the heavens—thus fortune gibes, She hoisteth up to hurl the deeper down

FIRST CHORUS O sacred prince! what sight is this we see?

Why have the fates reserved us to these woes? Our only hope, the stay of all our realm, The pillar of our state, thus sore oppress'd! O, would the gods had favour'd us so much, That as we lived partakers of your pains, And likewise joy'd the fruit of your exploits, So having thus bereft our sovereign's bliss, They had with more indifferent doom conjoin'd The subjects' both and sovereign's bane in one! It now (alas) engendereth double grief, To rue your want and to bewail our woes

ARTHUR Rue not, my Britons, what my rage hath wrought.

But blame your king, that thus hath rent your realm

My meanless moods have made the fates thus fell, And too much anger wrought in me too much. For had impatient ire endured abuse, And yielded where resistance threat'ned spoil, I mought have lived in foreign coasts unfoil'd, And six score thousand men had been unmoan'd! But wrong, incensing wrath to take revenge, Preferred chance before a better choice

SECOND CHORUS 'Twas Moldred's wrong and too unjust deserts

That justly mov'd your highness to such wrath Your claim requir'd no less than those attempts Your cause right good was piais'd and piay'd for most

ARTHUR I claim'd my crown, the cause of claim was good,

The means to claim it in such sort was bad Yea, rather than my realm and native soil Should wounded fall, thus bruised with these wars, I should have left both realm and right, and all, Or dur'd the death ordain'd by Mordred's oath

CADOR And yet, so far as Mars could bide a mean,

You hateless sought the safeguard of them all: Whereto the better cause or badder chance Did draw, you still inclin'd, prefering oft The weaker side, sometimes for love, sometimes For right (as fortune sway'd), your son, yourself So pity spar'd what reason sought to spoil, Till all at length with equal spoil was spent

THIRD CHORUS Would gods your mind had felt no such remorse,

And that your foes had no such favour found! So might your friends have had far friendher fates, If rebels for their due deserts had died. The wicked's death is safety to the just; To spare the traitors was to spoil the true Of force he hurts the good that helps the bad. In that you sought your country's gain, 'twas well

In that you shunned not her loss, 'twas hald Good's the friend that seeks to do us good, A mighty friend that doth prevent our haims

ARTHUR Well, so it was, it cannot be redress'd, The greater is my grief that sees it so My life (I feel) doth fade, and sorrows flow, The rather that my name is thus extinct, In this respect, so Mordred did succeed, O that myself had fall'n and Mordred liv'd! That having conquer'd all my foes but him, I mought have left you him, that conquer'd me O heavy, wretched lot! to be the last That falls! to view the burial of my realm! Where each man else hath felt his several fate, I only pine, oppress'd with all their fates!

FOURTH CHORUS Although your highness do

sustain such grief,

As needs enforceth all your realm to mue, Yet since such ruth affordeth no relief, Let due discretion 'suage each cureless sore, And bear the harms that run without rediess The loss is ours, that lose so rare a prince You only win, that see your foe here foil'd

[The breathless body of MORDRED in armour, as he fell, is brought upon the stage

ARTHUR A causeless foe. When wars did call me hence,

He was in years but young, in wit too old
As virtue shineth most in comeliest wights,
When inward gifts are deck'd with outward
grace,

So did his wit and feature feed that hope, Which falsely train'd me to this woful hap

His mind transformed thus, I cannot choose But long to see what change his face sustains My blood and kindred, doubled in his birth, Inspires a mix'd and twice-descending love, Which drives my dying veins to wish his view-Unhelm his luckless head, set bare his face, That face which erst pleas'd me and mine too much

FIRST CHORUS See (worthest king) the hope of all your realm,

Had not his lust to rule prevented all

ARTHUR I see (alas), I see (hide, hide again O, spare mine eyes ') a witness of my crimes, A fearful vision of my former guilt, A dreadful horror of a future doom, A present gall of mind O happy they, Whose spotless lives attain a dreadless death! And thou, O hapless boy! O spite of fates! (What mought I term thee—nephew, son, or both?) Alas! how happy should we both have been, If no ambitious thought had vex'd thy head, Nor thou thus striv'd to reave thy father's rule, But stay'd thy time, and not forestall'd us both!

CADOR The hot-spurr'd youth, that forc'd the

forward steeds,

Whiles needs he would his father's chariot guide, Neglecting what his sire had said in charge The fires which first he flung about the poles, Himself at last, most woful wretch, inflam'd So too much love to hover in the heavens Made him to pay the price of rash attempts

ARTHUR. What ruth (ah), rent the woful father's heart.

That saw himself thus made a sonless sire! Well, since both heavens and hell conspu'd in one To make our ends a mirror to the world, Both of incestuous life and wicked birth, Would gods the fates, that link'd our faults alike, Had also fram'd our minds of friendler moulds! That as our lineage had approach'd too near, So our affections had not swerv'd too far

Then mought, I ['ve] liv'd t'enlarge the Britons' praise

In rearing efts the first triumphant Troy,
And after thou, succeeding mine attempts,
Have spent thy courage in a juster cause
But 'twould not be ambition grew too great,
We could not join our minds—our fates we join'd,
And through thy blood a way was made to mine

SECOND CHORUS And must we needs (O wor-

thiest peers) forego

By this untimely fate our greatest hope? That in your ripest years and likeliest time Your chiefest force should on this sudden fall?

[THIRD CHORUS] See, see our idle hopes, our brittle trust.

[FOURTH CHORUS ] Our vain desires, our overfickle state

Which, though a while they sail on quiet seas,
Yet sink in surge, ere they arrive to road
O woful wars! O Mordred's cursed pride,
That thus hath wrought both king and kingdom's
woe!

CADOR Let plaints and mounnings pass, set moans apart

They made much of themselves, yea, too—too much,

They lov'd to live that, seeing all their realm
Thus topsy-turvy turn, would grudge to die

ARTHUR Yea, sure since thus (O fates) your censure seems,

That free from force of foreign foes, there rests
That Mordred reap the glory of our deaths,
B'it so drive on your doom, work your decree
We fearless bide what bane soe'er you bid
And though our ends, thus hastened to your
hests,

Abruptly break the course of great attempts,

Yet go we not inglorious to the ground Set wish apart, we have perform'd enough

The Irish king and nation wild we tam'd,
The Scots and Picts, and Orcade Işles, we wan,
The Danes and Goths, and Friesland men, with all
The Isles inserted near those seas, and next
The German king and Saxons we subdu'd

Not France that could prevail against our force, Nor lastly Rome, that tues her pilde suppress'd Each foreign power is parcel of our praise No titles want to make our foes afraid

This only now I crave (O fortune! erst My faithful friend) let it be soon forgot,
Nor long in mind nor mouth, where Arthur fell
Yea, though I conqueror die, and full of fame,
Yet let my death and parture rest obscure
No grave I need (O fates!) nor burial-rights,
Noi stately hearse, nor tomb with haughty top,
But let my carcase lurk, yea, let my death
Be aye unknowen, so that in every coast
I still be fear'd, and look'd for every hour.

[Execute Arthur and Cadon

## CHORUS

#### 1.

Lo, here the end that fortune sends at last To him, whom first she heav'd to highest hap! The flattering look, wherewith he long was led, The smiling fates, that oft had fed his fame, The many wars and conquests which he gain'd, Are dash'd at once one day infers that foil, Whereof so many years of yore were free

2

O willing world to magnify man's state!
O most unwilling to maintain the same!

Of all misfortunes and unhappy fates
Th' unhappiest seems to have been happy once 1
"Twas Athur sole, that never found his joys
Disturb'd with woe, nor woes reliev'd with joy.
In prosperous state all heavenly pow'rs aspir'd,
Now, made a wretch, not one that spares his spoil!

3-

Yea, fortune's self in this afflicted case
Exacts a pain for long-continued pomp
She urgeth now the bliss of wonted weal,
And bears him down with weight of former fame
His praises past be present shame O tickle
trust.

Whiles fortune chops and changeth every chance, What certain bliss can we enjoy alive, Unless, whiles yet our bliss endures, we die?

4

Yea, since before his last and utmost gasp, None can be deem'd a happy man or bless'd, Who dares commit himself to prosperous fates, Whose death prepar'd attends not hard at hand That sithence death must once determine all, His life may sooner fly, than fortune flit

"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria"

—Inferno, c v

Fortiguerri follows him in these lines—
"E perchè rimembrare il ben perduto
Fa più meschino lo stato presente"
—Ricciardetto, c. xi, st. 8i,

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus infortunii est fuisse felicem"—Boet De Consol Philos L II

Dante translates the passage thus-

#### THE SECOND SCENE

#### Gorlois

Gorlois Now, Gorlois, 'suage thyself Pride hath his pay,
Murther his price, adult'ry his desert,
Treason his meed, disloyalty his doom,
Wrong hath his wreak, and guilt his guerdon hears!

Not one abuse erst offered by thy foes, But, since most sternly punish'd, is now purg'd Where thou didst fall, ev'n on the self-same soil, Pendragon, Arthur, Mordred, and their stock Found all their foils not one hath 'scaped re-

venge, Their line from first to last quite razed out! Now rest content, and work no further plagues Let future age be free from Gorlors' ghost: Let Britain henceforth bathe in endless weal Let Virgo come from heaven, the glorious star, The Zodiac's joy, the planets' chief delight, The hope of all the year, the ease of skies, The air's relief, the comfort of the earth! That virtuous Virgo, born for Britain's bliss, That peerless branch of Brute, that sweet remain Of Priam's state, that hope of springing Troy, Which, time to come and many ages hence, Shall of all wars compound eternal peace Let her reduce the golden age again, Religion ease, and wealth of former world Yea, let that Virgo come, and Saturn's reign,1 And years, oft ten times told, expir'd in peace

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [The writer seems to have had in his memory the fourth eclogue of Virgil]

VOL IV

Y

A rule that else no realm shall ever find,
A rule most rare, unheard, unseen, unread,
The sole example that the world affords
That (Britain), that renowm, yea, that is thine
B'it so my wrath is wrought. Ye furies black
And ugly shapes, that howl in holes beneath
Thou Orcus dark, and deep Avernus nook,
With duskish dens out-gnawn in gulfs below,
Receive your ghastly charge, Duke Gorlois' ghost!
Make room! I gladly, thus reveng'd, return!
And though your pain surpass, I greet them tho!
He hates each other heaven, that haunteth hell

#### **EPILOGUS**

See here by this the tickle trust of time
The false affiance of each mortal force,
The wavering weight of fates—the fickle trace,
That fortune trips, the many mocks of life,
The cheerless change, the easeless brunts and
broils,

That man abides, the restless race he runs
But most of all, see here the peerless pains
The lasting pangs, the stintless griefs, the tears
The sighs, the groans, the fears, the hopes, the
hates

The thoughts and cares, that kingly pomp imparts What follies, then, bewitch th' ambitious minds, That thirst for sceptre's pomp, the well of woes! Whereof (alas!) should wretched man be proud, Whose first conception is but sin, whose birth But pain, whose life but toil, and needs must die? See here the store of great Pendragon's brood, The t'one quite dead, the t'other hastening on, As men, the son but green, the sile but ripe, Yet both forestall'd, ere half their race were run!

As kings, the mightiest monarchs of this age, Yet both suppressed and vanquished by themselves

Such is the brittle breath of mortal man. Whiles human nature works her daily wracks Such be the crazed crests of glorious crowns, Whiles worldly powers like sudden puffs do pass And yet for one that goes, another comes; Some born, some dead so still the store endures So that both fates and common care provide, That men must needs be born, and some must rule Wherefore, ye peers and lordings, lift aloft, And whosoe'er in thrones that judge your thralls, Let not your sovereignty heave you too high, Nor their subjection press them down too low. It is not pride that can augment your power, Nor lowly looks that long can keep them safe The fates have found a way whereby, ere long, The proud must leave their hope, the meek their tear

Whoe'er received such favour from above,
That could assure one day unto himself?
Him whom the morning found both stout and
strong,

The evening left all grovelling on the ground This breath and heat, wherewith man's life is fed, Is but a flash or flame, that shines a while, And once extinct is, as it ne'er had been Corruption hourly fiets the body's frame, Youth tends to age, and age to death by kind Short is the race, prefixed is the end, Swift is the time, wherein man's life doth run But by his deeds t'extend renowm and fame, That only virtue works, which never fades.

# Thomas Hughes

Sat citò, si sat benè utcunque, Quoad non dat spes, dat optio

Hereafter follow such speeches as were penned by others, and pronounced instead of some of the former speeches penned by Thomas Hughes

A speech penned by William
Fulbecke, gentleman, one of the society of Giay's
Inn, and pronounced instead of Goilois
his first speech penned by Thomas
Hughes, and set down in the first Scene
of the first Act.

Alecto, thou that hast excluded me From fields Elysian, where the guiltless souls Avoid the scourge of Rhadamanthus ire. Let it be lawful (sith I am removed From blessed islands to this cursed shore. This loathed earth, where Arthur's table stands, With ordere foul of Harpies' fierce distained) The fates and hidden secrets to disclose Of black Cocytus and of Acheron, The floods of death, the lakes of burning souls, Where hellish frogs do prophesy revenge, Where Tartar sprites with careful heed attend The dismal summons of Alecto's mouth Myself by precept of Proserpina Commanded was in presence to appear Before the synod of the damned sprites In fearful mood I did perform their hest, And, at my entrance in, th' enchanted snakes. Which wrap themselves about the furies' necks,

Did hiss for joy · and from the dreadful beach¹
The supreme fury thus assign'd her charge
Gorlois, quoth she, thou thither must ascend,¹
Whence, through the rancour of malicious foes,
Wearied with wounds thou didst descend to us
Make Britain now the mark of thy revenge
On ruthless Britons and Pendragon's race
Disburse the treasure of thy hellish plagues
Let blood contend with blood, father with son,
Subject with prince, and let confusion reign
She therewithal enjoin'd the dusky clouds,
Which with their darkness turn'd the earth to
hell.

Convert to blood, and pour down streams of blood Cornwall shall groan, and Arthur's soul shall sigh Before the conscience of Guenevera The map of hell shall hang, and fiends shall rage: And Gorlois' ghost exacting punishment With dreams, with horrors, and with deadly trance. Shall gripe their hearts the vision of his corse Shall be to them, as was the terror vile Of flaming whips to Agamemnon's son And when the trumpet calls them from their rest, Aurora shall with wat'ry cheeks behold Their slaughtered bodies prostrate to her beams And on the banks of Camela shall lie The bones of Arthur and of Arthur's knights, Whose fleet is now triumphing on the seas, But shall be welcom'd with a tragedy Thy native soil shall be thy fatal gulf, Arthur thy place of birth thy place of death Mordred shall be the hammer of my hate To beat the bones of Cornish lords to dust. Ye ravening birds under Celœno's power, I do adjure you, in Alecto's name,

<sup>1</sup> Printed benthe.

Follow the sword of Mordred where he goes, Follow the sword of Mordred for your food. Aspiring Mordred, thou must also die, And on the altar of Proserpina Thy vital blood unto my ghost shall fume Heaven, earth, and hell concur to plague the man That is the plague of heaven, earth, and hell 'Thou bidd'st, Alecto I pursue my charge Let thy Cerastæ whistle in mine ears, And let the bells of Pluto ring revenge!

One other speech penned by the same gentleman, and pronounced instead of Gorlois his last speech penned by Thomas Hughes, and set down in the second Scene of the fifth and last Act

Death hath his conquest, hell hath had his wish, Gorlos his vow, Alecto her desire, Sin hath his pay, and blood is quit with blood Revenge in triumph bears the struggling hearts! Now, Gorloss, pierce the craggy rocks of hell. Through chinks whereof infernal sprites do glance, Return this answer to the furies' court That Cornwall trembles with the thought of war, And Tamar's flood with drooping pace doth flow, For fear of touching Camel's bloody stream Britain, remember, write it on thy walls, Which neither time nor tyranny may raze, That rebels, traitors, and conspirators, The seminary of lewd Catiline, The bastard covey of Italian birds, Shall feel the flames of ever-flaming fire. Which are not quenched with a sea of tears And since in thee some glorious star must shine, When many years and ages are expir'd,

Whose beams shall clear the mist of miscontent, And make the damp of Pluto's pit retire, 'Gorlors will never fray the Britons more For Britain then becomes an angel's land Both devils and sprites must yield to angels' power, Unto the goddess of the angels' land Vaunt, Britain, vaunt of her renowmed reign, Whose face deters the hags of hell from thee, Whose virtues hold the plagues of heaven from thee.

Whose presence makes the earth fruitful to thee, And with foresight of her thrice-happy days, Britain, I leave thee to an endless praise

Besides these speeches there was also penned a Chorus for the first act, and another for the second act, by Master Francis Flower, which were pronounced accordingly. The dumb shows were partly devised by Master Christopher Yelverton, Master Francis Bacon, Master John Lancaster and, others, partly by the said Master Flower, who with Master Penruddock and the said Master Lancaster, directed these proceedings at Court

# THE FIRST PART

OF

JERONIMO.

### EDITION

The First Part of Ieronimo With the Warres of Portugall, and the Life and Death of Don Andrea Printed at London, for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be solde at his shop, at the entrance into the Ecchange 1605 4to Black letter

# [PREFACE TO THE FORMER EDITION.]1

From Heywood's <sup>2</sup> "Apology for Actors," it appears that Thomas Kyd was the author of the "Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad again" But whether he likewise wrote this "First Part of Jeronimo" does not appear

This "First Part of Jeronimo" is so scarce that many have doubted whether it ever existed, and Mr Coxeter and the author of the "Playhouse Dictionary" were of opinion, that what is called the "Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad again," was only the old play altered and new-named Ben Jonson has a passage in the induction to "Cynthia's Revels," 1600, that seems to

These three lines are to be found towards the commencement of act v of the 'Spanish Tragedy'"—Collier

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [In "Ancient British Drama," 1810]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Heywood's words are these "Therefore Mr Kyd, in the 'Spanish Tragedy,' upon occasion presenting itself, thus writes —

<sup>&</sup>quot; 'Why, Nero thought it no disparagement, And kings and emperors have tane delight To make experience of their wits in playes'

favour that opinion "Another swears down all that sit about him, that the old Hieronimo, as it was flist acted, was the only best and judiciously pen'd play of Europe"

They were, however, two distinct plays, as appears from this copy of the first part, which is printed from one in the valuable collection of David Garrick, Esq

From another passage in the induction to "Cynthia's Revels," acted in 1600, it may be conjectured, that "Jeronimo" first appeared on the stage about the year 1588 1 "They say (says one of the children of the Queen's Chapel) the ghosts of some three or four plays, departed a dozen years since, have been seen walking on your stage here"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> It appears from Philip Henslowe's papers, lately [1825] discovered at Dulwich College, that the "Comedy of Hieronimo" was played by the Lord Strange's men the 10th April 1591 —Gilchrist

# THE FIRST PART OF JERONIMO.

[Sound a Signet, 1 and pass over the Stage Enter at one door the King of Spain, Duke of Castile, Duke Medina, Lorenzo, and Rogero, at another door, Andrea, Horatio, and Jeronimo Jeronimo kneels down, and the King creates him Marshal of Spain, Lorenzo puts on his Spurs, 2 and Andrea his sword The King goes along with Jeronimo to his House, after a long Signet is sounded, enter all the Nobles, with covered dishes, to the Banquet Exeunt omnes That done, enter all again as before]

SPAIN Frohc, Jeronimo! thou art now confirmed

Marshal of Spain by all the dues And customary rights unto thy office

<sup>2</sup> This ceremony is still retained in the creation of a Knight of the Bath, and is generally performed by some person of eminence See Anstis, "Historical Essay upon the Knighthood of the Bath," 4to, 1725, and "Lord Herbert

of Cherbury's Lafe," p. 54

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This word, which is variously spelt, as senet, cynet, sennet, sinet, signate, synnet, signet, &c, I believe to be no more than a corruption of sonata, Ital See a note on "Julius Cæsar," vol viii p 9, and another on "King Henry VII," vol vii p 236—Steevens

JER My knee sings thanks unto your highness' bounty —

Come hither, boy Horatio, fold thy joints, Kneel by thy father's loins, and thank my liege, By honouring me, thy mother, and thyself, With this high staff of office

Hor O'my hege,

I have a heart thrice stronger than my years,
And that shall answer gratefully for me
Let not my youthful blush impair my valour
If ever you have foes, or red field-scars,
I'll empty all my veins to serve your wars,
I'll bleed for you, and more, what speech affords,

I'll speak in drops, when I do fail in words

JER Well spoke, my boy, and on thy father's
side —

My liege, how like you Don Horatio's spirit? What! doth it promise fair? SPAIN Av.

And no doubt his merit will purchase more Knight Marshal, rise, and still rise Higher and greater in thy sovereign's eyes

JER O fortunate hour bless'd minute happy

Able to ravish even my sense away!

Now I remember too—O sweet remembrance!—

This day my years strike fifty, and in Rome

They call the fifty year the year of jubilee,

The merry year, the peaceful year, [the] jocund year,

A year of joy, of pleasure and delight,

This shall be my year of jubilee, for 'tis my

fifty

Age ushers honour; 'tis no shame, confess Beard, thou ait fifty full, not a hair less

#### Enter an EMBASSADOR

Spain. How now? what news for Spain?

EMB Tribute in words, my hege, but not in coin

SPAIN Ha! dare he still procrastifiate with Spain?

Not tribute paid! not three years paid!

'Tis not at his coin,

But his slack homage, that we most repine

JER My liege, if my opinion might stand film Within your highness' thoughts——

SPAIN Marshal,

Our kingdom calls thee father, therefore speak free Thy counsel I'll embrace, as I do thee

JER. I thank your highness Then, my gracious

hege,

I hold it meet, by way of embassage,

To demand his mind, and the neglect of tribute

But, my liege,

Here must be kind words, which doth oft besiege The ears of rough-hewn tyrants more than blows, O, a politic speech begules the ears of foes Marry, my liege, mistake me not, I pray;

If friendly phrases, honey'd speech, bewitching accent.

Well-tuned melody, and all sweet gifts
Of nature, cannot avail or win him to it,
Then let him raise his gall up to his tongue,
And be as bitter as physicians' drugs,
Stretch his mouth wider with big swoll'n phrases
O, here's a lad of mettle, stout Don Andrea,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Old copy, from] This passage ought either to be, "What news for Spain?" or we must suppose Spain mis printed for Partugal The substitution would destroy the measure.—Collier

Mettle to the crown, Would shake the king's high court three handfuls down

SPAIN And well picked out, Knight Marshal, speech well-strung,

I'd rather choose Horatio, were he not so young Hor I'humbly thank your highness,

In placing me next unto his royal bosom.

SPAIN How stand ye, fords, to this election?

OMNES Right pleasing, our diead sovereign

MED Only, with pardon, mighty sovereign—

CAST I should have chosen Don Lorenzo

MED I, Don Rogero

Rog Ono, not me, my lords,

I am war's champion, and my fees are swords Pray, king, pray, peers, let it be Don Andrea, He is a worthy limb,

Loves wars and soldiers, therefore I love him JER And I love him and thee, valuant Rogero Noble spirits, gallant bloods,

You are no wise, insinuating lords,

You ha' no tricks, you ha' none of all their sleights

LOR So, so, Andrea must be sent embassador, Lorenzo is not thought upon good!

I'll wake the court, or startle out some blood SPAIN How stand you, lords, to this election? OMNES Right pleasing, our dread sovereign

SPAIN Then, Don Andrea—

AND My approved liege

SPAIN We make thee our lord high embassador AND Your highness circles me with honour's bounds,

I shall discharge the weight of your command With best respect—if friendly-tempered phrase Cannot affect the virtue of your charge, I will be hard like thunder, and as rough As northern tempests, or the vexed bowels

Of too insulting waves, who at one blow Five merchants' wealths into the deep doth'throw I'll threaten crimson wars——

Rog Aye, aye, that's good,

Let them keep coin, pay tribute with their blood SPAIN Faiewell, then, Don Andrea, to thy charge

Lords, let us in , joy shall be now our guest Let's in to celebrate our second feast

Let's in to celebrate our second feast  $[Exeunt\ omnes,\ manet\ Lorenzo\ solus]$ 

Lor Andrea's gone embassador, Lorenzo is not dreamt on in this age Hard fate.

When villains sit not in the highest state! Ambition's plumes, that flourished in our count. Severe authority has dashed with justice, And policy and pride walk like two exiles. Giving attendance, that were once attended. And we rejected, that were once high-honoured I hate Andrea, 'cause he aims at honour, When my purest thoughts work in a pitchy vale, Which are as different as heaven and hell One peers for day, the other gapes for night. That yawning beldam, with her jetty skin-'Tis she I hug as mine effeminate bride, For such complexions best appease my pride I have a lad in pickle of this stamp, A melancholy, discontented courtier, Whose famished jaws look like the chap of death, Upon whose eyebrows hangs damnation, Whose hands are washed in rape and murders bold

Him with a golden bait will I allure (For courtiers will do anything for gold), To be Andrea's death at his return He loves my sister, that shall cost his life, So she a husband, he shall lose a wife.

Z

O sweet, sweet policy, I hug thee ' good , Andrea's Hymen's-draught shall be in blood

Exit

Enter HORATIO at one door, ANDREA at another

Hor Whither in such haste, my second self?

AND I faith, my dear bosom, to take solemn leave

Of a most weeping creature, Hor That's a woman

### Enter BELL'-IMPERIA

AND That's Bell'-Imperia

HOR See, see, she meets you here

And what is it to love, and be lov'd dear!

BEL I have heard of your honour, gentle breast,

I do not like it now so well, methinks

And What! not to have honour bestowed on me?

BEL O, yes, but not a wandering honour, dear, I could afford well, diddest thou stay here Could honour melt itself into thy veins, And thou the fountain, I could wish it so, If thou wouldst remain here with me, and not go

AND Tis but to Portugal

Hor. But to demand the tribute, lady

BEL. Tribute ' alas, that Spain cannot of peace Forbear a little coin, the Indies being so near And yet this is not all I know you are too hot, Too full of spleen for an embassedor.

Too full of spleen for an embassador,

And will lean much to honour

AND Pish 11

BEL Nay, hear me, dear! I know you will be rough

And violent, and Portugal hath a tempestuous son, Stamp'd with the mark of fury, and you too

And Sweet Bell'-Imperia!

BEL You'll' meet like thunder, each imperious Over other's spleen, you have both proud spirits, And both will strive to aspire. When Two vexed clouds justle, they strike out fire And you, I fear me, war, which peace forefend O dear Andrea, pray, let's have no wars! First let them pay the soldiers that were maimed In the last battle, ere more wretches fall, Or walk on stilts to timeless funeral

AND Respective dear! O my life's happiness! The joy of all my being! do not shape Frightful conceit beyond the intent of act! I know thy love is vigilant o'er my blood, And fears ill-fate which heaven hath yet withstood But be of comfort, sweet Horatio knows I go to knit friends, not to kindle foes.

Hor True, madam Bell'-Impena, that's his task The phrase he useth must be gently styled, The king hath warned him to be smooth and mild

Bel But will you, indeed, Andrea?

AND By this.

BEL By this lip-blushing kiss Hor O, you swear sweetly.

Bel I'll keep your oath for you, till you return, Then I'll be sure you shall not be forsworn.

### Enter PEDRINGANO

AND. Ho, Pedringano !
PED Signior ?

AND Are all things aboard? PED They are, my good lord

And Then Bell'-Imperia, I take leave, Horatio Be, in my absence, my dear self, chaste self— What! playing-the woman, Bell'-Imperia? Nay, then you love me not, or, at the least, You drown my honours in those flowing waters Believe it, Bell'-Imperia, 'tis-as common To weep at parting, as to be a woman Love me more valiant, play not this moist prize, Be woman in all parts save in thy eyes And so I leave thee

BEL Farewell, my lord

Be mindful of my love and of your word

AND 'Tis fixed upon my heart, adieu, soul's friend!

Hor All honour on Andrea's steps attend
BEL Yet he is in sight, and yet but now he's
vanished
[Exit Andrea

HOR Nay, lady, if you stoop so much to passion, I'll call him back again

BEL O good Horatio, no, it is for honour \*

Pr'y-thee, let him go

Hor Then, madam, be composed, as you were wont.

To music and delight, the time being comic, will Seem short and pleasant, till his return From Portugal And, madam, in this circle Let your heart move, Honoured promotion is the sap of love. [Excunt

Enter LORENZO and LAZAROTTO, a discontented Courtner

Lor Come, my soul's spaniel, my life's jetty substance, What's thy name? LAZ My name's an honest name, a countrer's name

'Tıs Lazarotto

LOR What, Lazarotto!

LAZ Or rather rotting in this lazy age

That yields me no employments I have mischief

Within my breast, more than my bulk 1 can hold

I want a midwife to deliver it

Lor I'll be the he-one then, and rid thee soon Of this dull, leaden, and tormenting elf Thou know'st the love betwirt

Bell'-Imperia and Andrea's bosom ?

LAZ Ave, I do

Lor How might I cross it, my sweet mischief? Honey-damnation, how?

LAZ Well -

As many ways as there are paths to hell,
And that 's enou', i' faith From usuier's door—
There goes one path from friars that nurse whores—

There goes another path from brokers' stalls,
From rich that die and build no hospitals—
Two other paths from farmers that crack barns
With stuffing corn, yet starve the needy swarms—
Another path from drinking-schools one—
From dicing-houses—but from the court, none,
none

LOR Here is a slave just of the stamp I wish,

So in "The Nice Valour," by Beaumont and Fletcher, [Works, by Dyce, x 142—

"My maintenance, rascals!
My bulk, my exhibition!"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> One of the significations affixed to this word by Skinner, in his "Etymologicon," is "Venter, hinc Hisp, Buche, Ventriculus animalis, Belg, Bulche, Thorax."

Where Mr Dyce explains bulk simply by body ]

Whose ink-soul's blacker than his name, Though it stand printed with a raven's quill

[Aside

But, Lazarotto, cross my sister's love, And I'll rain showers of ducats in thy palm

LAZ Or duckets, dainty ducks, forgive me, duckets.

I'll fetch you duck enough for gold, and chink Makes the punk wanton and the bawd to wink

Lor Discharge, discharge, good Lazarotto, How we may cross my sister's loving hopes

LAZ Nay, now I'll tell you

Lor Thou knowest Andrea's gone embassador

LAZ The better, there is opportunity

Enter Jeronimo and Horatio, and overhear then talk

Alcario, the Duke Medina's son,
Doats on your sister Bell'-Imperia.

Him in her private gallery you shall place
To court her, let his protestations be
Fashioned with rich jewels, for in love

<sup>1</sup> The same sentiment is both in Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher Thus in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act 3, sc 2 —

<sup>&</sup>quot;Win her with gifts, if she respects not words, Dumb jewels often in their silent kind, More than quick words, do move a woman's mind,"

and in "The Woman-Hater," act 4, sc 2 -

<sup>&</sup>quot;Your offers must
Be full of bounty, velvets to furnish a gown, silks
For petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining,
Forget not some pretty jewel to fasten, after
Some little compliment 1. If she deny this courtesy,
Double your bounties, be not wanting in abundance
Fulness of gifts, link d with a pleasing tongue,
Will win an anchorite"

Great gifts and gold have the best tongue to move

Let him not spare an oath without a jewel
To bind it fast O, I know women's hearts,
What stuff they are made of, my lord gifts and
giving

Will melt the chastest-seeming female living Lor Indeed Andrea is but poor, though

honourable,

His bounty among soldiers soaks him dry,

And their o'er-great gifts may be witch her eye

JER Here's no fine villainy, no damned brother!

[A sule

Lor. But say she should deny his gifts, be all Composed of hate, as my mind gives me that She will what then?

LAZ Then thus at his return To Spain, I'll murder Don Andrea

Lor Dar'st thou, spirit ?

LAZ What daies not he do, that ne'er hopes t'inherit?

HOR He dares be damn'd like thee [Asule

Laz Dare I? Ha, ha!

I have no hope of everlasting height, My soul's a Mooi, you know, salvation's white What dare I not enact then? Tush, he dies, I will make way to Bell'-Imperia's eyes

Lor To weep, I fear, but not to tender love LAZ Why, is she not a woman? she must weep

Awhile, as widows use, till their first sleep, Who in the morrow following will be sold To new, before the first are throughly cold So Bell'-Imperia, for this is common, The more she weeps, the more she plays the woman.

Lor. Come then, howe'er it hap, Andrea shall be cross'd

LAZ Let me alone, I'll turn him to a ghost

[Exeunt LORENZO and LAZAROTTO

Manent JERONIMO and HORATIO 1

JER. Farewell, true brace of villains,

Come hither, boy Hoiatio, didst thou hear them?

HOR O my true-breasted, father, my ears

Have suck'd in poison, deadly poison

Murder Andrea! O inhuman practice!

Had not your reverend years been present here,

I should have pomarded the villain's bowels,

And shoved his soul out to damnation

Murder Andrea! honest lord! impious villains!

JER I like thy true heait, boy, thou lov'st thy

friend
It is the greatest argument and sign,

That I begot thee, for it shows thou'rt mine
HOR O father, 'tis a charitable deed
To prevent those that would make viitue bleed!
I'll despatch letters to Don Andrea,
Unfold their hellish practice, damn'd intent,
Against the virtuous rivers of his life
Murder Andrea!

### Enter ISABELLA

JER Peace · who comes here? news, news, Isabella
ISA What news, Jeronimo?
JER Strange news
Lorenzo is become an honest man

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [Mr Collier's correction, the former editions reading, Exeunt LORENZO and LAZA'ROTTO and HORATIO. Manet JERONIMO]

IsA Is this your wondrous news?
JER Is it not wondrous

To have honesty in hell <sup>2</sup> go, tell it abroad now, But see you put no new additions to it,

As thus—shall I tell you, gossip ? · Loienzo is

Become an honest man —beware, beware, for honesty,

Spoken in derision, points out knavery

O, then, take heed, that jest would not be turn, He's a great man, therefore we must not knave

In, gentle soul, I'll not be long away, As short my body, short shall be my stay.<sup>1</sup>

East ISABELLA.

Hor Murder Andrea! what blood-sucking slave

Could choke bright honour in a scabbard grave 'JER. What, harping still upon Andrea's death? Have courage, boy I shall prevent their plots, And make them both stand like two politic

sots
Hor Lorenzo has a reach as far as hell
To hook the devil from his flaming cell
O sprightly father, he'll outreach you then,
Knaves longer reaches have than honest men

JER But, boy, fear not, I will outstretch them all.

My mind's a giant, though my bulk be small.<sup>2</sup>
[Exeunt.

1 It seems probable, from this and several other passages in the play, that the part of Jeronimo was performed by an actor of low stature Decker, in two distinct scenes of his "Satiromastix," says that Ben Jonson had supported the character of Jeronimo, but this assertion most likely applies to the "Spanish Tragedy, or the Second Part of Jeronimo," from which he introduces a quotation.—Collier.

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy] reads full.

Enter the KING OF PORTUGAL, BALTHEZAR, ALEX-ANDRO, DON VOLLUPO, and others a Peal of Ordnance, within, a great shout of People

KING What is the meaning of this loud report?

ALEX An embassy, my lord, is new arrived from Spain.

KING Son Balthezai, we pray, do you go meet him,

And do him all the honour that belongs him Bal Father, my best endeavour shall obey you Welcome, worthy lord, Spain's choice embassador, Brave, stout Andrea, for so I guess thee.

## Enter ANDREA

And Portugal's heir, I thank thee,
Thou seems no less than what thou ait, a prince
And an heroic spirit Portugal's king,
I kiss my hand, and tender on thy throne
My master's love, peace and affection

KING And we receive them and thee, worthy Andrea.

Thy master's high-prized love unto our heart, Is welcome to his friend, thou to our court

And. Thanks, Portugal My loads, I had in charge.

At my depart from Spain, this embassage, To put your breast in mind of tribute due

Unto our master's kingdom, these three years Detained and kept back, and I am sent to know Whether neglect or will detains it so

King Thus much return unto thy king, Andrea, We have with best advice thought of our state, And find it much dishonoured by base homage I not deny, but tribute hath been due To Spain by our forefathers' base captivity,

### **JERONIMO**

Yet cannot tase out their successors' ment
'Tis said, we shall not answer at next buil?'
Our fathers' faults in heaven, why then on earth?
Which proves and shows, that which they lost
By base captivity,

We may redeem with honoured valuancy
We borrow nought our kingdom is our own
He's a base king that pays rent for his throne
AND Is this thy answer, Portugal?

BAL Ax Spain

Bal Ay, Spain,

A royal answer too, which I'll maintain
OMNES And all the peers of Portugal the like
AND Then thus all Spain, which but three
minutes ago

Was thy full friend, is now returned thy foe BAL An excellent foe, we shall have scuffling good

And Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.

BAL Tribute for tribute, then, and foes for foes AND I bid you sudden wars.

BAL I, sudden blows, and that's as good as wars Don, I'll not bate

An inch of courage nor a hair of fate -

Pay tribute I with strokes

AND. Aye, with strokes you shall, Alas, that Spain should correct Portugal! BAL Correct!

O, in that one word such torments do I feel, That I could lash thy ribs with valuant steel.

AND Prince Balthezar, shall's meet?

Bal Meet, Don Andrea? yes, in the battle's bowels.

Here is my gage, a never-failing pawn, 'Twill keep his day, his hour, nay minute, 'twill.

AND. Then thine and this, possess one quality. BAL. O, let them kiss!

Did I not understand thee noble, valiant, And worthy my sword's society with thee, For all Spain's wealth, I'd not grasp hands Meet Don Andrea? I tell thee, noble spirit, I'd wade up to the knees in blood, I'd make A bridge of Spanish carcases, to single thee Out of the gasping army

AND Woot thou, prince? Why even for that I love [thee]

Bal Tut, love me, man, when we have drunk Hot blood together, wounds will tie

An everlasting settled amity,

And so shall thine

AND And thine

BAL What! give no place?

AND To whom?

BAL To me

AND To thee?

Why should my face, that's placed above my mind, Fall under it?

BAL I'll make thee yield.

AND Aye, when you get me down,

But I stand even yet—jump crown to crown

Bal Dar'st thou?

AND I dare

BAL I am all vex'd

AND I care not

BAL I shall forget the law

AND Do, do

BAL Shall I?

AND Spare not

BAL But thou wilt yield first

AND No

BAL O, I hug thee for 't!

The valuant'st spirit e'er trod the Spanish court Here let the rising of our hot blood set

ALEX. My liege, two nobler spirits never met

Bal Until we meet in purple, when our swords Shall——

AND Agreed, 11ght valuant prince — Then, Portugal, this is thy resolute answer?

King So, ietuin, it's so we have bethought us, What tribute is, how poor that monarch shows, Who for his thione a yearly pension owes And what our piedecessors lost to Spain, We have fresh spirits that can ienew't again

AND Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war Many a new wound must gasp through an old scar

So, Portugal, I leave thee

KING Ourself in person
Will see thee safe aboard come, son, come, lords,
Instead of tribute we must pay our swords

BAL Remember, Don Andrea, that we meet
AND Up hither sailing in a crimson fleet

[Execut

### Enter LORENZO and ALCARIO

Lor Do you affect my sister? ALCA Affect! above affection, for Her breast is my life's treasure, O, entire Is the condition of my hot desire! Lor Then this must be your plot You know Andrea's gone embassador, On whom my sister Bell'-Imperia Casts her affection ? You are in stature like him, speech alike, And had you but his vestment on your back, There's no one living but would swear 'twere he Therefore sly policy must be your guide. I have a suit just of Andrea's colours, Proportioned in all parts -nay, 'twas his own-This suit within my closet shall you wear, And so disguis'd woo, sue, and then at lastALCA What?

Lor Obtain thy love

ALCA This falls out rare, in this disguise I may both

Wed, bed, and board her

Lor You may, you may

Besides, within these few days he'll return

ALCA Till this be acted, I in passion burn

Lor All falls out for the purpose all hits jump, 1

The date of his embassage, nigh expired,

Gives strength unto our plot

ALCA True, true, all to the purpose

Lor Moreover, I will buzz Andrea's landing Which, once but crept into the vulgar mouths, Is hurried here and there, and sworn for troth Think, 'tis your love makes me create this guise, and willing home to see your within mee.

And willing hope to see your virtue rise

ALCA Loienzo's bounty I do more enfold

Than the great'st mine of India's brightest gold Lor Come, let us in, the next time you shall show

All Don Andrea, not Alcario

[Exeunt

Enter Jeronimo trussing of his points, Horatio with pen and ink

JER Come, pull the table this way so, 'tis well

<sup>1</sup> Exactly So, in "Hamlet" "jump at this dead hour"—Steevens Again, in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," act i sc 2 [edit by Dyce, xi 342]—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Where every seeming good's A certain evil, where not to be even jump As they are here were to be strangers, and Such things to be mere monsters"

And in "Othello," act ii sc 3 -

<sup>&</sup>quot;Myself the while will draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump where he may Cassio find"

Come write, Horatio, write,

This speedy letter must away to-night

[HORATIO folds the paper the contrary way What! fold paper that way to a nobleman? To Don Andrea, Spain's embassador! Fie! I am ashamed to see it hast thou worn Gowns in the university, toss'd! logic, suck'd Philosophy, ate cues, drunk cees, and cannot give

A letter the right courtier's crest?

O, there 's a kind of state

In everything, save in a cuckold's pate! Fie, fie, Horatio! what, is your pen foul?

Hor No, father, cleaner than Lorenzo's soul, That 's dipp'd in ink made of an envious gall,

Else had my pen no cause to write at all

JER Signior Andrea, say

Hor Signior Andrea—
JER 'Tis a villamous age this

Hor 'Tis a villamous age this-

JER That a nobleman should be a knave as Well as an ostler

Hor That a nobleman should be a knave as Well as an ostler——

JER Or a serieant

Hor On a serjeant—

JER Or a broker

Hor Or a broker-

JER Yet I speak not this of Lorenzo,

<sup>1</sup> The quarto reads lost

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Terms current in the universities for different portions of bread and beer — Steevers In the character of an old college butler by Dr Earle (Microcosmographie, 1628), it is said "He domineers over freshmen, when they first come to the hatch, and puzzles them, with strange language of cues and cees, and some broken Latin, which he has learnt at his term"—Note in edit 1825.

For he's an honest lord Hon 'S foot, father, I'll not write him honest lord JER Take up thy pen, or I'll take up thee Hor What is write him honest lord? I'll not agree -JER You'll take it up, sii ? Hor Well, well JER What went before ? thou hast put me out beshrew Thy impudence or insolence! Hor Lorenzo's an honest loid-JER Well, sn . and has hued one to murder you Hon O, I cry you mercy, father, meant you so? JER Art thou a scholar, Don Horatro, And canst not aim at figurative speech ! HOR I pray you, pardon me, 'twas but youth's Hasty error JER Come, read then Hor And has hired one to murder you-JER He means to send you to heaven, when You return from Portugal Hor From Portugal-JER Yet he's an honest duke's son Hor Yet he's an-JER But not the honest son of a duke Hor But not the honest-JER O that villainy should be found in the great chamber ! Hor O that villainy-JER And honesty in the bottom of a cellar Hor And honesty-JER If you'll be murdered, you may Hor If you'll be-JER If you be not, thank God and Jeronimo Hor If you be not---

JER If you be, thank the devil and Lorenzo

Hor If you be, thank-

JER Thus hoping you will not be murdered, and you can choose

Hor Thus hoping you will-

JER Especially being warned beforehand

Hon Especially—

JER I take my leave, boy, Horatro, write leave Bending in the hams like an old courtier— Thy assured friend, say, 'gainst Lorenzo and The devil,—little Jeronimo Marshal HOR Jeronimo Marshal

JER So, now read it o'er

HOR Signior Andrea, 'tis a villamous age this, That a nobleman should be a knave as well As an ostlei, or a serjeant, or a brokei, yet I speak not this of Loienzo he's an Honest loid, and has hired one to muider you, When you return from Portugal yet He's an honest duke's son, but not the Honest son of a duke O that villamy Should be found in the great chamber, and honesty In the bottom of the cellar!

JER True, boy there's a moral in that, as

To say, knavery in the court, and honesty in a Cheese-house

Hor If you ll be murdered, you may 1f you

be
Not, thank God and Jeronimo if you be,
Thank the devil and Loienzo Thus hoping
You will not be murdered, and you can choose,
Especially being warned beforehand, I take my
leave

JER Horatio, hast thou written leave, bending

Hams enough, like a gentleman-usher <sup>2</sup> 'Sfoot, vol. IV <sup>2</sup> A

No, Horatio, thou hast made him straddle too much

Like a Frenchman for shame, put his legs closer, Though it be painful

Hor So, 'tis lone, 'tis done --

Thy assured firend 'gainst Lorenzo and the devil, Little Jeronimo Marshal

## Enter Lorenzo and Isabella

ISA Yonder he is, my lord, pray you speak to him

JER Wax, wax, Horatio I had need wax too, Our foes will stride else over me and you

Isa He's writing a love-letter to some Spanish ladv.

And now he calls for wax to seal it

Lor God save you, good knight Marshal
JER Who's this i my lord Lorenzo i welcome,
welcome.

You're the last man I thought on, save the devil

Much doth your presence grace our homely root Lor O Jeronimo.

Your wife condemns you of an uncountery And over-passing wrong, and, more, she names Love-letters which you send to Spanish dames

JER Do you accuse me so, kind Isabella?

Isa Unkind Jeronimo

Lor And, for my instance, this in your hand is one

JER In sooth, my loid, there is no written name

Of any lady, not 1 no Spanish dame

Lor If it were not so, you would not be afeard

<sup>1 [</sup>Old copy, then ]

To read or show the waxed letter Pray you, let me behold it

JER I pray you pardon me I must confess, my lord, it treats of love, Love to Andrea, ay, even to his very bosom

Lor What news, my lord, hear you from Por-

tugal  $\imath$ 

JER Who, I? before your grace it must not be, The badger feeds not, till the hon's served Nor fits it news so soon kiss subjects' ears,<sup>1</sup> As the fair cheek of high authority Jeronimo lives much absent from the court, And, being absent there, lives from report

LOR Farewell, Jeronimo
ISA Welcome, my lord Lorenzo
[Excunt LORENZO and ISABELLA

JER Boy, Thy mother's jealous of my love to her

HOR O, she play'd us a wise part, now ten to one He had not overheard the letter read,

Just as he enter'd

JER Though it had happen'd evil, He should have heard his name yoked with the devil

Here, seal the letter with a loving knot Send it with speed, Horatio, linger not, That Don Andrea may prevent his death, And know his enemy by his envious breath

[Exeunt

# Enter Lorenzo, and Alcario disguised like Andrea

Lor Now, by the honour of Castile's true house. You are as like Andrea, part for pait,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> [The old copy omits ears, which was suggested, in order to complete the sense, by Steevens]

As he is like himself did I not know you, By my cross I swear, I could not think you but Andrea's self, so legg'd, so faced, so speech'd, So all m all, methinks I should salute Your quick return and speedy haste from Portugal.

Welcome, fair lord, worthy embassador, Brave Don Andrea! O, I laugh to see How we shall jest at her mistaking thee!

ALC What, have you given it out Andrea is return'd ?

Lon 'Tis all about the court in every ear,
And my invention brought to me for news
Last night at supper, and which the more to
cover.

I took a bowl, and quaff'd a health to him, When it would scarce go down for extreme laugh-

To think how soon report had scatter'd it
ALC But is the villain Lazarotto

Acquainted with our drift ?

LOR Not for Spain's wealth.

Though he be secret, yet suspects the worst,
For confidence confounds the stratagem
The fewer in a plot of jealousy
Build a foundation surest, when multitudes
Make it confused, ere it come to head
Be secret then, trust not the open air,
For air is breath, and breath-blown words laise
cate—

This is the gallery, where she most frequents

ALC Within this walk have I beheld her dally
With my shape's substance O immortal powers'
Lend your assistance, clap a silver tongue
Within this palate that, when I approach
Within the presence of this demi-goddess,
I may possess an adamantic power,

And so bewitch her with my honey'd speech. Have every syllable a music-stop, That, when I pause, the melody may move, And hem persuasion 'tween her snowy paps, That her heart hearing may relent and yield! Lor Break off, my lord see where she makes

approach

## Enter Bell'-IMPERIA

ALC Then fall into your former vein of terms Lor Welcome, my lord, welcome, brave Don Andrea.

Spain's best of spuit! what news From Portugal ? tribute or war? But see, my sister Bell'-Imperia comes I will defer it to some other time, For company hinders love's conference

Exit Lorenzo

BEL Welcome, my life's self-form, dear Don Andrea

ALC My words iterated give thee as much Welcome, my self of self

BEL What news, Andrea ? treats it peace of war ?

ALC At first they cried all war, as men resolved To lose both life and honour at one cast At which I thunder'd words all clad in proof, Which struck amazement to their palled speech, And tribute presently was yielded up But, madam Bell'-Imperia, leave we this, And talk of former suits and quests of love

# They whisper Enter LAZAROTTO

LAZ 'Tis all about the court Andrea's come Would I might greet him? and I wonder much, My lord Lorenzo is so slack in murder,

Not to afford me notice all this while.

Gold, Tam true;

I had my hire, and thou shalt have thy due: Was 't possible to miss him so? soft! soft! This gallery leads to Bell'-Imperia's lodging; There he is, sure, or will be, sure. I'll stay: The evening too begins to slubber day: Sweet, opportuneful season; here I'll lean, Like a court-hound, that licks fat trenchers clean.

[ A side

Bel. But has the king partook your embassy? Alc. That till to-morrow shall be now deferr'd. Bel. Nay, then you love me not:

Let that be first despatch'd; till when receive this token.

[She kisses him. Exit Bell'-IMPERIA.

Alg. I to the king with this unfaithful heart!

It must not be: I play too false a part.

LAZ. Up, Lazarotto; yonder comes thy prize;

Now lives Andrea, now Andrea dies.

[LAZAROTTO kills him.

ALC. That villain Lazarotto has kill'd me, Instead of Andrea.

# Enter Andrea and Rogero, and Others.

Rog. Welcome home, lord embassador.

ALC. O, O, O.

And. Whose groan was that? what frightful villain's this,

<sup>1</sup> To obscure day. So in "Othello," act i. sc. 3: "You must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes." And again in Howard's "Defensative against the Poyson of supposed Prophecies," fol. 1620, p. 117: "Surely, for the most part so they are, as may be gathered 'either by the colours or the garments, or the slubbering of set purpose to bestow some greater grace and colour of antiquity."

His sword unsheathed ' whom hast thou mundered, slave?

LAZ Why, Don, Don Andrea AND No, counterferting villam

He says, my lord, that he hath murdered me

LAZ Aye, Don Andrea, or else Don the devil

AND Lay hands on him, some rear up

The bleeding body to the light

Rog My lord, I think 'tis you were you not here,

 $\Lambda$  man might swear 'twere you

AND His garments, hat like mine, his face made like!

An ominous honor all my veins doth strike Sure, this portends my death, this misery Anns at some fatal pointed tragedy

### Enter JERONIMO and HORATIO

JER Son Horatro, see Andrea slain! HOR Andrea slain! then, weapon, cling! my breast

And Live, truest friend, for ever lov'd and bless'd

Hor Lives Don Andrea?

AND Aye, but slain in thought,

To see so strange a likeness forged and wrought Lords, cannot you yet descry,

Who is the owner of this red melting body?

Rog My lord, it is Alcano, duke Medma's son; I know him by this mole upon his breast

The word cling is so variously used in different authors, that it is difficult to affix any precise meaning to it. Several instances are quoted by Mr Steevens, in his Note on "Macbeth," act v sc 5. I imagine Pioratio means, that his weapon shall cling to him, or not leave him, until he had gratified his revenge for his friend's murder

#### ERONIMO.

Sound a Flourish. Enter marching Moratio and LONDAZO, leading Prince BALTHEZAR; LORD GENERAL, VILLUPPO, and CASSIMERO, with followers.

Hor. These honoared rites and worthy duties Upon the funeral of Andrea's dust [spent Those once his valiant ashes; march we now Homeward with victory to crown Spain's brow.

GEN. The day is ours, and joy yields happy

treasure;

Set on to Spain in most triumphant measure.

[Execut.

### Enter JERONIMO solus. .

JER. Fore God! I have just miss'd them.—Ha! Soft, Jerchimo! thou hast more friends
To take thy leave of; look well about thee,
Embrace them, and take findly leave.
My arms are of the short the leave.
My arms are of the short to leave.
Let your loves piece them out.
You're welcome all, as I am a gentleman:
For my son's sake, grant me a man at least—
At least I am. So good-night, kind gentles, 1
For I hope there's never a Jew among you all;
And so I leave you.

[Exit.

A play upon words was the failing of almost every writer of the times. The quibble here upon gentles and Jew is also in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," act ii. sc. 7. See the notes on that passage, by Dr Johnson, Mr Steevens, and Dr Farmer, vol. iii., edit. 1778, p. 173. To the instances there quoted may be added the following from "Euphues," 1581, p. 65: "Consider with thyselfe that thou art a gentleman, yea, and a Gentile," and, if thou neglect thy calling, thou art worse than a Tave."